PENTHOUSE
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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
OCTOBER 1974 $1.25
PET OF THE YEAR
GASOLINE CRISIS: THE OLD SHELL GAME?
IS GERALD FORD AN EAGLE SCOUT?
THE LUCKY LUCIANO CONFESSIONS: PART II
SAM POSEY: THE GETTY OF GRAND PRIX RACING
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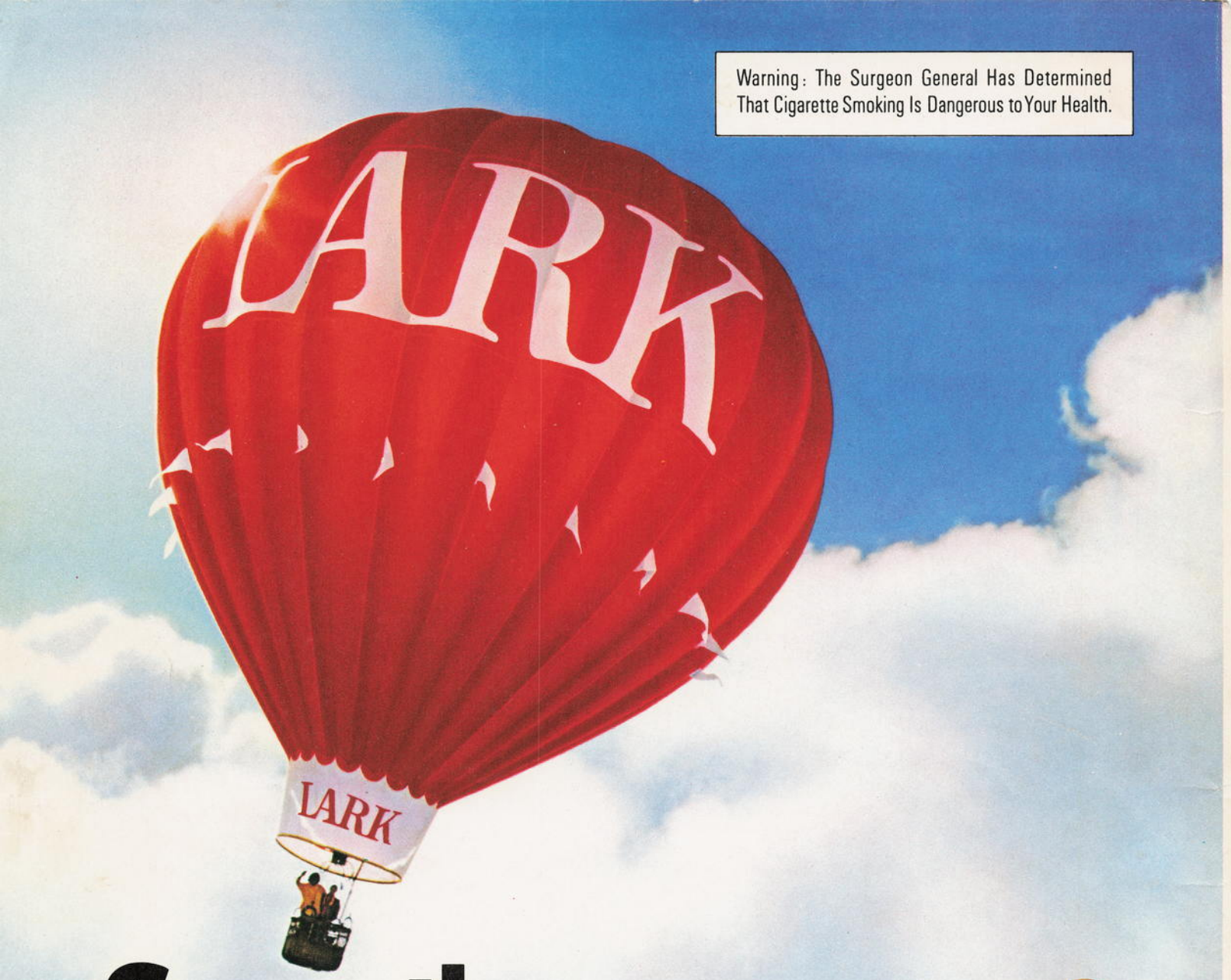

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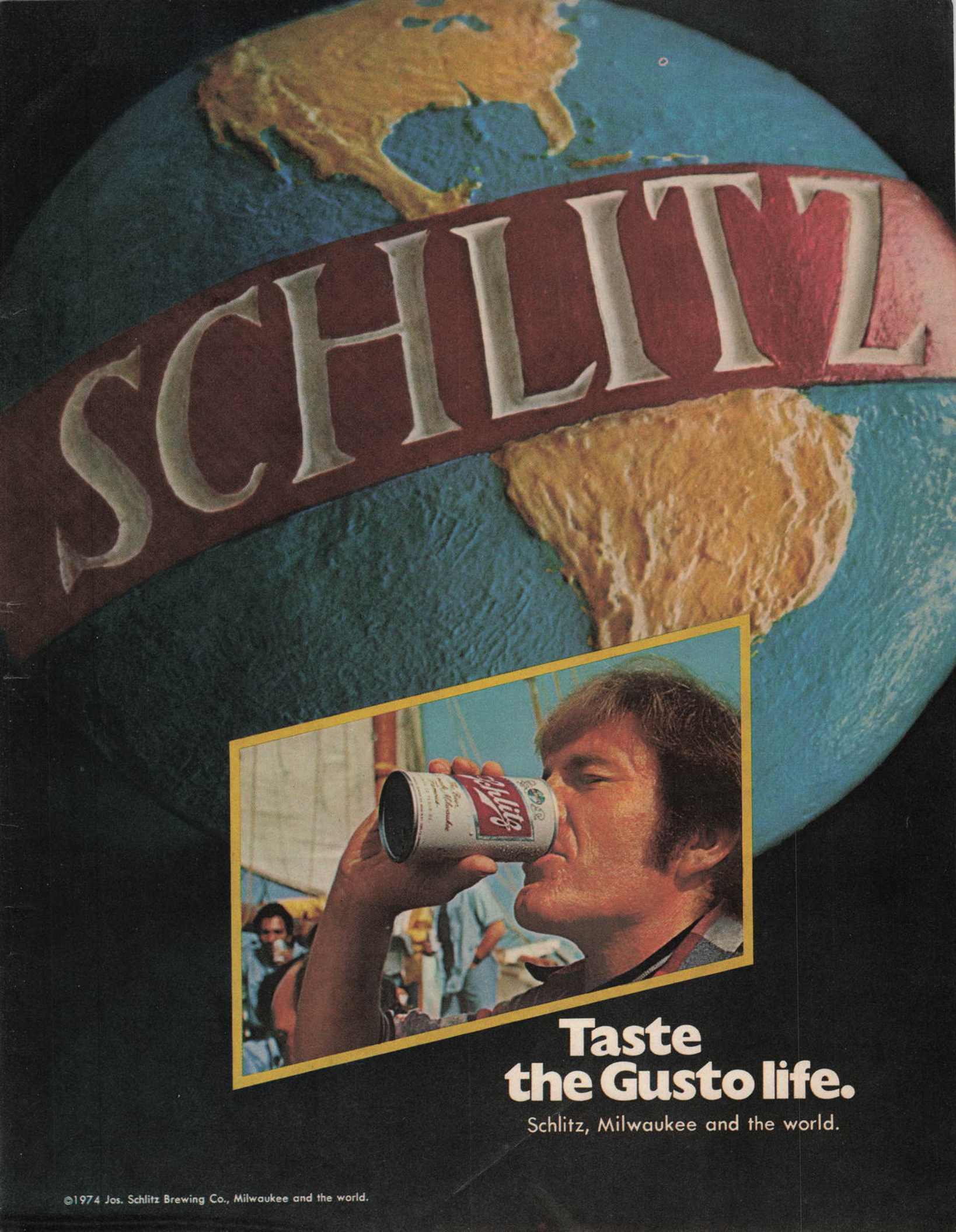

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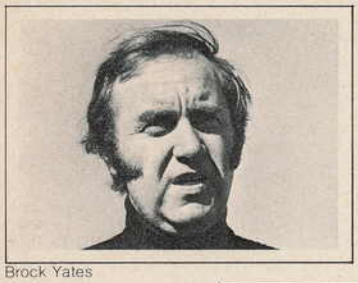

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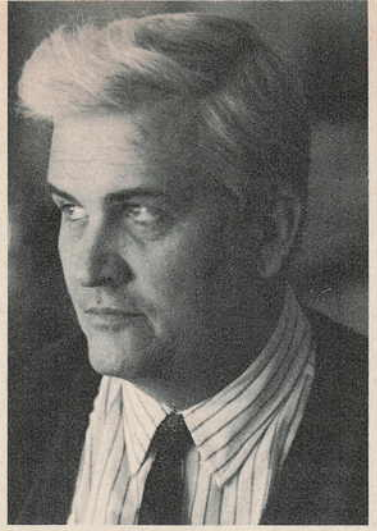

Robert Sherrill

Avril Lund

Roger Williams

Luciano

HOUSECALL

As the Duke of Wellington succinctly observed to an aide after the Battle of Waterloo, "It was a damn close-run thing, sir." And when the smoke of tender battle cleared in our 1974 Pet of the Year Play-Off, Dublin-born **Avril Lund** had swept home the victor. To the victor, of course, belong the spoils—in this case some $40,000 in cash and prizes, including the instant crowd-producing, eye-riveting Excalibur SS Phaeton by SS Automobiles of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. "It's fabulous," sighs our Pet of Pets, and so, we might add, is she. If any confirmation is needed, a brand-new look at our eighth reigning Pet of the Year appears on pages 46–53 of this issue.

And speaking of cars, virtually every driver in America has been taken for a ride by the oil industry. According to **Robert Sherrill** in *The Old Shell Game*, that is. It's the oil industry itself, says Sherrill, Washington correspondent for the *Nation*, that has curtailed production in the Near East, refused to expand U.S. oil exploration, cut out the independents, and shifted marketing to Europe and Japan—and *you* are the one who's going to pay (from $500 billion to $1 trillion added to consumers' gas bills over the life of the nation's reserves). Read it and weep.

"We was both shitass double-crossers. . . . But I never knew his word was no better than lots of rackets guys." That's Franklin Roosevelt as **Lucky Luciano** saw him—just a paid-for politico who later welched on his promises. In the second installment of *The Last Testament of Lucky Luciano* by **Richard Hammer** and **Martin Gosch**, Lucky tells of his involvement with Roosevelt and other prominent American politicians—the men he bought and those he couldn't. And when Lucky is deported on a government ship to Italy, it's in classic mob style, in the company of three chorus girls from the Copacabana, "where they had the most beautiful broads in the world."

Watergate aside, it's enough to make us wonder if there are *any* honest politicians. There may be one, our vice president, says **Peter Rand** in *Is Gerald Ford Just an Honest Version of Richard Nixon?* One veteran Ford-watcher told Rand, "He was an Eagle Scout and as far as I'm concerned, he's still an Eagle Scout." But does that make him fit to be president? Rand, a writer for the *Washington Monthly*, agrees with the consensus that Ford is, indeed, an honest man. This may be refreshing, but honesty alone does not a "leader" make. Is there a Ford in our future. . . ?

Freedom wasn't just another word for the airmen shot down over Vietnam during the Sixties and early Seventies. It was, in turn, a dream, then a shattering disillusionment. In this installment of our Vietnam Veteran series, *Prisoners of War*, **Roger Neville Williams**, a former Vietnam correspondent, explores the POW ordeals, both in prison and at home. In the camps, it was torture, loneliness, and excruciating boredom. At home, the men were too often "greeted" by wives already remarried or wanting to be unmarried, and all but forgotten by an indifferent country whose leaders used them as political endorsements. Says Williams, "The Vietnamese were supposed to be our victims, but we became theirs."

Question: Why does a rich, socially prominent painter decide to give up his palette and strap himself into a Can-Am sports car next to forty-five gallons of high octane? It takes an extremely bright and articulate racing driver to explain *that* away, but in this month's exclusive *Penthouse* interview, conducted by **Brock Yates**, of *Car and Driver Magazine*, **Sam Posey** tells why it's a most innovative and creative profession to be in. Sam expounds on the joys of sex, love, competition, bravery, and wealth, all of which elements add up to the unique lifestyle of one of the world's twenty best Grand Prix drivers.

Emmanuelle, our fictional heroine of the month, moves very quickly herself, especially while lying down. The story is excerpted from *Emmanuelle II*, to be published this fall by Grove Press. We have it on good authority, however, that author **Emmanuelle Arsan** shares the first name of her creation, but nothing else. Mme. Arsan, the wife of a French diplomat, spent many years in Southeast Asia, which explains the setting for the story. The plot deals intimately with a typical friendly, neighborhood orgy at a typical Bangkok palace, where our heroine, typical of the company she keeps, is ravished repeatedly by one and all, indiscriminately, and without regard to age, sex, creed, or national origin. But does Emmanuelle fret? No, she simply says, "Had a wonderful time; I'd love to come again." Typical!

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

View from the top

I'm a truck driver based in Nebraska, but I drive all over the U.S. and I see a new fad taking over. The American gals have found a new freedom—maybe through women's lib, or maybe on their own—but whatever it is, it's good for the truck drivers who sit high in the cabs of their transports. We can look down at each car that passes, and what I've seen in the past six weeks has been enough to pop my eyes from my sockets. Suddenly gals are driving dressed in only a blouse or T-shirt—completely bare down to their toes.

It seems to be a safe way for a gal to get a thrill. But, boy, do they make hauling a big rig less work. California seems to be where women are spreading the fad. On my last run out there I saw eleven different gals driving along with it all exposed. One beautiful blond slowed down alongside of me for several miles. She not only let me have a good view of her cockpit, but she opened the shirt she was wearing, and exposed the most beautiful breasts I've ever seen. Then with a smile, she stepped on the gas and was gone with a wave of her hand. Man, what a beautiful fantasy I had for the rest of the trip!

More power to the gals. I believe in freedom, and this one is great.—*F.O., Omaha, Neb.*

Keep on trucking.—Editor

The harem experiment

I had an experience which your readers might find interesting. At the start of the spring term I moved into the only women's dorm on campus (it was the only single room available).

The day I moved in, I had not put my bags down before my next-door neighbor came in with a joint. We smoked it, and then she wanted to smoke *my* joint. And things got significantly more interesting after that. The next night I came home from a lab and found that I was involved in another experiment. I walked into my room and found all the women from my floor romping in the buff. After the first three I just couldn't get it up anymore, so I got into some midnight snackin'.

Things quieted down a little over the year, but not much. I'm looking forward to a quiet summer, sharing a house with a couple of friends (male) and giving my achin' balls a much needed rest. —*P.S., Santa Cruz, Calif.*

A TV in every home

I guess I have a television fetish. When I was a little girl I spent most of my time in front of the set, and now I spend all my time there. This works out just great since my husband likes to play cards every night.

Sometimes, though, he will come home early and I will get him to make it with me on top of our set. Sometimes he even reads TV Guide as we're doing this.

It's my opinion that this variation adds much strength and vigor to our sex life. My husband agrees. Have you heard from others who have had similar experiences?—*E.G., Saugus, Calif.*

Not while reading TV Guide.—Editor

Naughty nurses

Last summer I was prescribed a lengthy series of allergy shots, and I was given them at a rather peculiar doctor's office. At first, this nurse in her late twenties did not like me very much, and I got an uncompromising hypodermic in my bare buttocks twice a week.

Then, one day after exposing me as usual, the nurse started to giggle. I looked at her in puzzlement and all of a sudden she announced that I had a "cute little rump." She also called it a "very girlish fanny." Although her evaluation was none too rewarding, I was pleased by her interest.

After receiving several more series of shots from this nurse, we agreed that henceforth my injections could be given at her private apartment where we might have more freedom.

However, when I arrived at her apartment, I was dismayed by the presence of the nurse and her two roommates. To my chagrin, I was told by this strange nurse that she would not see me outside the doctor's office unless her friends were involved. After I accepted her conditions I was offered a frilly blue nightgown and a sheer pair of pink bikini pants. At their smiling invitation, I changed into this new finery. After I had properly redressed, I was asked to lie down on the sofa. The nurse folded back my dainty gown and rolled away my skimpy underwear. As the other two chatted with me in a mocking manner, the nurse shaved the already sparse hair from my indecently revealed bottom. Finally, everyone agreed that the area had been suitably improved. Next, the nurse laughingly took my temperature with a chilled rectal thermometer for at least thirty ludicrous minutes. The instrument was withdrawn and reinserted probably a dozen times. Only following this bizarre ritual was I jabbed with the customary needle.

In future visits, my hostesses always had a sexy nightie ready for me to slip into. Moreover, they gave me an assortment of colorful tricot panties to take home, and these I wore aside from shot days because the feel of smooth silk aroused me.

As one might imagine, my visits to the apartment were not merely fashion shows. I constantly submitted to all sorts of special treatments. My favorite was the soapsuds enema which was administered on alternate dates. The nurse had a marvelous technique for doing the job that often produced an instantaneous orgasm.

The girls weren't particularly thrilled by my enemas, but they enjoyed subjecting me to a variety of other indignities. Spanking was a particular delight. I did not mind being turned across a matronly knee for a traditional open-palm chastisement. Immediately after my enema, I would be led panties-down into the living room, and bound securely over a chair. My wrists were tied to the arms of the chair and my ankles to the legs in back. In the meantime, my clinging panties would be pulled down until the sleek fabric was stretched across my open knees. Adding to my nakedness, the girls pulled the hem of my nightie over my head. Then, in final preparation for the whipping, they played a few games designed to destroy my composure. For example, one such

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

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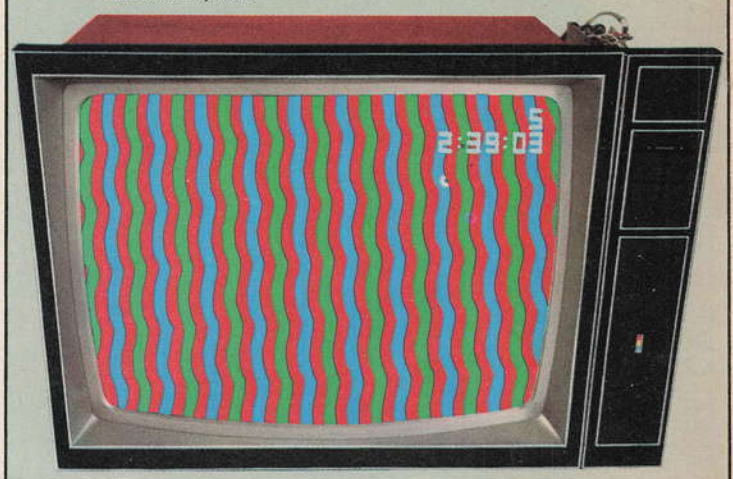

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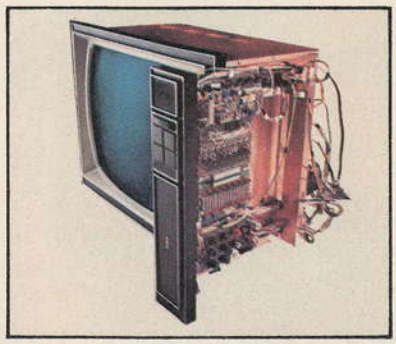

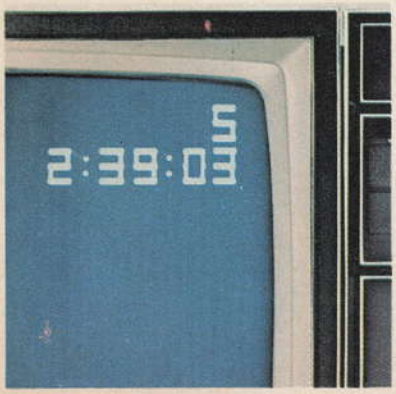

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OCTOBER

game was called "pin a tail on the living donkey." In this, a number of straight pins were stuck into my protruding rear. Yet another was named "stuff the banana." One can guess where the banana was stuffed. The most humiliating was "balling the jack." Here, they used candles as pretended penises, and they would copulate with me rectally, amid considerable banter. At last, I was beaten with paddles or switches. The prolonged ordeal left both my face and my posterior a bright red.—*Name withheld, Springfield, Mo.*

After reading some letters from other nurses, I have to relate an incident to you. One night I agreed to stand in for a friend who worked the evening shift and I was making rounds to get acquainted with my patients. In one of the private rooms, I introduced myself to a good-looking young man about twenty-five-years-old who was there for some tests. I talked with him for a while and as I was leaving his wife arrived.

Later on, as I was passing his room, I noticed she was sitting on the side of his bed where both of them seemed to be pretty busy with whatever they were doing. I made a point of rattling the bottles on my tray to give a sort of warning that I was coming in. The wife jumped off the bed and smoothed down her skirt, but I had a good idea of what they had been doing because his erection was outlined fairly well against the sheet.

They were embarrassed, but I am an open-minded person and I just mentioned that there was a lock on the door. They looked at each other and smiled. After he had taken his pills, I pulled the door shut and left.

I went on about my rounds but it was only about ten minutes later that the emergency light started blinking above his room. I started for the room, but I was farther away than the evening supervisor who also came in response to his call. She opened the door with me right on her heels and found the pair engaged in a very hot lovemaking scene. They were totally nude, and she was on top of him hopping away! It was apparent that one of them had accidentally hit the call switch, which was pinned to the bedclothes, and both of them had forgotten to lock the door.

As the two scrambled to don their clothing, my supervisor began to really give them hell. His wife was told to leave, which she did immediately, pulling on clothes as she went. The supervisor then told the fellow that she would have to report him to his doctor. (I knew this was a lie, and she had just said it to scare him.) She gave me a funny look, shook her head, and left the room in a huff. I watched her go down the hall, then I pulled the door shut—being sure to lock it this time. I turned to the guy who looked as white as the sheets. I sat down beside him and assured him everything would be okay. His erection had diminished somewhat but I could see it still was pretty stiff. As he lay back, he said he didn't think he could sleep at all now. I slid my hand under his gown and said I had a surefire sleep inducer. I began massaging his half-hard cock. In a second, I had it back to its previous size, and it didn't take much to bring him to an orgasm.

This wasn't my first time I helped a male patient who needed it, and I guess it won't be my last—until *I'm* the one who gets caught red-handed!—*Name and address withheld*

Warring women

I recently had the opportunity to watch two lovely girls battle it out for real on the beach here in southern California. Both girls were arguing over a man they were dating. One girl was a willowy brunette in a black bikini and the other was an Amazon-like blond in a flower-print bikini. The blond was at least six feet tall and very well built. The brunette was a foot shorter and many pounds lighter.

When both girls started to fight I thought that the blond would win for sure. First she punched the brunette in the jaw and sent her reeling backwards. The brunette landed a few timid punches on the blond's breasts and face but didn't really cause any damage. But then she must have seen the blond's sunbronzed belly staring back at her. The brunette quickly sank her fist into the blond's belly. The blond blew out an agonizing gasp and doubled over with both hands on her belly. The crowd cheered. The brunette kicked her in the chest as she doubled over—lifted the blond's hands away from protecting her belly—and punched her in the breadbasket again. The blond doubled over again, gasping for breath and crying. The brunette slapped her in the face and the blond toppled over backwards, moaning on the sand. The brunette gave her a savage kick between the legs and the blond passed out.

Watching this spectacle, I had an orgasm in my swim trunks. My girl friend could barely wait to get away from the beach to have sex with me. We made passionate love well into the morning and talked about the experience we both had enjoyed.—*J.M., Los Angeles, Calif.*

I am a normal, red-blooded, American male, who gets very excited watching two lovely young ladies engage in a knock-down, drag-out, hair-pulling fight. Is this normal? I have read other letters in your magazine by men with the same feelings as mine. As far back as I can remember, I have been extremely turned-on seeing two girls fight, wrestle, or box. Ever since the sixth or seventh grade, I was always among the first to arrive at a girl-fight.

I often have fantasies about two beautiful young ladies fully dressed getting into a fight and literally tearing each other's clothes completely off. Then they continue to fight and wrestle until one completely surrenders. The more I read *Penthouse* and other magazines, the more I see other letters like mine. Could you have a pictorial in a future issue featuring a sexy, wild girl-fight? It would certainly give great pleasure to us female violence freaks.—*H.C., Omaha, Neb.*

Aural sex

After enjoying your magazine for many months, I just had to write and tell the world that *Penthouse* can improve a person's self-esteem much more than months of costly, weekly sessions with a psychiatrist. Your understanding attitude towards readers who are excited by amputees, spankings, enemas, etc., has made me realize that my own sexual behavior, while perhaps unusual, is not wrong—and certainly not "perverted and sick" (as even my closest of friends thought when I confided in them).

My wife and I fell in love in high school, but due to the extreme diminutiveness of my penis (she still lovingly refers to it as "her little pencil eraser") we were never able to make love in the conventional manner. I was apprehensive about oral sex as my wife wore braces at the time, and although I didn't have much to lose, I was afraid it would feel like trying to ball a hole in a screen door. Then, the week before our wedding night, in the heat of passion, I suggested that I put my organ in her ear. This was the start of years of ecstasy for both of us. She says it makes her feel closer to me than I could ever imagine possible, and even after she had her braces removed she still preferred the old *auditory coitus*. And I must confess, so do I. Naturally, I am extremely gentle and careful, for as you've probably heard, "Nothing should be put into the ear that is smaller than your elbow." Our technique has the added advan-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

The Seven 'n Cider.

When you make your own cider, it just doesn't taste like ordinary cider.

It tastes like apples.

So fresh and crisp, you could almost bite into it.

Yet, good as it is, we suggest you go it one better. By mixing the fruit of your labor with Seagram's 7 Crown, over lots of ice.

It's a taste as brisk and breezy as autumn itself, even if your cider isn't homemade.

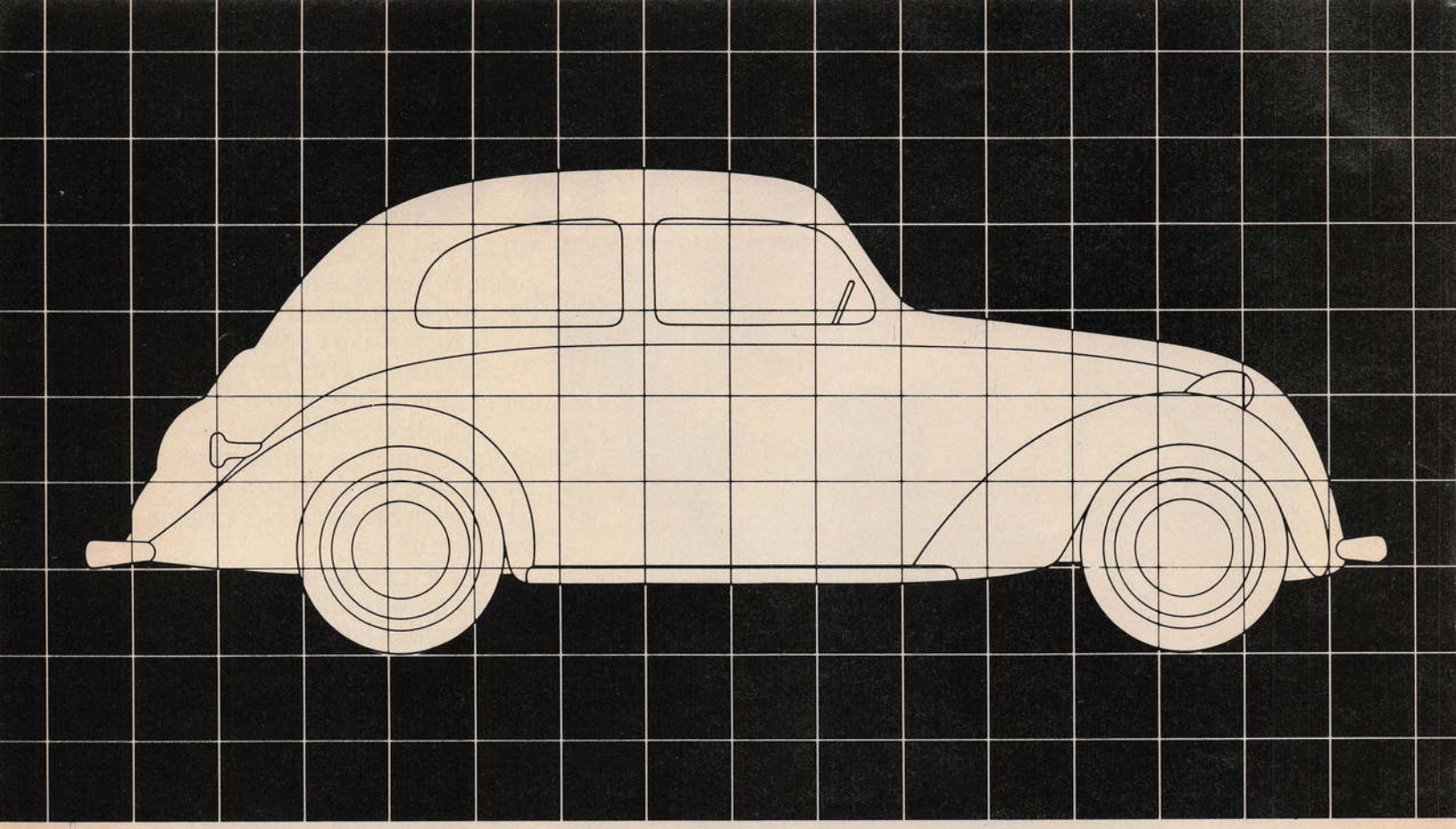
The Seven 'n Cider.

A drink with a catchy way of making friends, made with the whiskey America likes best.

Seagram's 7 Crown. It's America's whiskey.

Just toss 1½ ounces of Seagram's 7 Crown into a mugful of ice, and stir in 6 ounces of fresh, sweet apple cider.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 86 PROOF.



In 1939 this Fiat became obsolete.

The car you see on the left is the 1937 Fiat 508C. Which replaced the 1936 Fiat 500. Which replaced 89 Fiats before it.

The 508C had a top speed of 70 mph. It got between 25 and 30 miles to a gallon. In 1937 it was considered an aerodynamic marvel.

In 1939 we decided it wasn't as marvelous as the car we just developed, the Fiat 1100. So we replaced it.

The car you see on the right is the 1949 VW, the first VW to come to America. As you can see, it looks remarkably like the Fiat. But what's even more remarkable is how much the 1949 VW looks like the VW made in 1974.

And that's really our point. At Fiat we never once thought we found the perfect car. Not in the way it performed, or in the way it looked. As a result, every once in a while when we really have something, we come out with a car that dramatically improves on the one before it.

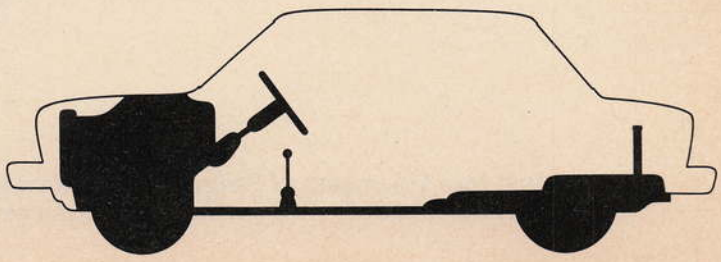
(Unlike the people in Detroit, we don't bring out new models like clockwork. When we've got nothing new to introduce, we don't.)

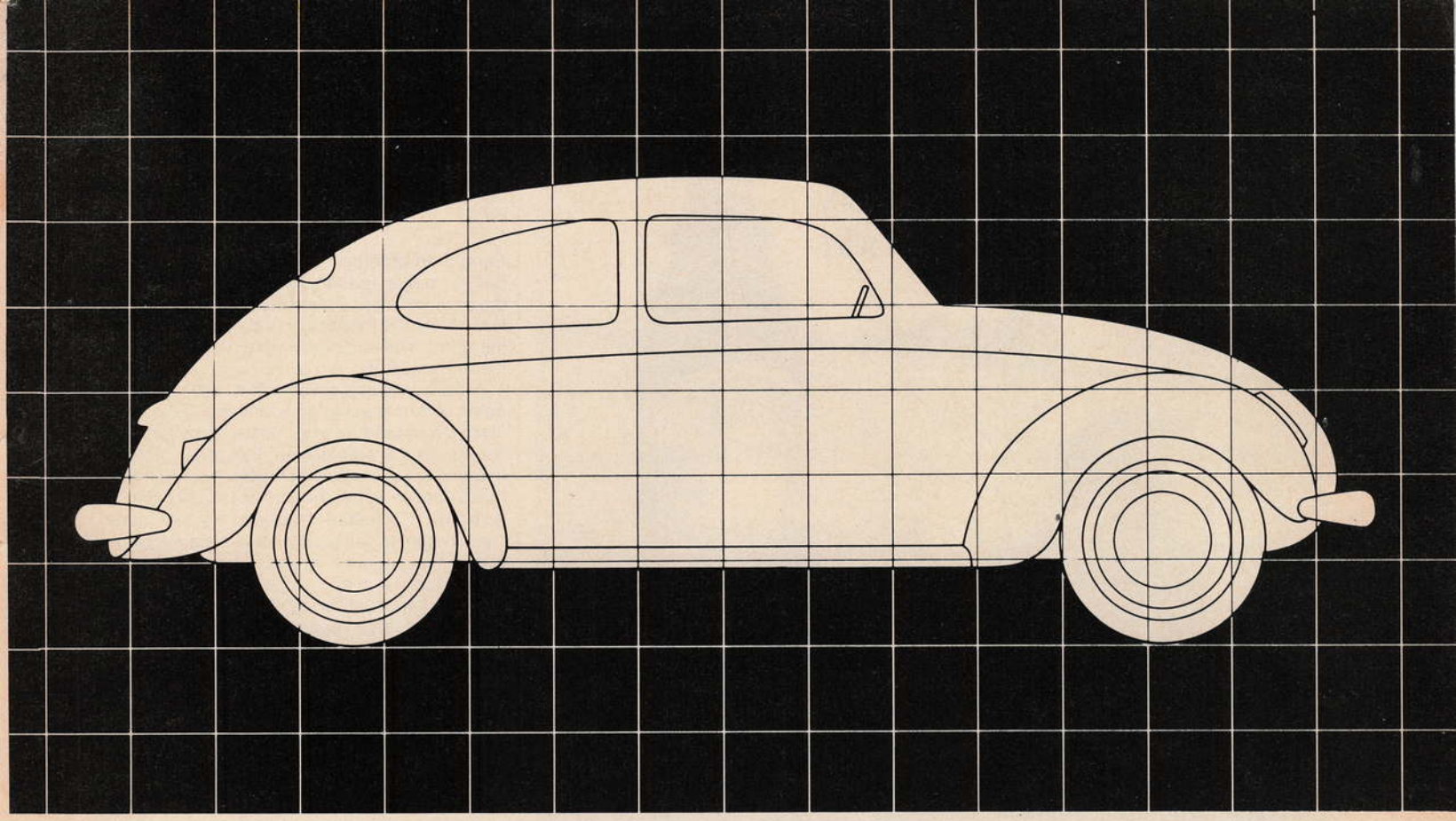
The car you see below is the 74th Fiat since the 508C. It's called the Fiat 128.

The 128 has more legroom than the 1974

0 to 60 faster than a VW Super Beetle. Also faster than a Datsun, a Toyota, and a Vega.

20% is for the engine. 80% is for the people.





In 1949 this VW introduced a bold new idea to America.

Super Beetle.* It also has more legroom than any other small car. In fact, it has more legroom than most large cars including such behemoths as the Eldorado, the Continental, and the Imperial.*

The 128 is faster 0 to 60 than the Super Beetle. It's also faster than the Vega, the Datsun, and the Toyota.

The 128 has about twice as much trunk space as the Super Beetle. (Ours will hold 7 pieces of luggage. If you've seen theirs, you already know it doesn't.)

Last, the 128 has as much headroom as a Mercedes 450SL and more headroom than a Rolls Royce.*

The most glaring distinction between the Fiat 128 and the Super Beetle, however, can't be put on paper. You have to drive the two cars. The difference in performance will astound you.

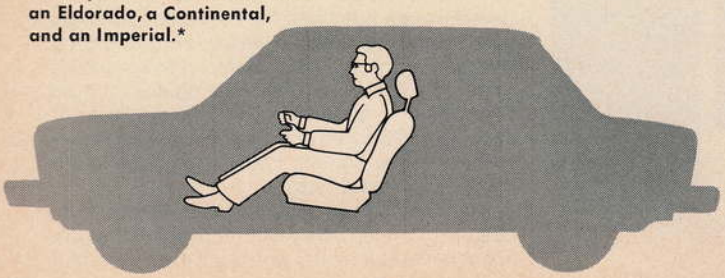
Of course, the way the Beetle looks may still turn you on.

Well, then, perhaps we can interest you in a 1939 Fiat?

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.

Not only more legroom than a VW Super Beetle, but more than an Eldorado, a Continental, and an Imperial.*



In the Canadian Winter Rally last year, only 18 out of 89 cars finished. Fiat finished first. Four years in a row.

Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

*Automotive News Almanac 1974

The place: hot.
The mood: thirsty.
The drink: KAHLÚA® & Soda.
Over ice, an ounce of Kahlúa, a fill-up of soda, a squeeze of lime. A great way to cool it!
For other Kahlúa refreshments, send for our recipe book. Free.
Because you deserve something nice.
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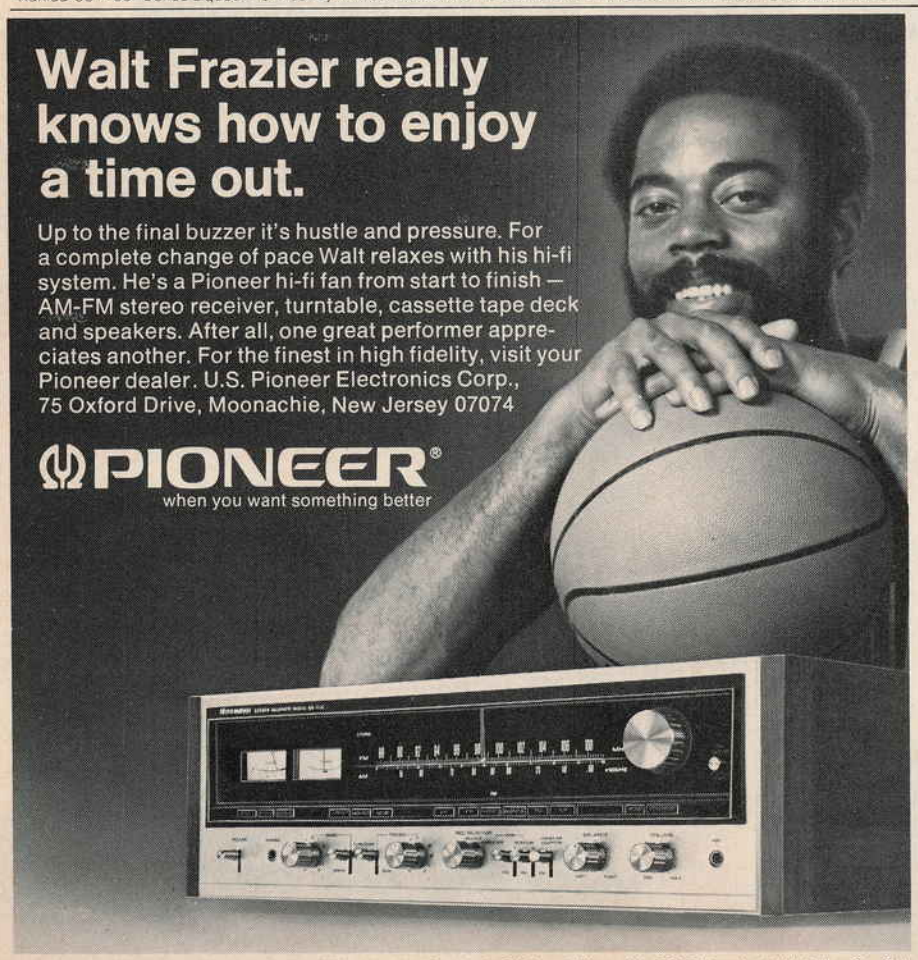
Walt Frazier really knows how to enjoy a time out.
Up to the final buzzer it's hustle and pressure. For a complete change of pace Walt relaxes with his hi-fi system. He's a Pioneer hi-fi fan from start to finish — AM-FM stereo receiver, turntable, cassette tape deck and speakers. After all, one great performer appreciates another. For the finest in high fidelity, visit your Pioneer dealer. U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074
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tage of eliminating the need for contraceptives, although my wife says she thinks she may be pregnant, so I'm not absolutely sure on this point.—*Name withheld, Austin, Texas*

Let us know if it's a boy, girl, or a ball of wax.—Editor

Pangolian picnic

Before I began reading *Penthouse* I thought I was the only one who suffered my problems, but now I know there are millions of people like me all over the world. You don't know what a change this has made in my life.

A few weeks ago the girls and I were enjoying a game of Parcheesi when I confided to them I had always harbored a secret desire to be fucked up the ass by a one-legged Pangolian anteater. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that our host kept one in her root cellar for just such confessions. She trotted it out and we took turns. I can't begin to tell you what a meaningful and relevant experience it was for me! I thought I would lose my mind!

All went well until one girl refused to take part. I am a great believer in sexual freedom, and I wanted her to exercise hers whether she liked it or not. It turned out the little pervert was no less than a virgin! We took turns beating her until our husbands came in.

They dragged us into the cellar, where I saw one of the best-equipped torture chambers I'd seen in weeks! We were each drawn and quartered, first by our own hubbies, then by each other's. I'm a naturally shy person, and it took me a while to get into the spirit of things, but once I did I found it a meaningful and relevant experience. I thought I would lose my mind!

This became a weekly affair until I joined the Wacs and was sent overseas (which turned out to be a meaningful and relevant experience). One night, after a few of the most mind-blowing orgasms I've ever experienced I revealed to my boyfriend our little stunt with the Pangolian anteater. He was intrigued, so we set off to find a specimen of this erotic marsupial so he could share in this meaningful and relevant. . . .

To make a long story not as long as it might be, we had gotten no further than Samoa when we were apprehended by the MPs and thrown in jail, merely for exercising our sexual freedom!

I have every one of your issues since July 1946, and find them all masterpieces of aesthetic beauty, except you print too many pictures of girls. My favorite is the December 1953 edition with the centerfold of Leo Gorcey posing nude under the mistletoe.

I am behind you always in your fight for truth, frankness, and honesty.—*Name withheld, Derry, N.H.*

We're glad you remember our 1953 Christmas edition. Originally, we had planned two centerfolds for that unique issue—one of Gorcey and one of Huntz Hall—but unfortunately we ran into legal problems and could only feature Gorcey. —Editor

Monopede mania

Several years ago I had the pleasure of dating a girl who had lost both her left arm and her left leg. We met in the fall, and dated throughout the winter, but I never saw her wearing anything but slacks and long sleeves. She always wore an artificial arm and leg and I was not allowed to see or touch either. In fact, I never got much farther than a good-night kiss.

When warm weather came, I wanted to go to the beach, but she, being shy and self-conscious about her appearance, would not even think of it.

18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'74

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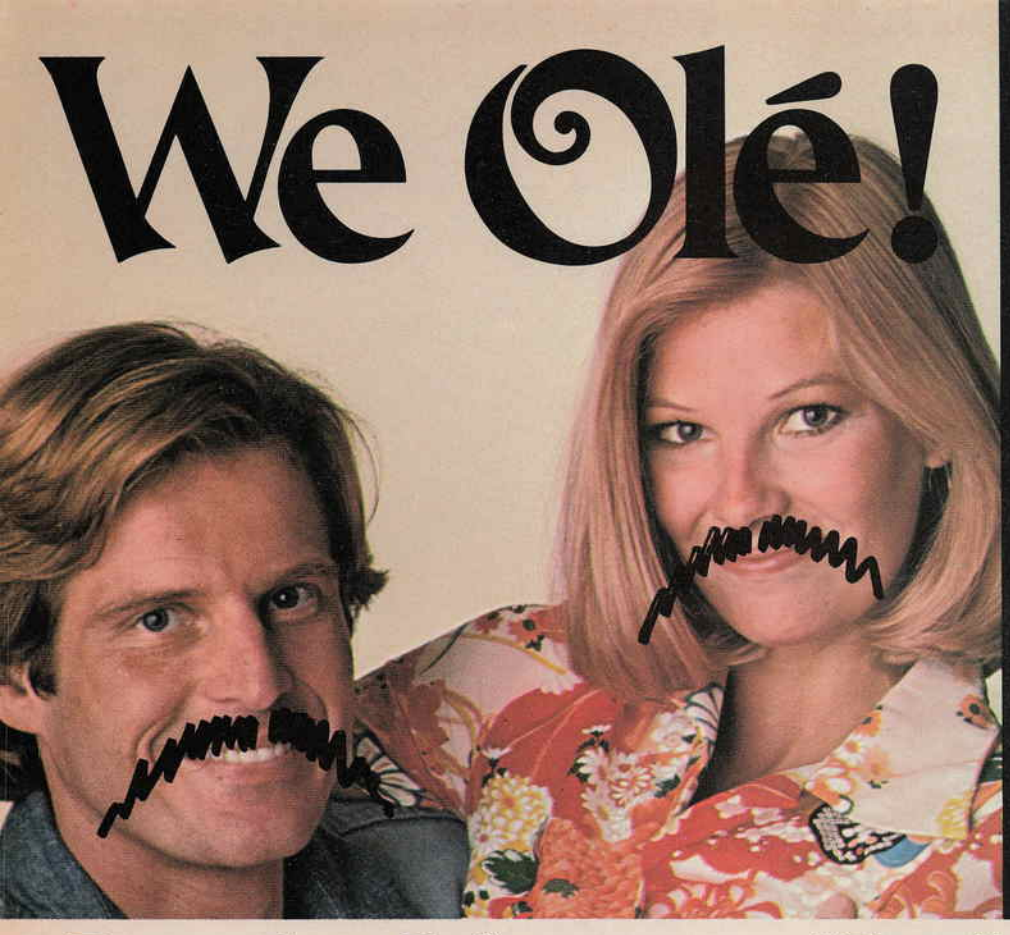

OLÉ MARGARITA:
1½ ozs. Olé Tequila
1½ ozs. Triple Sec
½ oz. Lemon or Lime Juice
Shake well with ice
and strain into
salt-rimmed cocktail glass

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Remember. Before you say "Tequila", always say "Olé".

Finally, toward the end of the summer, she agreed to go, but only on the condition that we go to a beach she knew of where we could be completely alone. Of course I agreed.

When I picked her up, she was wearing a long-sleeved bare-midriff blouse and hip-hugger blue jeans. She was not wearing her artificial arm, and the sight of her empty sleeve excited me as much as the sight of the end of the peg leg which showed from the end of the leg of her jeans. It looked like a piece of pipe with a crutch tip on the end.

She directed me to a pier at the lake, where there was a speedboat tied up. It was her father's, and I helped her into the driver's seat on the right. After we were well away from the shore, she asked me to hold the wheel, and she went to the stern of the boat and asked me not to turn around. In a few minutes she took the wheel again, but was no longer wearing the peg leg.

The empty sleeve was exciting enough, but the empty pant leg almost drove me wild. I hoped she wouldn't notice my condition, for I was sure she'd be offended.

When we reached the beach, which was inaccessible except by boat, she held the boat in position in shallow water while I tied it up to a small tree just past the beach. Then I spread a blanket and went back to help her out of the boat. She refused to be carried, so I helped her hop slowly through the shallows to the blanket.

Once there, she sat for some time, not talking, just staring out at the water. Then she asked me to close my eyes and lie back. I did, and after a few minutes she was lying across my chest—without the blouse! She was wearing a knit bikini top which barely contained her large breasts. When she began rubbing my chest with her arm stump, I thought I'd go crazy!

Later, I suggested we go into the water. She looked reluctant, but finally agreed, and asked me to help her stand. While I held her up, she let the blue jeans drop, and asked me to lift her up so she could get her foot free. The bikini bottom was little more than a G-string, and her short leg stump was beautiful!

I helped her hop down to the water, where we splashed around for a while. Then, coming out of the water, her bikini started to fall off! It seems it was meant for sunning, not swimming, and soaked up too much water. By this time she must have been pretty horny too, because she seemed unconcerned, and when we reached the blanket she took it off! As I had suspected, the bottom of it only fit because she had shaved. Wow!

After the fun and games, she asked me to get her peg leg from the boat. It turned out to be a stump socket with a perforated metal tube attached. I strapped it on for her, and we went for a long walk in the nude.

Needless to say, we spent many days at that beach. But the following winter, she moved to the other end of the country, and I never saw her again.—*Name and address withheld*

Count me another aficionado of female amputees. My interest dates back as far as I can remember. My fascinations and fantasies coincide with those of many of your correspondents. However, I have a thought to add, which I have never seen in print to date.

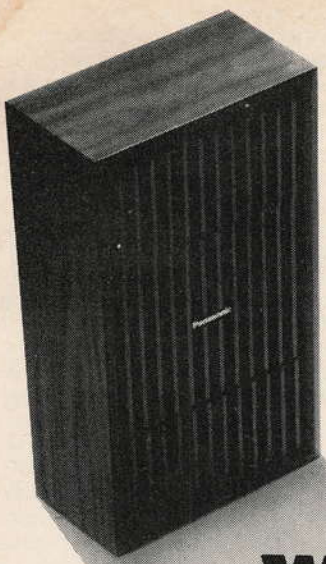
When I finally had my first affair with an amputee I discovered a virility in myself which I never suspected I possessed. I also discovered that the purely physical gratification I experienced was because the one-legged lady could assume positions no two-legged woman could. Because of the particular way in which I am built, I had not been able to find a perfect fit in copulation which produced the ecstasies which the one-legged lady was able to provide.

I wonder, therefore, if the desire for amputees isn't preprogrammed into the psyche to coincide with the physical structure of the individual? Nature can be awesomely sophisticated, as well as too often misunderstood. Perhaps other so-called deviant desires can be analogously explained. —*Name and address withheld*

Pain and pleasure

A woman friend of mine and I recently discovered how exciting and liberating a spanking can be. We are both married, though not to each other. Her husband had a tough go of it lately, and signed himself into a mental institution to save himself and his marriage. Long before we went to bed for the first time she expressed to me incredible feelings of guilt. There she was, laughing, drinking, and dancing with me, while he was in a totally controlled situation trying to help both of them. My wife had recently been through a tough miscarriage and subsequent operation, which had curtailed our sexual relationship for a time.

This friend and I began an affair. She was far more energetic and responsive than my wife, far smaller and tighter, and she told me that I felt incredibly good. In short, we were having far too good a time. One time after sex she rolled over in bed, and standing on her knees, reached out to the table for a cigarette. I saw her lovely bottom stretched out and pointing right at me, and I could not resist giving it a good smack. She turned around quickly and looked at the red mark on her bottom. We both watched as the mark gradually took on the shape of my hand. She is so small and slender that it covered a good part of her behind. The look she then gave me left me confused. Her eyes gradually filled with tears, and sobbing, she put her arms around my neck and said, "What we are doing is really very wrong, isn't it?" Then I



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That's why discrete is the only system used by recording companies to make 4-channel 8-track cartridges. Which brings us to one of the nicest ways we know for you to enjoy the hundreds of 4-channel 8-track cartridges now available: The Panasonic RS-862S discrete 4-channel system.

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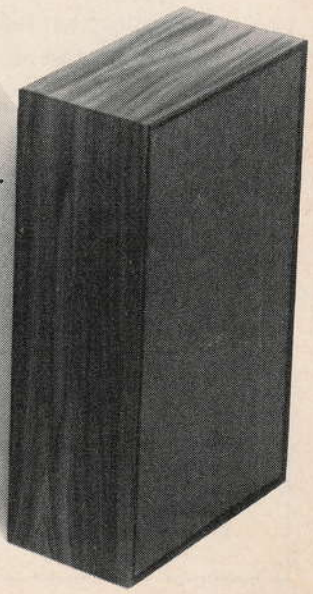
The FM/AM/FM stereo radio has our exclusive Quadruplex IV™ circuitry that lets you enjoy four-channel broadcasts and makes everything in stereo sound better than ever.

The RS-862S also has four air-suspension speakers, each with a 6½" woofer and a 2½" tweeter. It even lets you enjoy 4-channel records just by adding any Panasonic record changer with a built-in CD-4 demodulator.

The Panasonic RS-862S. It's one of our Series 44™ systems. It's also one reason you'll never be satisfied with stereo again.



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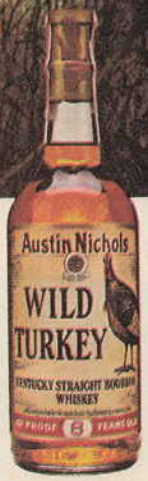

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caught on and assumed the role of a stern man who had caught her in the act. She said not one more word as I told her to get up and get dressed.

Her clothes consisted of a blouse (with a figure like hers she never needed a bra) pants and panties. The weather was warm, and we had both gone barefoot. She began pulling her panties on at the side of the bed. I told her to go to another room, make herself presentable and then return to me quickly. She complied, and when she returned I started to lecture her about how wrong she had been to feel all that pleasure in her husband's absence. I was sitting on the edge of the bed and she was standing right in front of me. I unbuttoned the first few buttons of her blouse and "discovered" that she wasn't wearing a bra (which I already knew). This was further reason for me to talk sternly with her. I massaged her lovely breasts as I talked, an erection growing in my middle. I finished unbuttoning her shirt and pulled the tails out of her pants. Then, I pushed it back over her shoulders. I will never forget how beautiful she looked, her thick, long, blond hair, and those small perfectly formed breasts, white against the deep tan of her belly and shoulders. She rolled her shoulders back to allow me to slide the blouse down her arms. Her nipples were erect, and she was panting a little. I unfastened her belt, and unbuttoned her jeans, pushing them down to her knees, then her ankles. I told her to stand perfectly still. I must have made her stand there for five minutes in her panties with her jeans in a little pile around her ankles. I just talked, ran my hands all over her, walked around her, and told her that she needed to have her little bottom reddened.

By that time I was itching to get at it, but the savoring of the operation was really appealing to me. I sat back down, and told her to bend over my lap, but to make sure she remained on her feet, and did not touch the erection that was poking up at her navel. I then grabbed both of her wrists rather roughly, pulled them behind her back and held them in my left hand. Then I pushed her down so she was laying across my lap, her lavender panties pulled tightly over her delicious bottom. I positioned her very carefully, allowing her legs to hang over onto the floor, so the crease between bottom and thigh disappeared. With my free hand I began pulling down her panties. I left them just beyond her bottom, like a little silk rope across the top of her thighs. I could not resist stopping and contemplating her beauty. She was sobbing a little, submissive and quiet. Then without warning I began to spank her bare fanny, but not very hard. I was quite methodical, spacing my smacks so she had time to anticipate, but they came without warning. All the while I was telling her what a bad girl she was, and an unfaithful wife. She started to kick and cry louder, but I did not stop until her bottom was a bright, hot pink. I immediately stood her up, yanked down her panties, spread her legs, bent her face down over the bed, and shoved myself into her all the way until I could feel her hot little fanny against my belly. What followed was the best sex I have ever experienced. She began coming immediately, and did not seem to stop until I came.—*Name and address withheld*

Spanking is something out of this world. A fire on my backside sets one up front. One day I saw this girl who was hitchhiking and I told her I would give her a ride if she met the following condition: either she had to spank me, or else I'd spank her. She agreed and decided she'd spank me. We drove off to a wooded area, got into the backseat, and I pulled my pants down and laid across her knee. She raised her hand and gave me a good hard slap. Then another and another. Twenty-four

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in all, twelve on each cheek. I could tell she liked it too, so I asked her if she wanted to be spanked. She said she would so I told her to lay across my knee, pulled down her panties, and gave her bottom a good solid spanking to match mine. She cried a little but I could see she enjoyed it as much as I did.

We went to a motel that morning and had sex like never before. Then I made her my wife. True enough! Now, although we've been married for quite a while, I still spank her bare bottom before sex. She still cries (just like my five-year-old who gets spanked for naughtiness), but really loves every minute. And the sex that follows is unbelievable.

Sometimes she pretends that she's a naughty girl and I, as her make-believe daddy, lecture her and then put her bare bottom over my knee and give her a good spanking with my hand or a shaving strap. Spanking is an important part of our sex lives and a part we really enjoy.—*J.T., address withheld*

Let me second the comments of the anonymous writer who congratulated *Penthouse* (April 1974) on its exposure of that most exciting portion of a woman's anatomy—*le derrière*. With a little imagination I can easily picture that precious bottom stretched across my lap awaiting the tingle from a moderate spanking.

As per the request from the woman from Los Angeles for more letters relating spanking experiences, let me submit the following from my personal history.

I first spanked a bottom of the opposite sex when I was fifteen-years-old. The reluctant, but not completely uncooperative, owner of the bottom was my fourteen-year-old sister.

It all began one Saturday morning when we were alone in the house. It was getting late, and I walked into her room to get her out of bed. She refused, so I warned her that I would spank her bottom if she didn't get up. She said I wouldn't dare. That did it! I playfully wrestled with her while I untied the drawstrings to her old-fashioned cotton pajama bottoms. Pulling the pajamas off her legs, I next wrestled her to a face-down position across my lap. Her panty-clad bottom was in perfect position for a few easy spanks. I then slipped my fingers under the top elastic band of her panties and lowered them first over one hip and then over the other. She started struggling as I slipped her panties down her legs and then off completely. Her struggles continued as I alternately spanked one rounded cheek and then the other. In a short while, she got out of bed.

Thus began our Saturday morning ritual. My sister helped the game along by wearing several pairs of panties to bed on Friday nights. The next morning I would administer spanks to each layer of protection until none remained. Afterwards, I would retire to the bathroom for a hand job while she redressed for the day.

This was my first, but certainly not my last, experience with the pleasure of turning a girl's bare bottom pink.—*Name withheld, Dallas, Texas*

Forgotten flavors

Reading the July Forum, I decided that the letters concerning the virtues of vaginal odors just did not praise these delicious aromas enough.

I would like to offer this in response to the reader who wrote: "The 'loathsome smell' of a woman's vagina is so missed by men at war that I understand many women have mailed dirty underwear to their soldiers on the battlefront." I'm not familiar with army life, war, or soldiers, but I do know about prison life, and about men separated from women for long periods of time. For many years, the odor of a woman's vagina stayed with me,

locked behind my sinuses, a gentle scent dusting across my lonely brain, stored within the chambers of my mind, a prized possession of my memory, as familiar as my motorcycle, softer than hot bubble gum it rolled around behind my eyeballs as I recalled a night in Baton Rouge. Turning the pages of a tattered *Reader's Digest*, the smiling face of a woman eating a slice of toast brings down a veil of happiness as the remembered odor clouds my vision.

But about two months ago, locked-up in the "hole," I forgot that wonderful odor. It faded from my memory. It left me and I can't bring it back. I can't just run down to the local red-light district and refurbish the faded memory. I never thought it could happen, never dreamed I could forget—but I did, and I find myself empty—uptight. Sniffing the breezes, I smell only stone walls, captivity, loneliness and frustration. In desperation, I snorted an ounce of tuna fish . . . I'll never again laugh at any jokes comparing a woman's vaginal odor to fish. But alas, it too is sadly wrong! My heart feels the grip of claustrophobia. I can't get enough air and breathing no longer satisfies me. What is the smell of roses without the odor of a woman's vagina? Ha! Only roses—stinking roses! Since my memory has failed me I exchanged opinions on this subject with fellow convicts and found the majority agree that the odor of a vagina is not only sexually arousing, but equivalent to a soft, warm body on a cold night, a refreshing drink after a hot trip, a trusting pair of thighs wrapped securely around your ears while hearing the roaring sound of the sea and tasting the night salt air. It's the blue in her twinkling eyes as she dares you to go down there under the covers after an extended and excessively heavy humping. It's the damp mist that wraps around your laughter as you take her up on that dare. All this is gone.

I must wait and suffer years more before rediscovering the bliss and ecstasy that hovers tantalizingly beyond my reach. And the man who called a vagina unaesthetic, with a "loathsome" odor, if he reads this he had better take warning —for if I ever meet him, I'll rub his dainty nose in a pile of . . . .—*B.A., address withheld*

A little cock does the trick

Being an army brat, I've traveled around the world not having to maintain a respectable image unless I wanted to. I haven't. At the early age of fourteen I learned all about sex. Now, I'm eighteen, blond, blue-eyed, in beautiful physical shape, and a confirmed bisexual.

One Saturday afternoon when I was seventeen, two of my friends and sometime lovers were over. We had been looking through my father's stack of magazines and were getting a little turned on. Suzy suggested a little activity to help us cope with our problem, and Tina and I both agreed. We stripped and got involved in some 69 while one would watch. Then we did a little two on one, and finally a daisy-chain.

After about an hour, we were having a great time, but everyone still felt like a little cock would do the trick. None of us could think of anyone at hand, till Tina jokingly suggested Marc, my fourteen-year-old brother. At first we kidded about it, and then we began to take it seriously.

Marc was in the basement family room, and Tina suggested we each spend fifteen minutes with him wearing sexy clothes, but not doing anything, except letting him watch and hopefully getting him turned-on.

Tina started first. She took advantage of her great legs and put on a mini-dress of mine and a pair of bikini panties.

Well, she came back upstairs, and she said Marc's eyes just about popped out! She said she walked into the room and walked around a bit, then went over to the TV and bent over to switch channels. She just about heard him moan.

I was next, and I put my 34B boobs to good use in a see-through halter top and hot pants. Tina was right, his eyes just about did pop out, plus I could see a good-sized bulge in his pants.

Suzy finished out the warm-up in a borrowed bikini, and just about creamed all over it by the time she got back upstairs because she was so hot and horny. (I forgot to mention we kept up our play during Marc's warm-up.)

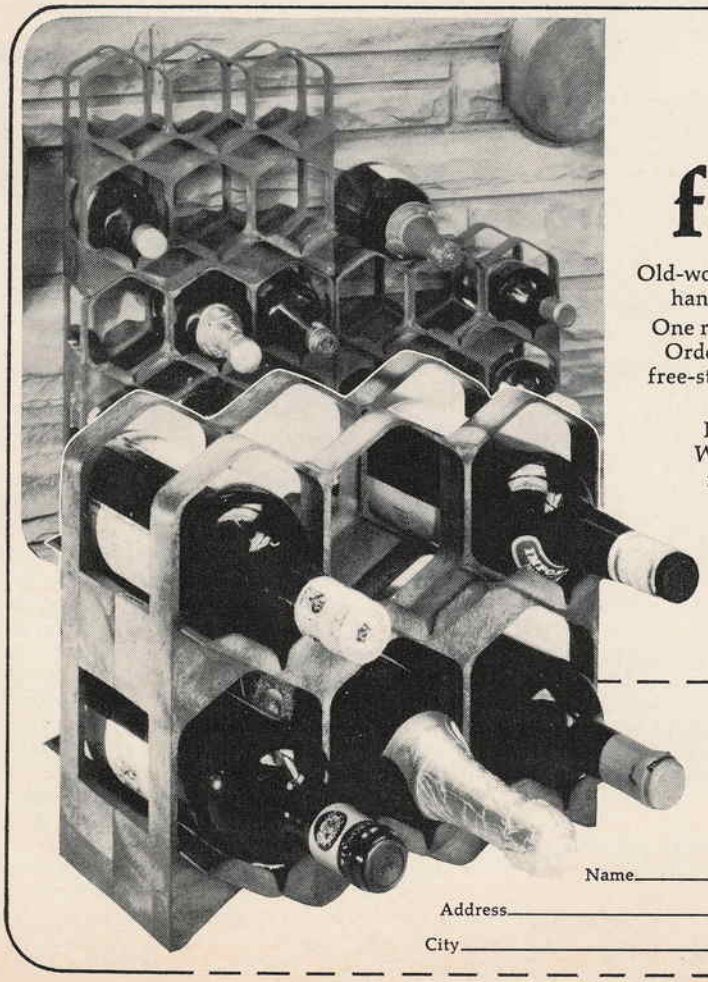
After that, there was only one thing to do. We went back downstairs, and Marc was still there, looking a little flushed. Suzy and Tina sat down on each side of him and started biting his ears and kissing his neck. He put up some resistance at first, but that melted very fast. The nibbling led to outright kissing, and slowly Tina's hands entered his pants, and produced one of the sweetest looking cocks I've ever seen.

I couldn't wait anymore, so I undressed and began to finger myself. After they had stripped Marc, I climbed on top of him and showed him what to do, and we both came rather quickly. It was quite a different feeling having a good-looking chick licking your brother's come from between your legs. We switched off, and I got to do the same thing when Marc came off for Suzy. We kept it up for over an hour, and really had a time to remember.—*Name and address withheld*

Mind-blowing

For the first five years of our marriage, our sex relations were conventional (i.e., including fellatio and cunnilingus). However, after reading letters to *Penthouse* and *Forum Magazine* we decided to try some kinky things to spice things up!

One technique which we find mind-blowing combines the wild release of masturbation with the erotic kicks of urination! When we indulge in



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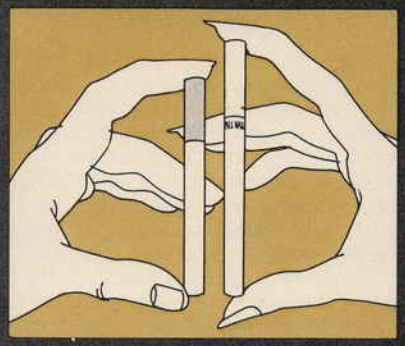
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this sex play, we both refrain from urinating all evening. My wife sets up a small folding bed (rubber-covered mattress of course) in the bathroom beside the tub. We both strip naked (my wife has shaved off all her pubic hair so the sensations are more intense) and engage in about half an hour of heavy love play. Then my wife puts on a very tight sanitary belt with a regular Kotex sanitary pad. She lays on her back, parts her vaginal lips and presses the Kotex pad tightly against the moist labia, then she closes her legs and I stimulate her breasts, nipples, and areolaes. She particularly likes me to squeeze, pull, pinch, twist, suck, and bite. While I do this she slowly urinates till the Kotex is absolutely sopping wet. The feeling of the wet Kotex rubbing against her vaginal lips and erect clitoris gives her an unbelievably intense orgasm—usually followed by two weaker ones!

Then she unrolls a rubber safe and puts it on my rock-hard penis. When my erection subsides, I *strongly* urinate till the safe is one big bag of hot urine which she holds. Then she manually and orally stimulates my balls and anus. While she moves the large rubber bag of warm urine around, she massages my prostate gland till I experience a phenomenal ejaculation—thick clumps of my white semen floating in the warm yellow urine. In the tub she removes the safe so that the bag of urine streams over our genitals bathing us in the warm liquid that we both enjoy so much.

After a warm shower and bath, we towel each other off and have wildly exciting intercourse in our bed. Such an evening leaves us so sexually sated that we do not desire sex for another week or so. Although we have tried other kinky things (e.g., inserting a tampon in my rectum) we like the above sex technique best and use it about once a month. Needless to say, our sex life is incredibly satisfying!—*Name and address withheld*

Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee

What right has Mr. Muhammad Ali to tell me (or anyone) who I may or may not love, solely on the basis of skin pigmentation? (June 1974)

As the mother of a beautiful brown son of African, American Indian, German, and French heritage, I feel compelled to respond to what Mr. Ali said in his interview concerning such children. First of all, the majority of white people do not have blue eyes or blond hair; second, bees do not mate with ants, pigeons with bluebirds, nor eagles with buzzards because there is more than a mere difference in coloring separating these species; third, all people are not so egocentric as to desire grandchildren who look like exact duplicates of themselves.

Mr. Ali also states that *truth* needs to be told. Then tell the whole truth! White people were not alone in the exploitation of Africa. Tell the truth about Moslems who began and perpetuated the African slave trade. Tell the truth about African nobilities who profited by selling their brothers and sisters into slavery, and the truth about African tribes who raided each others' villages in order to acquire the precious human commodity. Whites may have sustained the market, but that does not exonerate black Africans who also reaped the benefits.

Only when people come together and appreciate one another for the uniqueness each person has to offer, only when we accept one another as people of equal importance, and only when we can love one another because of our differences, will racism and hatred crumble to dust.—*Myrna Kramer, Seattle, Wash.*

The statements Muhammad Ali made on interracial relationships show just how ignorant and narrow-minded he really is.

My husband and I are a mixed couple, and just because our children are a few shades different than we are, it never lessened the love between all of us! Ali said that mixed children are bastards! Well, Mr. Ali, most black people in America are mixed somewhere along the line, which accounts for the many shades of blacks. Even you, Mr. Ali, are not exactly dark-skinned. Your comment that children must resemble their parents in order for the parents to love them is certainly idiotic. What about all the people who adopt children?

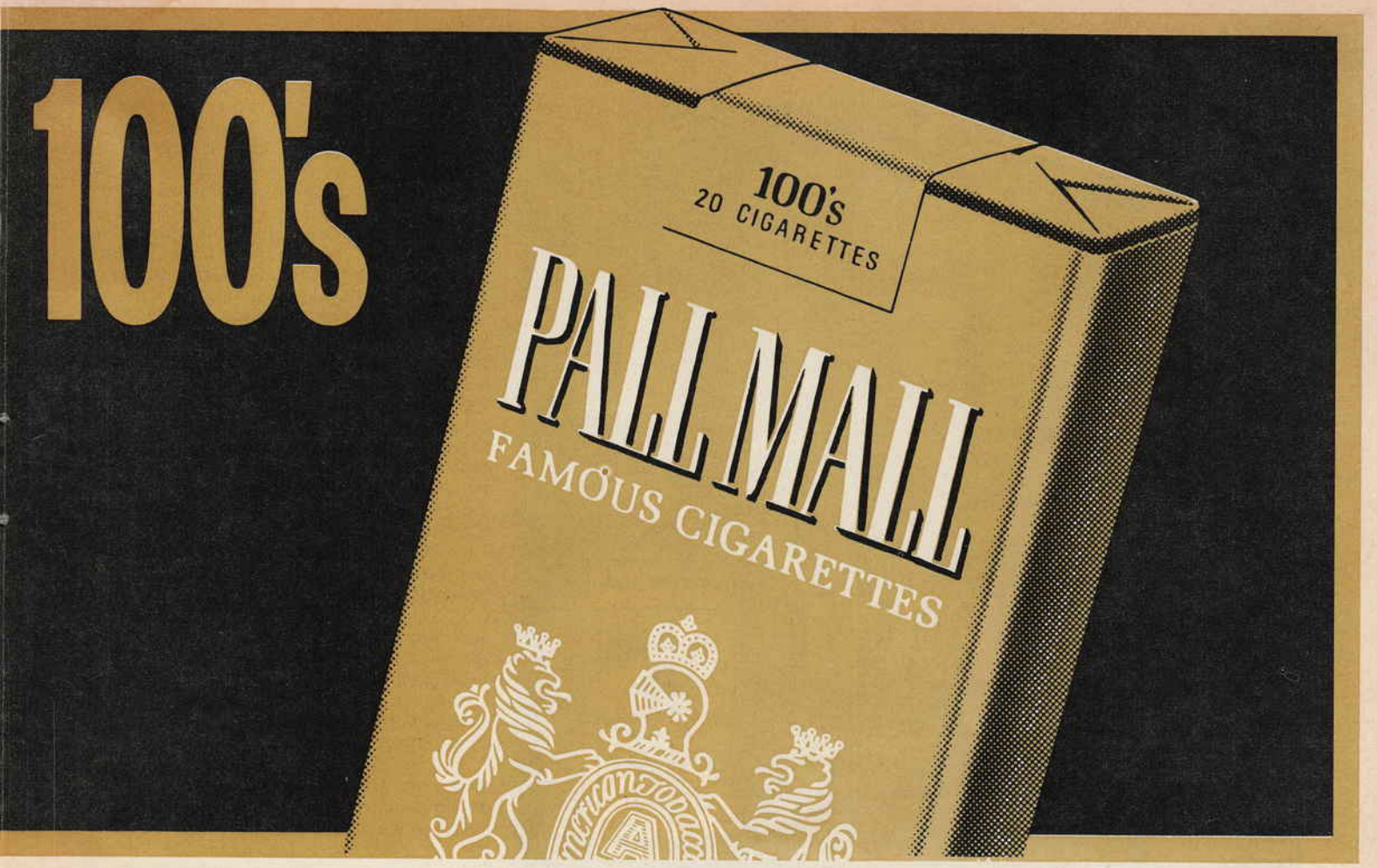
The comparisons he makes about mixed relationships and insects (saying insects have more sense because they don't integrate) are absurd. If these are the true teachings of the Moslem way of life, not only are they inhuman, but they will only further polarize the two races.

It seems Muhammad Ali has the intelligence of the insects that he admires so much.—*Name and address withheld*

Failure of the press

Re Salisbury's *Failure of the Press* (June 1974): Apparently the media's role in exposing Watergate, the Pentagon papers, and classified documents concerning foreign affairs by Jack Anderson, and others, isn't enough. Mr. Salisbury wants the media to be even more prying, intrusive, unethical, and destructive in the pursuit of news. Anything for a story and to hell with personal reputations, privacy, national security, and due process. Trial by media instead of trial by jury.

Salisbury fears the approaching censorship of news. Well, did it ever occur to him that if it happens, it will be because the media abused the enormous power it has? He deplores the fact that people don't believe Cronkite any more than Nixon. Well, who created the credibility gap between the media and the people it wants to inform? That's one thing Salisbury and his cohorts



can't hang on Tricky Dick.

Mr. Salisbury says he wouldn't want a society subject to the fiats of network news, the *Washington Post*, or the *New York Times*. Bully for him! But the kind of news-gathering he wants would accomplish just that in time. The media would eventually become a political force in itself, capable of electing presidents and destroying people whose ideas were different from its own.

What Mr. Salisbury doesn't see is that if the Katharine Grahams, the Sulzbergers, and the Cronkites get the kind of leftist, socialistic government they seem to want, their institutions would be among the first casualties. Think not? Then see Hitler, Adolf, 1933–1945.—*Morton F. Watterson, Jr., Cincinnati, Ohio*

Vietnam veterans

Thank you Corinne Browne and *Penthouse* for *Vets in Prison* (July 1974). I have been following your series on Nam vets from the outset and they are the finest articles on this subject I have read.

I am one of the many who carry the "double stigma": I spent six months in Nam till I got shot up, sent home, honorably discharged, and then arrested for armed robbery. Since that time I have received two concurrent sentences in Maryland, and one sentence in Virginia which starts when I finish this one. All are for armed robbery.

All the Nam vets I have known since my return to the land of the free have been involved in something destructive, and they all seem to have the same attitude—fuck the army. Personally, I don't blame them. The army teaches a man to kill in a 1001 different ways, then sends him off to murder, and if he returns alive (whether he's missing an arm or leg is immaterial) they dump him in a civilian society that "doesn't want to hear about it." This apathy is far more despicable than any crime I ever committed. I am jailed for taking money to support a drug habit that I incurred while in "faithful and observant" duty to my country. The real criminals are in the Department of the Army, the VA, and the civilian corporations which helped to start the war. Today they are all sitting back laughing and denying that any real problem exists.

I am a young man still in my twenties with possibly forty or fifty more years in front of me. But with the collar that the army helped place on me, what kind of future can I look forward to? I realize most of my problems should be blamed only on myself, but for the army's contribution I would just like to say, "Thanks, I couldn't have done it without you."—*Name withheld, Maryland Correctional Training Center, Hagerstown, Maryland*

The priests of the temple gave me a new set of clothes and filled my pockets with money. My parents gave me a party so all my friends could come and see what a fine specimen of manhood I had become. The honorable senators gave me six months of monetary allowance to help me buy my way back into the system. My girl friend offered me her child-innocent love. My friends dumbly offered me their sympathy. But who is there who will offer me peace?

Surely, I have accomplished a great thing. I offered my body to help stem the tide of so-called tyranny and oppression and kept it intact against seemingly insurmountable odds. Yet, how do I mend my scarred and bleeding spirit? Who is there who can mend the tortured and tattered remnants of a mind seeking justification for what it has made the body do? Who will return to life the conscience bludgeoned into unconsciousness by the brutality of the need to survive? They are fools who believe that money will buy their sons back. They are damned fools who believe they can convince me of the justice of their actions by spouting doomsday clichés. They are damned who believe that I will believe them.

I am a combat veteran of Vietnam. I have carried this distinction with neither pride nor honor for the last four years. I have tried to forget, but the scars are too deep and the evils that caused them still surround me. I cannot forget that I possess two college degrees yet I cannot find a job because the system prefers young college graduates who had the means to avoid conscription while I took their place in line. I cannot forget that my wife has serious doubts about my ability to provide for her, as well as about my sanity. Yet I do not pity myself, for I am grateful for the opportunity to have seen the lows to which a society can stoop when it allows its greed to outpace its moral values.

Thank you for the solace it has brought me to know that someone has finally realized I do exist, and my problems are not unique.—*W.K., Jersey City, N.J.*

I have followed your series on the problems and the woes of the Vietnam veteran with great interest. I have a very deep interest in this situation since I served two tours in Vietnam. While I do not share the same views as some of the people in your articles concerning their role in Vietnam, I can certainly understand their reason for feeling the way they do. They have returned home to a nation that is nonchalant in the way it handles the welfare of those who fought for its policies.

I am currently a graduate student at the University of Nebraska at Omaha majoring in political science. I draw benefits of $298 per month from that ever-glorious institution called the Veterans Administration. I have several other appropriate names for the VA but I won't go into them since I'm sure that you have undoubtedly heard them all. Since I started receiving VA checks in October of

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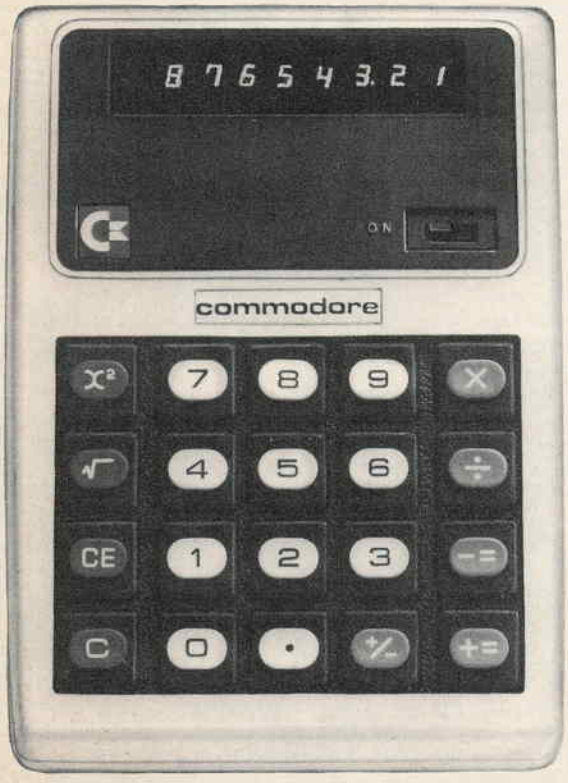

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1972, I have had nothing but problems with the VA. The checks have been late, sent to the wrong address, for the wrong amount, etc. You name it and I've had it happen. When I've made inquiries as to the reasons for the mess-ups, I've heard nothing but excuses such as, "Well, we're a big organization and problems do happen, are you sure that you sent in the proper forms? I think the problem is at the school, they sent the wrong paperwork." etc, etc! After I've finally straightened things out, they tell me that it will take at least three weeks to get another check on the way!

Between my wife's job and our joint perseverance, I'm sure we will overcome our problems. But I am concerned about the thousands of other veterans who have not been as lucky as I have. It makes me sick to read about them standing in welfare lines and being pushed around by the VA! Some guys just lose the will to fight because it is just not worth the hassle that they get from the VA and other agencies. They just say to hell with it and give up. To every one of them, I say stand up to the VA, write your congressman, and try to make this damn system work. Your voice is the only one that is going to bring any attention to your problems.—*David J. Bissell, Omaha, Neb.*

As director of the National Institute on Drug Abuse I read with interest Fred Ferretti's article *The Vietnam Veteran—175,000 Addicts* (May 1974).

I was surprised to see that Mr. Ferretti had not referred to the most authoritative study done to date on the Vietnam veteran drug-abuse problem. This follow-up study, "The Vietnam Drug-User Returns," was directed by the distinguished epidemiologist and drug researcher, Lee N. Robins, Ph.D., of the Washington University School of Medicine, St. Louis, Missouri. "The Vietnam Drug-User Returns" is a comprehensive and objective one-year follow-up study of the Vietnam drug abuse situation. It is the first study of drug utilization and abuse in young men serving in Vietnam. An extensive amount of time and effort and many highly skilled researchers were involved in scientifically validating this study.

I would hope that you and your readers will refer to Dr. Robins's study in order to correct the many inaccuracies which your article contained. His study is available from the Special Action Office for Drug Abuse Prevention, 726 Jackson Place, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20500.

I was also concerned to see that at no place in your article did you mention the vast network of treatment resources which offer drug treatment and rehabilitation to the drug-abuser. At the current time, the Department of Defense has over four hundred facilities treating DOD personnel worldwide. The Veterans Administration has fifty-two drug dependence treatment facilities, and the National Institute on Drug Abuse funds over three hundred community-based drug treatment and rehabilitation programs. The wide availability of treatment to virtually all who seek it is only one important example of the many vigorous steps which have been taken to return drug-abusers, including Vietnam veterans, to productive and drug-free lives.—*Robert L. DuPont, M.D., Rockville, Md.*

Fred Ferretti replies:

I note Dr. DuPont's "surprise" that I did not refer to "the most authoritative study done to date" on the Vietnam veteran drug use problem, directed by Dr. Lee N. Robins. His reaction depends, of course, on what study is considered the most "authoritative."

The piece did contain information from Dr. Robins's study, "A Follow-Up of Vietnam Drug Users," which could possibly be (1) more authoritative, and (2) more recent than the other study by

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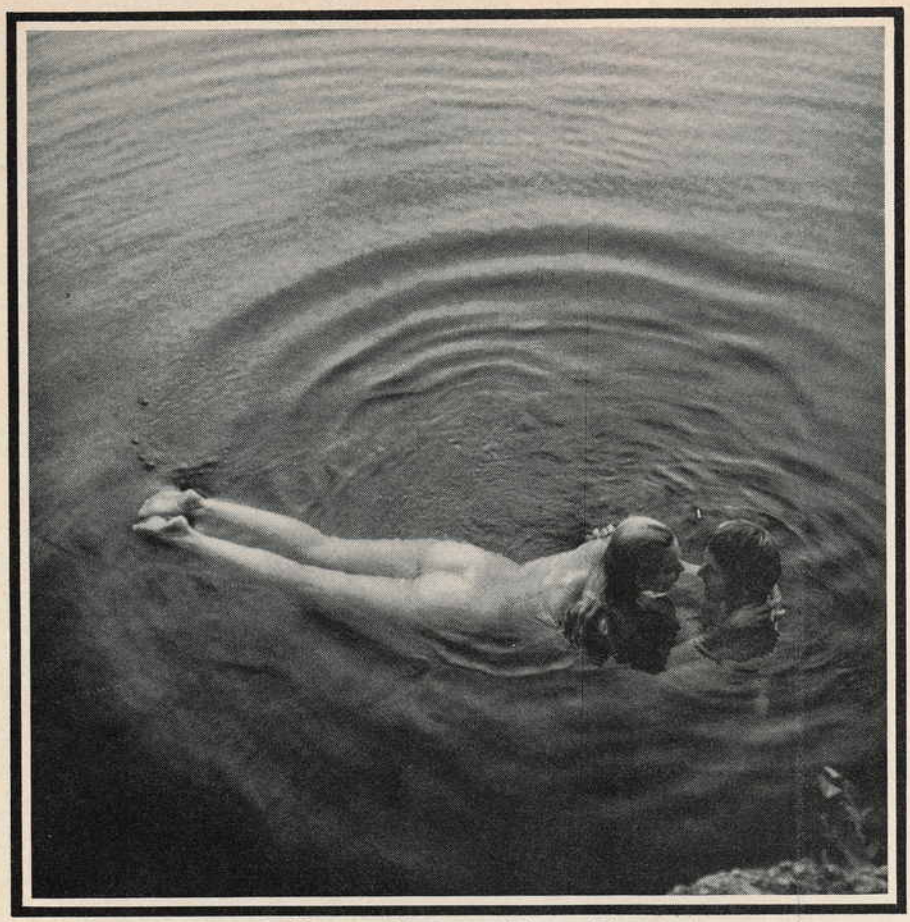
A point to ponder?



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Robins that Dr. DuPont refers to. That Robins study, assigned under the Executive Office's Special Action Office for Drug Abuse Prevention, confirms every assertion made in my article:

1. *That at least half of the men in the army had used drugs in Vietnam and believed they were addicts.*
2. *That veterans are using heroin and amphetamines now that they're home from the war.*
3. *That the rate of treatment of Vietnam veteran drug users is low.*

As for the "many inaccuracies," I looked in vain for the citing of even one. Which is inaccurate? That the U.S. government and the Department of Defense nurtured drug-abuse among soldiers in Vietnam? That the Pentagon and the White House sought for years to publicly minimize what was a cesspool of addiction? That the Veterans Administration refused to treat addicts often because they regarded drug addiction as non-service related? That vets do not trust government-affiliated drug treatment programs?

These are not inaccuracies, Dr. DuPont, they are real, despite your obvious wish that they would go away. I note too your concern that I did not enumerate the several hundred drug-treatment outlets available to vets. The piece clearly states that Vietnam veterans do not trust your treatments. That is the issue as I saw it, and not the fact that you have storefronts that nobody is visiting.

I long for the day when I will see a study that tells us, positively and accurately, what this country is doing for its veterans—drug-addicted or not.

Pet partisans

Your June "Pet of the Year Playoff" issue has always produced the most stunning array of your precocious pets in years past. This year is no exception. Well, you asked for it: I call 'em as I see 'em. Most Provoking Labia of the Year goes to Lane Coyle. I don't know if your Pets actually get off on being photographed in the most revealing of poses, but further exploration of this most marvelous of woman's assets is encouraged with enthusiasm. Nipple Span of the Year goes to Isobel Garcia Orobiyi. Mammary Momma is Avril Lund. I can't help it either, big tits are a turn-on. Avril sends me into Joycean wet dreams of the primal female. On the whole it's a formidable collection of alluring beauties. My final nomination is Karen Sather for Pet of the Year. Dress her in brief lacy underwear or show us her cunt—she's a beautiful girl.—*Name and address withheld*

I have just finished reading the June issue of your magazine and I want to commend you on a magnificent piece of work. All of your issues deserve praise but June's is truly exceptional.

Miss Alicia Justin, the Pet of the Month, has some fantastic views on life and sex. I agree with her 100 percent that "a woman is more than just a cunt." I consider my girl to be as much of a person as I am, and if there are any men who don't consider women equals, they shouldn't associate with them.—*Name and address withheld*

Barbie Lewis, the foxy gal who adorns your July centerfold, is going through some needless bullshit because an uptight school superintendent pressured her to quit her job as a teacher's aide. The reason was because she posed nude for *Penthouse*. All I can say is that times and attitudes have changed and Mr. Knapp should consider himself lucky that Barbie even has a desire to continue working for him.

I want to wish Barbie the best of luck if she does continue her teaching job and I really do pray that this situation will be remedied expeditiously without her having to put up anymore with puritan-

ical officials. God bless ya, Barb.—*Paul Wegner, Bremerton, Wash.*

Penthouse attained a new pinnacle in the July issue with that delightful and devilish angelfish, Barbie Lewis. She is perfection, plus! Take it from an old (alas) pro, you'll be hard put to top her.—*William Pomeroy, Alexandria, Va.*

I'm a fifteen-year-old male who has been buying your magazine ever since January and I think it is the best of its kind. Nancy in your April issue is the best-looking girl ever, but you could've shown more of her face. Alicia in your June issue is perfect, but you could've shown more pussy. I hope in the future you have girls like Alicia and Nancy as Pets. Keep up the good work.—*Name and address withheld*

Streaking up the wrong tree

I would like to comment on the letter from Jerry Fields (July 1974) concerning streaking. First of all I'd like to ask a question: "What is he, some kinda intellectual nut?" It seems as though the main thing he was concerned with when he wrote his clever little letter was to let the entire world know that he has a big vocabulary. How long did it take him to look those words up? We don't want to listen to twenty-seven-letter bullshit. State your ideas and be done with it. For example, he started off by saying: "The emergence of streaking as a tacitly acceptable form of social behavior could present some serious conflicts in the eyes of our legal and psychiatric communities when they have to equate this new phenomenon with flashing." Why not simply say that according to the laws, streaking youngsters fall into the same category as the "dirty old flasher"?

Jerry, if you're looking for a writer's prize, you're streaking up the wrong tree. You've just been caught with your pants down, buddy. How can you say that a streaker is mentally ill? And how can you compare these individuals to dirty old men or flashers who generally prey on young girls?

I see nothing wrong with the naked body, providing you have something to show off. Is that what's eating away at you, Jerry baby?

Streakers aren't nuts. They're just young people out for a good time which, obviously, you don't know anything about.

If I may, I'd like to make a friendly suggestion—gather up your Freud, Blackstone, and Krafft-Ebing and go have your pointed head examined. And, don't get your clothes wet the next time you take a shower.—*Pvt. James E. Collins, Fort Devens, Mass.*

Getting it up

After reading T.C.'s letter in your June issue, I felt compelled to write this letter. I am a twenty-eight-year-old woman who during a six-month period had—or attempted to have—sexual relations with eleven men. Of these men, no less than five had T.C.'s problem—the inability to maintain an erection. I was surprised the first time it happened, but I gradually realized that many men have trouble getting it up, and especially on the first occasion.

I think many sensitive men have this problem because they are simply nervous, wary, or afraid of their own vulnerability. All three men with whom I continued to have sexual relations eventually became good lovers. The best lover I've ever had took weeks to get a full erection. Neither his lack of erection, nor his failure to maintain an erection at peak excitement, was a handicap. Failure to maintain an erection can be wonderful for a woman who likes to be entered several times, varied with interludes of other delights.

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T.C. won't find an answer with prostitutes. He needs a patient woman who is not surprised or hurt by his inability to get it up and who is, most importantly, turned-on by him. She could probably work wonders.

Plenty of women would react similarly to this kind of pressure, but they don't have to get anything up!—*Name and address withheld*

No more Dick and Jane

I recently discovered my oldest boy having very adult, sophisticated sex with a cute neighbor girl who is only eleven-and-a-half. He is twelve years and four months. When I questioned him, he said he had been enjoying intercourse with her for nearly a year and also has had relations with seven other girls. The girl I found him in bed with seduced him—if that is the word for it (at least they both agree she made the first overtures). He accepts sex as part of the new lifestyle, saying sex is what kids do, so he does it.

He is very well developed for his age, in fact has always had a long penis compared to the tight, little ones most boys have. When he started having intercourse he didn't produce any semen but he has been ejaculating for the past four or five months. His father and I know he has been masturbating since he was six or seven years old, and we deliberately haven't discouraged him. His voice hasn't changed yet, his testicles are still small and boyish, and he has only a very little pubic hair which grew quite recently. But apparently he is a real man in bed.

The girl had her first period at ten-and-a-half and still has girlish hips. She has quite noticeable breasts and a thicker pubic patch than our son's. She is proud of her body and her ten other bedpartners (some as old as sixteen). She carries condoms in her purse, including red, green, black, and other colored ones, and makes the boys use them—most of the time—but says, in dead seriousness, that her mother's gynecologist will put her on the Pill soon. The mother more or less confirms this.

None of us really disapproves of our children's sex habits. My husband had sex when he was twelve, but only about once every three months at first, and I had my first intercourse at thirteen-and-a-half. The girl's parents say they started "quite young," so what our kids are doing is just what we did, only one or two years younger. The difference is the regularity and complete acceptance of sex as normal recreation at their age, and their adult approach to stripping down and hopping into bed when the mood strikes. They even do it in broad daylight with any friend of the opposite sex—not as a "date" or someone they have a special liking for, but simply because they enjoy sex. They both expect to keep having sex with new partners the rest of their lives, and can't seem to understand why promiscuity of this kind might be considered bad. Our son just told me, "Aw, Ma, all the kids do it and I like it. What's the big deal about a little fun?"

I'm not asking for advice, since we are adjusting to the kids' lifestyle the only way we can, in effect telling them to go ahead with our blessing. But I do wonder how typical this is elsewhere, or if it is just done in our suburb. Everyone now thinks masturbation is okay, in fact a good thing for kids, especially girls. Think what a change this is. My mother would have died a thousand deaths and punished me the worst possible way she could if she had known I masturbated, at any age. I wasn't supposed to know how people had intercourse, let alone do it before I was married.

I think I have indicated we aren't shocked, or disapproving fuddy-duddies. I suppose we are secretly proud of our boy's adjustment and having achieved adult sex status, and a little envious of his full acceptance of sex as normal fun. We would have thought there was something wrong with our son if he hadn't shown a little awkward effort to begin screwing by the time he was thirteen or at the latest fourteen, the trend of the times being what it is. The girl's parents say they were prepared to say farewell to her virginity by thirteen, or even twelve, considering her early periods. So neither family feels there is any problem with their uncomplicated sex life, or that any of us should be ashamed of their acquiring sexual expertise and enjoying the wonderful pleasure of sex as early as they have.

We really wish we might have done so as easily and as young as they. We all agree on that. There used to be a joke that a girl is "old enough if she's big enough," which of course has a lot of truth in it. But aren't kids also "big enough" if they are "old enough" in the sense of being mentally, socially, and physically prepared by the world they live in? I wonder. For me, this is a confusing point.—*Name withheld, Baltimore, Md.*

Xaviera. . . .

I realize that the writings of Xaviera Hollander have great appeal. However, the advice of a bisexual ex-prostitute is not always the best for the average couple to apply in their own bedroom. But as a marriage counselor I have talked with many couples who have attempted to do so.

In the June 1974 issue, page 124, under *Chacun à Son Gout*, Xaviera says, "After all, vaginal intercourse can only be successful if the man stimulates the clitoris of his woman either by rubbing the base of his cock against her pubic area or by helping her manually or with the aid of a small vibrator." Such statements will lead many individuals to conclude that vaginal intercourse can rarely be successful without some other aid. Yet the majority of couples do not regularly practice any special technique, and they know that the head of the penis can stimulate the clitoris to a degree that will satisfy the average woman. Complete novices can understand this simple method in thirty seconds.

On the same page in *The Measure of a Man* she relates penis size to the size of a man's fingers. There is no scientific basis for such a statement and it is in the same category as the one men make relating the size of a woman's vagina to the size of her mouth. Next thing you know, men with small hands will be wearing padded gloves.

You should consider allowing an experienced marriage counselor or sexologist to comment editorially on each of Xaviera's letters so that your readers may receive the best of both sources.—*R. Dan Moss, Mobile, Ala.*

Big boobs the answer?

It appears that the flat-chested ladies in our midst think that big boobs are the answer to all their problems. Ha!

I have to carry around about ten pounds of extra weight on my chest. My bras cost extra, but if I don't wear one my chest will be to my waist by the time I'm thirty—that's one of the perils of gravity.

In recent years I've been able to purchase flattering bikinis, but young women who have difficulty getting a swimsuit with a 32" top and a 35" bottom should try to buy dresses to fit a 44E bust combined with a 23" waist and 36" hip. And to further complicate matters, I'm only 5'1" tall.

Nevertheless, if I had a choice, I guess I'd rather be the shape I am than skinny, flat-chested, or unfeminine like so many of the bra-burning women-libbers.—*Name and address withheld*

Tales of an old-timer

I wouldn't trade my uncircumcised cock for a year in a harem. I'll never forget the days as a kid down

by the old swimming hole when we had water fights. We uncircumcised boys would hold our foreskin tight and piss until the skin ballooned out to golf ball size. By squeezing the golf ball we could shoot pee thirty feet. The circumcised guys didn't have a chance. When I grew older the skin receded until it only covered half the head. When I have an erection my glans are exposed, and it is the greatest feeling to have a woman manipulate the skin gently until I'm hard.

I used to go with a whore for eight years who couldn't get enough of my cock. Each time she had her period, she would leave the whorehouse for six days and stay with me to keep from going crazy. Judy loved the outdoors, and in good weather we would take horses and ride into the mountains, camp out, fish, hike, and swim. On these trips, she would take care of me orally, by hand, and ball me once just before I took her back to work.

There was a brute of a man who always came to the place every Friday evening shortly after six. He got his kicks out of plunging his big dick into her at one stroke. Every time he almost split her open. Judy was small and would be sore for three days. Finally we figured a way to fix him. I drew blood from one of my horses and went to the house at five on a Friday evening. Judy and I balled for half an hour, and then took a bulb syringe, put a condom over it, inserted it in her, and filled it with warm blood. We tied the condom shut with a slip knot and tucked the end of the string in the folds of her snatch. Then I went to the waiting room and bought the girls a drink. Sure enough the brute arrived on scheduled and wanted Judy as always. He was sent to her room. Some ten minutes later there was a bloodcurdling scream, and the madam, and the girls and I ran into her room. The sight was something to behold. Judy had lined him up and pulled the string just as he had plunged. There was blood on the bed, blood on him, and Judy was sobbing as the blood trickled down her legs. The madam turned pale as a ghost and the guy was so shaken he could hardly get his clothes on. I gallantly offered to take Judy to my doctor, assuring the madam that there would be no fuss. I wrapped a bathtowel between her legs. She threw on a robe, and we took off for my place. We called the madam the next day and told her Judy was badly torn and required at least six days in the hospital and another week of rest before she could possibly work. Judy and I had a ball for two weeks and when I took her back, we presented the madam with a fake doctor's bill. She didn't want to be involved in any way so she gave Judy money in cash. She was so grateful to me that on slack nights she let Judy entertain me for free. It was the only free thing I ever got at a whorehouse. And the big dick never showed up again.

Judy and I pulled about half a dozen capers but only on people who had it coming. That madam should never have let the brute break Judy up every week for a few lousy dollars.

One last word, I wouldn't advise anyone to try the bloodbath deal Judy and I pulled. We rehearsed that a lot of times with water. One trouble was the rubber would kink and very little fluid would escape. She learned to pull the string and grasp the opening of the rubber at the same time. Then it worked like a charm.—*Name withheld, Butte, Mont.*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Penthouse Forum** *magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or send $1.00 to* **Penthouse Forum**, *909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 for this month's copy.*

New B·I·C 980 Automates Brillo Bob

A bunch of us from Warehouse Sound Co. were doing the national electronics show, and it'd been a long day. We'd started from San Luis Obispo and traveled nine hours by ox cart, plane, and bus, and then walked miles in that overgrown exhibit hall. Now we're looking for a cab, all of us beat and wishing we were anywhere but in Chicago.

All except Brillo Bob, who's our permanently wired audio freak; he's bubbling about some new B.I.C. turntable he's just seen and using words like "revolutionary" and "incredible." But nobody's listening — our ears have long since shifted out of gear from too many over-hyped salesmen.

We flag a cab and pile in. Bob gets the front seat, but promptly turns around. "I wish you guys would listen to me . . ."

Weary silence.

"You've got to see this thing, the B.I.C. 980 . . . they're using a twenty-four-pole, servo-controlled 300 RPM motor. It's *programmable* . . . and it's the first belt-driven automatic changer! Cripes — you ought to see the way it handles records . . ."

Mike tells Bob to get back in his cage. Bob just grins. "Okay, but I'm telling you it's a ball-buster. Just wait and see."

We reach the hotel and guess who I get for a roommate.

Next morning I awake to find Bob has fled after using my toothbrush, comb, and all the towels. There's a note on the mirror: "Do something about your midrange-snoring, you distort. See you at B.I.C."

When the rest of us finally get back for the show's second day, we head for the B.I.C. display to see what the hell Bob is so excited about. And there he is, surrounded by B.I.C.'s vice-president, Frank Hoffman, and half their sales staff. And Bob's telling *them* about their own 960 and 980. Mr. Hoffman tells me that they'll let Warehouse Sound Co. have the first shipment of new turntables, if only Bob would put their demonstrator back together . . .

Now, several months later, we've had time to check out the new B.I.C. turntables. Bob jilted his manual and lives with a new 980. The rest of us think the B.I.C.'s are so fine that we've even featured them in our new catalog. Write or call, and we'll zip you B.I.C. literature, fast and free. Add $1 for postage, and we'll also send our 64-page discount catalog of music systems and components, plus your choice of the 1975 edition of the Music Machine Almanac, a 185-page full-color guide of today's stereo and quad components, complete with photos, specs, and prices, (normally $1.95), or our own 64-page Professional Products catalog for musicians. Better yet, send $2 and get it all. Either way, we mail first class, the day we get your coupon . . .

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COUPLES

***Penthouse* brings you another installment of "Couples," a searching series of interviews that attempts to uncover the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship. As analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist, these interviews provide a rare insight into man-woman relations. We invite couples who wish to be interviewed (and whose anonymity will be guaranteed) to write in confidence to The Editor, "Couples," *Penthouse*, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.**

Ian, 23, junior advertising executive and Penny, 22, personal assistant to a property dealer.

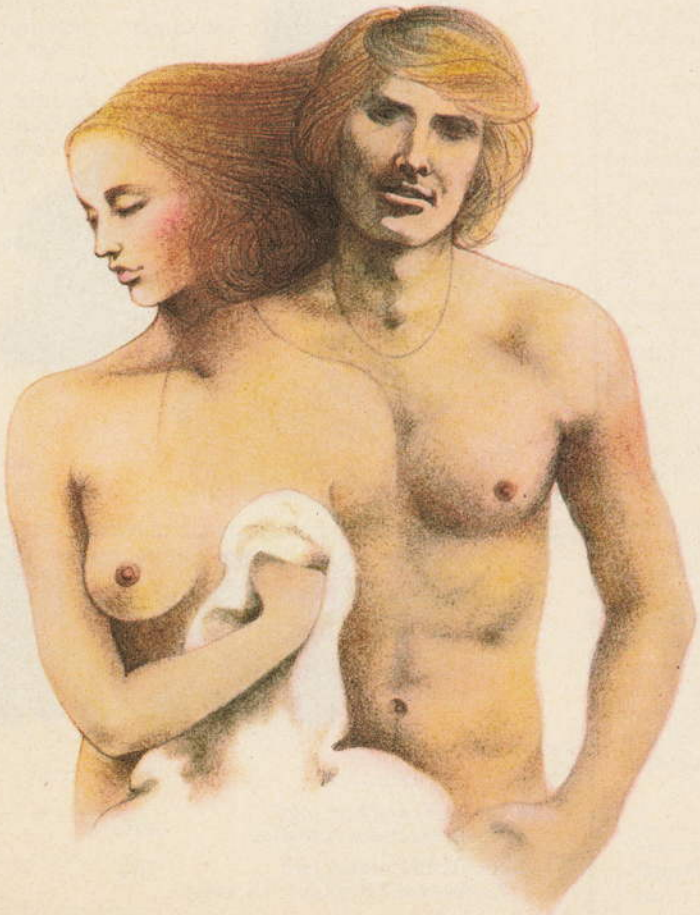
IAN'S STORY:

"I've never been a very confident person, although I try to give the impression that I'm totally organized and together. Penny was the first girl I ever made love to. At the time, I thought that going to bed with her was the best thing that had ever happened to me. Four years and a lot of emotion and upheavals later, I'm not so sure. What really bugs me is that I can't decide just how involved with her I really am.

"I vividly remember the first day I ever saw Penny. I had just come up to the university—it was my second day there, I think—when I walked into the student union and there she was, standing in line before me. She was the most erotic-looking girl I think I've ever seen. Somehow she just oozed sensuality. Her hair was long and black, her eyes were large and brown, and she had full breasts and a tiny waist that flared into deliciously curvy hips. I recall thinking to myself: 'If I do nothing else during my three years here I'm going to get her into bed with me.'

"As luck would have it, we both attended the same lectures, and by sitting next to her as often as I could and borrowing her books, I soon got to know Penny. I became infatuated with her, so much so that I hardly dared ask her out in case she refused. However, I finally got the courage, she accepted, and I took her to a film. After about half an hour, I tentatively kissed her—she responded warmly, and neither of us paid much attention to the film or our surroundings after that.

"We both lived in dorms on the university campus, and as we had to pass by my dorm first on the way back, I invited her in for a cup of coffee. I know that's an old line, but at the time I honestly had no thoughts of trying to make it with her. I wanted to, of course, but I was naive enough then to think that one had to lead up to such things over a course of weeks. Maybe that's why I was still a virgin. Anyway, she sat on the bed as I put the kettle on. While I was waiting for it to boil, I went over and sat next to her. We started kissing again and slowly sank back onto the bed as we got more and more carried away. I started to undress Penny, still never thinking that she'd let me make love to her, but wanting to desperately. As I pushed her shirt up and started to slide



Jeanne McDowell

her pants and tights down, I suddenly realized that she was more aroused than I was. She gripped her thighs together and relaxed them, writhing around on the bed. When I slid a finger down to and into her cunt, she gasped and seemed to lose all control, pushing her pelvis upward spasmodically. It was as though she was trying to get my finger in as deep as she could bury it.

"Suddenly she started scrambling frantically at the top of my trousers; it felt like she was going to tear them off me instead of just undoing them. I unzipped them with my free hand, pushing them down past my knees. Then she grabbed my pulsating cock, guiding it towards her cunt, which by now was lubricated to the point of overflowing. As I moved on top of her, she brought her knees up to grip my sides. I entered her violently, coming almost at once. But I was so aroused that I kept on pushing away without losing my erection, and came again after about fifteen or twenty minutes.

"After it was all over, I couldn't quite believe it! I looked down at her large dark-nippled breasts, her tangled and soaking mass of curly pubic hair, and the stain slowly spreading on my bedspread, and I thought, 'I've made it at last; I've actually made it.' I was so pleased, I'm sure I would have started all over again there and then if it hadn't been for the kettle making nasty noises as it boiled dry.

"We slept together in my bed that night—although when I say 'slept' I don't think either of us shut our eyes for more than a few minutes. We made love six times altogether. I felt like an inventor who's just perfected some new and complicated gadget, and wants to make sure that it works properly.

"After that night we were pretty well inseparable, and often used to skip lectures and spend the afternoon making love in my room. Penny has a very strong sex urge and liked to take the lead in our sex play. I was still so knocked out by the fact that I wasn't a virgin anymore and could satisfy a woman. I knew I screwed her well because Penny always climaxed at least once. For the first week or so it never occurred to me to try anything except the good old missionary position. One afternoon, just as I was about to enter her cunt, Penny gently pushed me over onto my back and sat astride me. Then she slowly guided my cock inside her. She started raising and lowering herself on my cock, slowly at first and then faster and faster. I was hardly doing anything to help, just lying there. The grandstand view of my cock disappearing deep inside her, then being released only to be swallowed up again, was so incredibly erotic that I came in great steaming gushes after only a couple of minutes. Penny kept sliding up and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

You've earned your stripe

...because last night you took your wife outside and had a snowball fight. And you made her giggle like you used to.

...if you're more concerned with your automobile's MPG (miles per gallon) than its MPH (miles per hour).

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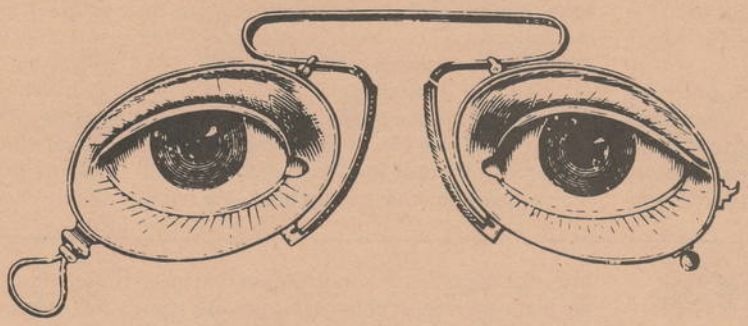
VIEW FROM THE TOP



"WE ABSTAIN!"

"Goin' to the candidates' debate.
Laugh about it, shout about it,
When you've got to chose.
Every way you look at it you lose."

—Paul Simon

With the primaries behind us, all good Americans over the age of eighteen are again being urged to participate in that big November multiple-choice test. And what are the choices? Well, in about 99.9 percent of the cases you'll be asked to select one from among the following:

(a) Two crooks
(b) Two idiots
(c) One of each.

The chances are roughly one in a thousand that you might find yourself with one of the following additional options:

(d) One crook or idiot, and one honest politician
(e) Two honest politicians.

It has been known to happen. As humorist Kin Hubbard once said, "Now and then an innocent man is sent to the legislature." But it's pretty hard to tell in advance, and they don't give any refunds.

If you decide to settle for an incumbent with a long record in office, you *may* then have some idea of what to expect. Otherwise, you have to rely on what the candidates are willing to reveal in public statements or in paid ads. And these pitches are usually at the intellectual level of Listerine or Scope mouthwash commercials.

The ads, of course, are financed by the contributions of corporate and union fat cats who ask nothing in return except to pull the strings and dictate all the actions of the winning candidates they've backed. The fat cats, meanwhile, can claim they are rendering a public service by (1) stimulating interest in the campaign, and (2) contributing to the great crusade to enlarge the electorate by "getting out the vote."

The more voters we can get to participate in an election, goes the theory, the wiser the ultimate choice will be. Except for one thing: in practice it seems to work just the opposite.

Back in 1920 the number of eligible voters literally doubled overnight by giving women the vote. The actual popular vote increased by 44 percent over the previous presidential election. And what did we get? Warren G. Harding and the Teapot Dome.

In time for the 1972 election we gave the vote to the eighteen- to twenty-year-olds and increased the number of eligible voters by about 18 percent. Dozens of volunteer organizations joined in a media blitz to swell the size of the turnout. What happened? A record seventy-five million voters went to the polls, and better than 60 percent of them chose to reelect Nixon—Watergate and all!

And that's just at the national level. At the state and local levels, stories of official crime and corruption are so common they have to fight for newspaper space. ("Another legislator indicted? Another councilman convicted of bribery? So what else is new?")

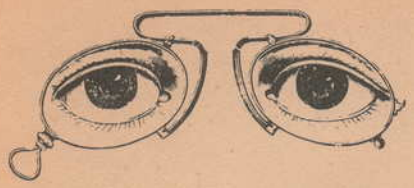
What is new is not the fact that there are crooked or stupid politicians, or that they are backed by special interests. The news is that we have become politically naive zombies, conditioned to pick our leaders the way we select a brand of toothpaste.

The fact is, there are just so many people around who are smart enough and interested enough to study the candidates' records and cast intelligent votes. The more you expand the electorate beyond them, the higher percentage of gullible, lazy, and just plain stupid voters you include—thereby diluting the votes of that minority of concerned citizens.

Look at some of the biggest presidential landslide winners: Harding, Coolidge, Eisenhower, Johnson, Nixon. And who was elected with the smallest plurality in our history? Abraham Lincoln—with less than 40 percent of the popular vote.

Behaviorist B. F. Skinner created a society in his *Walden Two* where the politically indifferent and uninformed members were encouraged to stay the hell out of the political process.

Sociologist David Riesman, author of *The Lonely Crowd*, commented in an article in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* some years ago that, "Bringing sleepwalkers to the polls simply to increase turnout is no service to



democracy." A polite understatement!

Elitism? Maybe. But remember, the other extreme—and we seem to be heading there fast—is *mobocracy*. And safety-in-numbers can be a dangerous illusion in decision-making. Old Socrates probably would have gotten a much fairer shake from a well-screened jury of twelve than he got from his Athenian jury of hundreds, most of whom were uninformed louts.

We need more of the attitude often expressed by comedian Jack Paar: "I never vote for any politician; it only encourages them." No one should vote until we get some meaningful reforms in the field of campaign financing, media use, and the nominating procedures for candidates.

Concerning reforms, I like the one offered by Snell Putney in *The Conquest of Society*. We could eliminate the need to settle for the "lesser of two evils," or to throw our votes away on minor party candidates as a form of form of protest—by adding another place on the ballot for a "no" vote. In other words the ballot would look something like this:

( ) Tweedledum
( ) Tweedledee
( ) No (or "None of the Above")

If a majority voted for "None of the Above," the parties would have to go back and nominate a new set of candidates until they found someone who could get a majority.

Until that millennium arrives, however, you're all invited to join with me this year in my campaign to *keep down the vote*. Buttonhole your friends and neighbors, and tell them how important it is that they stay away from the polls this November, unless they're absolutely sure they know whom they're voting for and why. And be sure you do the same.

Urge them to join our national non-voters' countercrusade. Our motto: "We Abstain!"

And don't forget to deck your car with our favorite bumper sticker: "Don't Blame Me. I Didn't Vote For ANYBODY!"—*Fred Darwin*

HAPPENINGS

THE NEW STUDENT ACTIVISM

A popular myth of today is that the violent campuses of the Sixties have reverted to a Fifties tranquility. Student activism, however, did not cease with the end of the Sixties—in fact, anti-war protests on campus were almost continuous until American troops left Vietnam in early 1973. And during the 1973–74 school year, scores of student protests developed across the country. At the University of Montana, a CIA recruiter was forced off campus by demonstrators. Similarly, University of Wisconsin students at the Madison campus demonstrated against recruiters from ITT, resulting in three arrests. Twelve arrests were made during a demonstration against the presence of Marine Corps recruiters at Boston University. A twenty-five-day strike at the University of Puerto Rico forced the administration to hear student grievances. At the University of Connecticut, 274 students were arrested during a sit-in at the campus library last May in protest against the school's policies toward Third World faculty members.

Footage of students clashing with police in the groves of academe was sensational stuff back in 1968. But network newscasters shy away from such reruns today. After all, if you've seen one student billy-clubbed. . . . And what does not get reported in the news just does not exist.

Since the end of the Vietnam War, though, the nature of campus activism has definitely changed. Student activism today is less organized than in the Sixties, but it has become more mainstream. A survey last spring by pollster Daniel Yankelovich found that 14 percent of students interviewed in 1970 identified with the "New Left," while only 9 percent expressed a similar view in 1973. The termination of the Vietnam War, the main objective of the "New Left," seems to have moved most students to believe in effecting change by "working within the system." In fact, the Yankelovich survey shows that interest in the two major political parties has risen dramatically: 57 percent in 1971 to 73 percent in 1973.

No longer are the majority of protests based primarily upon national issues, and rarely is campus activism the theatrical spectacle it used to be. Dr. Sidney Peck, a sociologist and radical organizer, says that the concerns of today's student movement are with "student-related issues that are, in effect, the community issues of the student community: lower tuition, better health-care, good housing, quality education and child-care programs."

In an interview with the *National Student Association* magazine, Dr. Peck stated: "There is a mood of concern on the campus, and a mood for change. There is an understanding of the nature of the system under which we live. We did go through a period that had a certain faddist character to it—where everyone had to wear a little neon sign that said, 'I am a revolutionary.' Students are moving beyond rhetoric and what some folks would call an infantile political orientation, which is best expressed by the Yippie/Zippie tradition. It would be incorrect to characterize the student movement as dead—but it certainly is in a period of transition."

The new student activism has manifested itself in a number of recent occurrences:

- Students at Stockton State College in Pomona, New Jersey have formed a union with which they hold collective bargaining sessions with the school's administration over various student grievances.
- The student body of the University of Massachusetts hired a professional educational consultant who has organized a program in which students research ways to improve the university—and get course credits for their work.
- Vassar students protested an admissions recruiting film which they felt "failed to accurately represent the social atmosphere of the college, hid its heritage as a women's school, and underplayed women on campus in a sexist fashion."

In keeping with the low-profile character of the new student activism, some original tricks have been added to the repertoire of protest. For instance, last fall at Rutgers University in

Ner Beck

New Jersey, black students pressed the school's administration to meet a list of forty-three demands calling for improvements in health services and the quality of campus life. Part of the protest involved holding a mass "check-out" of books from the school's libraries—effective, but certainly not dramatic enough to make the "Six O'Clock Report."

Another method by which students are now seeking to effect change is through legal channels. Chip Berlet, a spokesman for the National Student Association, has noted what he calls "a definite trend" in lawyers being hired by student bodies to press their demands. Berlet cited the example of Oregon Community College Students Association, which has placed a lawyer on retainer. The lawyer not only handles personal legal troubles of the students, but also intercedes whenever there is a student-administration dispute. The student body of the University of Massachusetts has done the same thing, only their lawyer also lobbies for them at the state legislature.

Perhaps the only issue of national scope to animate protest on campus during the 1973–74 school year had its origin in the White House. Nearly every college across the country has been hit by Nixon's cut in financial aid, particularly in the area of aid to poor students. Since one of the objectives of the student movement has always been a democratizing of the university, the aid reductions are seen as a direct political slap. The resulting hikes in tuition at almost every college in the country have been met with widespread protest. Last fall at the University of Wisconsin at Madison, the student body succeeded, via a tuition strike, in winning a reduction in tuition. And with Watergate acting to reduce the influence of the students' old foe, many more successful tuition protests can be expected this school year.

The nation's campuses may never again return to the Ivory Tower quietude of the Fifties. The change has gone deep, as described by educational reform leader and former NSA president, Ed Schwartz: "We attempt, in general, to open students to the notion that learning is self-development as much as the absorption of facts. . . . That a university in a world of revolution has to encourage action, experimentation, conflict; not inhibit them." —*Rex Weiner*

FILMS

ALICE COOPER AT THE MOVIES

When it comes to mayhem and madness, *Good To See You Again, Alice Cooper* is in a league all by itself. In his first feature-length movie, Alice Cooper thrusts into sharp focus teenage America's fantasies and nightmares—bombarding the viewer with everything from horror-movie sensationalism to Daliesque surrealism.

In the colorful confusion of his stage act, Alice pounds away at the twin themes of sex and violence—teasing, taunting, turning outrage into mockery, and incidentally, making Mick Jagger look like a campy choirboy by comparison.

This is not Alice Cooper's screen debut. He has previously appeared in *Great Medicine Ball Caravan* and in the party sequence from *Diary of a Mad Housewife*. But *Good To See You Again* is *all* Alice.

Much of the footage was shot onstage during Cooper's "Billion Dollar Babies" tour of last year. Dressed in a moth-eaten undershirt, long johns, and knee-high platform snakeskin boots, Alice resembles a bargain-basement creature that God forgot. In one sequence he sings to a chromed mannequin torso, which is graced by a slithering slob of his spit. In another scene, an orgy of candy-stuffing results in a hallucinatory trip to the dentist, complete with a drill the size of an oil well and a tall, leggy, dancing tooth. Of course, there's an obligatory appearance by Eva Marie, the latest of Alice's harem of snakes. Lest anyone miss the point of all this, Alice proves to his audience that they are a lot crazier than he by tossing out handfuls of personal posters and watching the resulting mob frenzy.

Yet throughout Cooper's adolescent anarchy, there runs a strong stream of morality. Whenever Alice engages in excess, he must pay for his transgressions. In one number called "Raped and Freezing," he gets laid on the road by a horny older woman, only to be dumped in a ditch, naked and lonely. When he sings in praise of "Sick Things," Alice gets away with casually smearing a baby doll and molesting the lower extremities of a window mannequin. However, when it comes to contemplating necrophilia in "I Love the Dead," he finds himself being led to the guillotine for violating the bounds of decency.

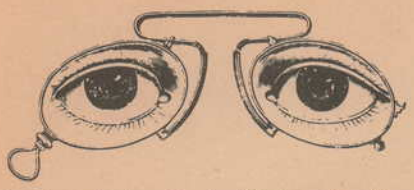
Alice's stage act concludes with the appearance of presidential look-alike Richard D. Dixon. Despite all his public craziness, Alice Cooper's private vision is sobering and terrifying—that today's America is similar to Germany during the Weimar Republic.

Rock critics have remarked that Alice Cooper's albums cannot be judged by normal musical criteria since they are basically soundtracks for his stage shows. In the same way, *Good To See You Again, Alice Cooper* cannot be judged by the same standards as a routine movie. Rather, it is a visual record of a most morbidly fascinating pop phenomenon—a set piece that rock fans will not want to miss.—*Steve Ditlea*

Cooper on film: Making Jagger look like a choirboy.

DIRECTORS PAKULA AND BOGDANOVICH: FROM CLASSIC HITCHCOCK TO IMITATION WELLES

One of my favorite theories about the ways in which we murder our leaders has nothing to do with whom we kill or why. It has to do with what we don't believe; and the theory goes something like this: the failure to prove conspiracy, or even to properly consider it, in the assassination of the two Kennedys or of Martin Luther King, only demonstrates America's political naiveté. I've seen this theory presented often enough in one form or another, and always with the implication that it is absurdly simple to think that one man might want to kill one other man because his luck or his prominence or his beliefs make life for the assassin seem unbearable. I don't know much about conspiracies. But I do share that work-



ing knowledge of uninstitutionalized insanity that all New Yorkers have, and I am pretty sure that a week's worth of passenger watching on the subway can provide enough hostile madmen to eliminate the next twenty years' worth of unindicted presidents, plea-copping vice-presidents, and ambitious younger brothers.

Perhaps the real appeal of conspiracy theories is that they are theories, with a show of reason rather than unreason, and with a whole cast of villains rather than just a couple of victims—the dead one and the one who's left alive holding the gun. In the movies, conspiracy also provides a plot, usually a lousy plot, usually with rich reactionaries at the core—individuals who have everything in the world but still run wild because they can't control the people's will. American cinema provides a history of this sort of thing, going back at least to Capra's 1930's populist melodramas, reaching its glory with the Nazis-among-us movies during World War II, and limping into contemporary liberal senility with last year's *Executive Action*.

So there is something to be said for an assassination movie that at least keeps its paranoia intact, quite without political excuses, right down to the very end—and a little beyond. Alan Pakula's *The Parallax View* offers no explanations; no content really, beyond its tense and sometimes brilliant action; no message, except that all the worst suspicions are absolutely justified. Like any murder mystery, Pakula's film aims to get to the bottom of things—an intriguingly futile aim, because most probably the bottom doesn't exist.

The Parallax View opens with a pre-credit sequence in the middle of a political campaign. A candidate, somebody charismatic and controversial (for what reason we will never know), is making a well-publicized appearance at the observation deck on top of the Seattle Space Needle. A shot is fired. The candidate's body slumps against a window. And out from the frightened crowd a man with a gun, a red-coated waiter, rushes to the roof of the tower, security guards in hot pursuit. They never get him. Just within their reach, he stumbles and falls to his death hundreds of feet below.

A lone crackpot; an open-and-shut case. But three years later, when the movie proper begins, most of the people who witnessed the shooting have died—innocuously, through heart attacks and common accidents—and the remaining few have begun to take the most nervous precautions. It is the death of one of these, a TV newscaster (Paula Prentiss), that prods her occasional lover, a smart-ass Seattle reporter (Warren Beatty), into an investigation that leads him up and down the West Coast. He ends at the offices of the Parallax Corporation, a blue-chip type of organization of clean-cut young professionals, much like the second-level stars of Watergate, in the business of recruiting paid assassins.

We never learn much about the corporation. Beatty discovers it by accident. He then assumes a false identity, gets a homicidal psychopath to take the written personality-evaluation test for him, and applies for a position with Parallax. The agent who interviews him (Walter McGinn) says that it's very rewarding work, giving social misfits a job and a better sense of themselves. But we discover almost nothing else—no mastermind, no rationale, no plot to conquer America. Parallax is a cipher, a trap, a maze, a deadly attraction for a curious type like Beatty. In one way or another, the people and the plans of Parallax always seem to get involved with opening and shutting doors. There is some handsomely ominous use of this motif throughout the film, and I think you might say that the Corporation's cleverest game lies in making it seem to the interested outsider that open is shut, and vice versa.

Beatty as reporter: Impossible odds.

In one fairly early sequence, Beatty's investigations take him to a little lumbering town called Salmontail where, because he wears his hair long and prefers milk to martinis, he immediately gets into a window-smashing brawl with the deputy sheriff. Beatty wins, much to the delight of the sheriff (the deputy's uncle); and in the aftermath, an exchange of understanding confidences in late-night talk, there is a fine release of stored-up tension, the first such release in the movie. It is utterly false; the genial sheriff works for Parallax—indeed, the deputy's character is the first intimation of how they operate—and he means to kill Beatty, now almost off his guard. Such manipulation, the safe passing of a phoney climax so as to unprepare you for the real one, is like classic Hitchcock, and nearly as good as the classic Hitchcock that is Pakula's undisguised model for so much of *The Parallax View*. Of all the movies to have been called Hitchcockian, from Truffaut's *The Bride Wore Black* on down, Pakula's comes closest to earning the compliment because it is so extremely canny about evoking the master's technical *élan*. Whether it evokes too much and explains too little remains a question, though one that doesn't matter greatly. In this film the elliptical method really is the meaning. The holes in the plot—there are many—aren't lapses; they are abysses. Each one redirects the action and confirms a doom.

When *Klute*, Alan Pakula's one previous success as a director, opened in 1971, some critics praised it for the quality of its thought. I rather hated it for the quality of its thought. But to have made a movie as intelligently vac-

Cybill Shepherd as Daisy: Manners.

uous as *The Parallax View*, Pakula must be very thoughtful indeed. Not crushingly profound. *The Parallax View* is as aware of the affectlessness of modern living as, say, Francis Coppola's *The Conversation*. Pakula is also given to modishly exploiting the façades, corridors, and stairways of the current architecture of alienation that has become such a repeated feature in respectable American cinema. For Coppola it is all visual symbol, whereas for Pakula it is primarily scene-setting—scary, intriguing—but something to be lived in and walked through. The advantage rests with Pakula for the ease with which he relates to everything in his movie—an ease that extends to Warren Beatty's inventive and

casually frantic performance (like Jane Fonda's call girl in *Klute*, Beatty's reporter is almost always engaged in role-playing) and even to Beatty's situation as a man alone fighting against impossible and largely unfathomable odds. The situation is basic, requiring no wasteful speculation. Pakula sees to it that it gets none, so that *The Parallax View* emerges as an honest-to-God action movie without gimmicks or period charm. Instead, his film is full of observation, modest in insight, rich in excitement, and graceful against its terror.

It's been a bad year at the movies for classic American literature—first the witless dullness of *The Great Gatsby*, and now the embarrassments of Peter Bogdanovich's *Daisy Miller*—neither so witless nor so dull, but nothing you'd want to point to as a peak of dazzling cinematic intelligence. Intelligence has always been Bogdanovich's strongest quality. It helped yoke together an incredible mishmash of disparate elements in *Targets*, his first and still his best movie. It shielded the lapses in immediate feeling for such careful exercises in nostalgia as *The Last Picture Show* and *Paper Moon*. But now, lacking a predetermined style (and lacking any handy models for how this movie ought to be made), he has directed his dumbest film from Henry James's great tale of a beautiful, fresh, young, 19th-century American girl who travels briefly in Europe, until she dies in Rome from a case of malaria perhaps compounded by personal neglect.

I think I know—and at one time or another I suppose I have invoked—every argument against using the book to knock the movie. Ideally any novelist, even a Flaubert or a Henry James, furnishes raw material to the filmmaker. Often enough, the rawer the material the better the film. But Bogdanovich's approach is very circumspect, and I shouldn't be surprised if his *Daisy Miller* really wanted to be the book—dramatized, a little fleshed out, and tastefully illustrated. Almost everything he adds to the novella—generally in the way of social satire or quaint detail—fails from sheer flat-footedness. But he doesn't add much. He is mostly concerned with finding pictures and voices to match the power of Henry James's words.

The words are a constant problem. They read well and they sound terrible. One of the most brilliant of novelists, James seems to develop the tone of his characters' conversations for the printed page, for the eye rather than for the ear. What the book presents to us as a rush of speech—say, almost any of Daisy's several monologues—is a rush in name only. In fact, it must be sorted out and mulled over if it is to reverberate as intended and if its meaning is to be clarified. James furnishes clues for the sensibility, not for the dialogue coach. As if aware of this, Bogdanovich imposes upon the talk a mannerism that to me sounds like a mannerism of the early Orson Welles, in which each actor crowds the actor speaking ahead of him to produce a feeling of casual urgency. This is almost never the feeling of Henry James.

Sometimes Bogdanovich gets his actors to project this feeling very well, sometimes routinely, and sometimes so badly that they come across like the first read-through by a group that will later be replaced by a more professional cast. In every way the best performance comes from Mildred Natwick, as the stuffy expatriate American aunt of the stuffy expatriate young man through whose eyes we follow the sad story of Daisy Miller. The worst performance comes from Barry Brown, who plays that young man, Winterbourne, as if the essence of his character were a simple lack of expression, rather than a more crucial lack of contact with the springs of his own being.

But Daisy herself is the crux of the matter. And since Bogdanovich is on record as saying that James must have had Cybill Shepherd in mind when he imagined the character, you might be tempted to see *Daisy Miller* as one long indulgence of Miss Shepherd. I don't think it is. I think it is more like a misuse of Cybill Shepherd, who damn near *was* Daisy Miller in all those TV commercials and in *The Heartbreak Kid*. For the movie she has become something else—with an unnatural harshness, and an oddly midwestern speech inflection (the Millers come from Schenectady), an unflattering hairdo, and rather too much "manner," a problem for many of James's women but not for the fresh-blooming Daisy. It is not a thoughtless performance, and at times it nearly succeeds in becoming as complex as it surely was intended to be. But it is always wrong, strident, overly pointed in its details. Perversely, it succeeds mainly in making Daisy—and the ravishing Cybill Shepherd—more than a little bit repugnant.

Partly it is a matter of too much presence, too little distance in the presentation of the story. The idea may have been to make *Daisy Miller* boldly, without the literary patina of, say, a *Badlands*, or the sub-Jamesian elegance of *The Go-Between*. But the result is a curious sense of disproportion, of something too little worked over, with a few ideas substituting for style and an uncomfortable verisimilitude replacing the point of view. You can see it in everything from the fussiness of Daisy's dresses to the awkwardness of all the major events, the parties, the public confrontations. But you can see it chiefly when the film turns back to the novel's structure, to its sense of natural process and pathos, and grabs on to that for dear life at the ending—a work of imitation just hanging on the edge.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

THE MALE EGO: LESBIANS AND HOOKERS

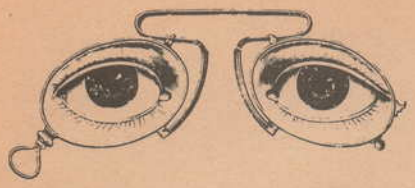
"If I were a woman, I'd be a lesbian." Because woman is the ultimate exciting creature, how could a man imagine otherwise—if he could imagine being a woman at all.

Perhaps straight men can't really imagine being other than heterosexual, and so perhaps every pronouncement by them about lesbianism—from Aristotle to Freud to that ubiquitous schoolboy David Reuben—is slightly irrelevant. Anything straight men have to say on the subject will surely strike lesbians as fatuous, earnestly misconceived, or vicious. A fair, if necessarily selective, examination of our attitudes towards lesbians is put together with few overt polemics by Dolores Klaich in *Woman Plus Woman* (Simon & Schuster, $8.95). The words from the lesbians themselves are selective, coming almost entirely from intelligent and successful women —successful in bed and in the world. The selection has an admittedly polemical intent —an antidote to the many case-history studies based on psychiatric patients.

"All my homosexual patients are sick," a colleague remarked to Ernest van den Haag. To which the great psychiatrist replied, "So are all my heterosexual patients." Finally, late last year, the American Psychiatric Association eliminated homosexuality *per se* from its list of mental disorders, listing only troubled homosexuals under the category of "sexual orientation disturbance."

Sickness, however, remains the favorite explanation for lesbianism ever since conception of the pre-Freudian labels of sin and crime—terms that were practically synonymous before Watergate. Some lesbians still accept the "sick" label and turn to the many psychiatrists who believe in "curing" homosexuals by converting them to heterosexuality. These psychiatrists are usually Freudian, despite Masters's conclusion that "to convert a fully developed homosexual into a heterosexual is not much more promising than to do the reverse."

Klaich's lesbian representatives, however, don't feel sick, even though some do offer intricate psychiatric explanations. A favorite answer to the question "why" is "Somebody up there likes me." Intelligent lesbians, though, are no more enlightening as to "why" than straights would be if asked why they prefer the opposite sex.



Most men feel tolerant of or even excited by lesbianism. This male attraction to lesbian activity can be evidenced in the popularity of lesbian skin flicks intended for exclusively male audiences. Also, the most conservative male swingers, who wouldn't dare touch one another, often delight in watching lesbian foreplay between their equally solid housewives.

But there are, of course, cocksmen who are infuriated by the lesbian insult to their proudest possession. In her account of Natalie Clifford Barney's celebrated Paris salon, Klaich relates a story told by the poet William Carlos Williams of a beefy French dignitary who, finding himself surrounded by women dancing together, "took out his tool and, shaking it right and left, yelled out in rage, 'Have you never seen one of these?' "

Klaich runs through a long list of possibilities for lesbianism that includes: congenital hormone imbalance, sexual immaturity, Freudian and neo-Freudian hang-ups with Mom and/or Dad, narcissism, and reaction to a male sexist society. Is the lesbian merely an unimportant and statistically predictable variation in the complexities that constitute people, or is she a subversive danger to the American way of life?

"Pick a number," Klaich concludes. "No matter your choice, you'll find 'scientific' support to back your conclusion." Is that all she has to tell us? No. The unusual value of the book lies in its insights into the "normal" lesbian experience, which has little to do with the butch-femme, gay-bar, gay-lib scene. It is the private experience of tender and equally shared love. God bless their orgasms and have mercy upon their guilts and fears.

Getting back to straight men, an astonishingly enterprising female social worker holds up a mirror to those male heterosexuals who are successful enough to have at least $50 in their wallets to spend on an hour and sophisticated enough to have a call girl's phone number along with it. The mirror shows what such men do sexually when they are free —free not only from convention, but also from the responsibility of satisfying their partners. Over a four-year period, Martha L. Stein has recorded the "psychosexual transactions" of 1,242 "johns" with sixty-four different call girls. She reports her results in *Lovers, Friends, Slaves . . . the Nine Male Sexual Types* (Putnam, $8.95).

In addition to those in the title, her types include opportunists, fraternizers, promoters, adventurers, guardians, and juveniles. She claims that the customers fell quite *naturally* into these categories. The opportunists just want to get their nuts off in a hurry. The fraternizers are drunken conventioneers in groups, who combine masculine horseplay with sex. The promoters want to exchange referrals to girls for prestige and favors. The adventurers want to broaden their experience with "wild scenes." The lovers are looking for the sweethearts of their youth. The friends just want somebody to talk to. The slaves want to be dominated. The guardians, "typically Jewish," want to help a lost girl. The juveniles want to be enfolded, soothed, and taught by a big, mature woman.

There is nothing very surprising here, though it may set you wondering if your hard-driving boss is a slave in some girl's bedroom. The thing that struck Stein so forcefully is impressively apparent in the transcripts of taped conversations, the best part of the book. In these conversations the call girls emerge as marvelously capable, insightful, and successful therapists in handling all types of men. Their hung-up customers usually depart relaxed and refreshed in mind as well as body.

Quite logically, Stein concludes: "Call girls should be trained in mental health principles, licensed, and utilized as paraprofessional sexual health personnel: "participant therapists." After all, wouldn't you prefer one to the bearded Viennese you've been seeing?

RECOMMENDED READING

The Sex Handbook by Heidi Handman and Peter Brennan (Putnam, $6.95). This is the straightest sex book for teenagers yet published. If you think you're too sophisticated for it, you may be surprised. If you're not surprised, then you'll likely have teenage offspring who should be reading it. In comparison, Handman and Brennan expose the superfluous moralizations of a Dr. Reuben.

Wampeters, Foma and Granfalloons by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (Delacorte, $8.95). This collection of occasional pieces makes Vonnegut irresistibly lovable. Beyond that, it may prove his own statement: "I cannot find a single idea I hadn't swiped from somebody else and enunciated plonkingly by the time I reached the seventh grade." But this modesty permits him to also admit that his fiction is another matter, and there is delightful evidence here of the humanity that has made him one of the most popular novelists of our time. The title words are from *Cat's Cradle*, the right Vonnegut novel with which to start.—*Norman Hoss*

SOUNDS

ROCK DECADENCE SWEEPSTAKES

Nobody has been able to locate a breathing avant-garde in the music world for about two years, and it's getting damn hard for anyone to be outrageous these days. The flaunting of forbidden sexuality was one of the main clubfeet used by the "other" culture to *épater les bourgeois* throughout the Sixties. By 1974 all the professional miscreants in America *should* have folded up their shingles.

Even the world of rock 'n' roll, relatively conservative by traditional deviate-bohemian standards, should have queer-baited itself full-cycle to some sort of balance by now. After all, it's been eight years since Andy Warhol's Exploding Plastic Inevitable, featuring Lou Reed's Velvet Underground—and all attendant whips, chains, and spikes—toured the United States.

But rock is for and about (if not always by) adolescents, and adolescents are unsure of themselves no matter which side of the sexual DMZ they're on. So the emergent fad for transvestite and/or gay and/or androgynous rock has been very slow in coming out of the record industry closet. Consider the case of Jobriath, bought by Elektra Records from superpromoter Jerry Brandt for a phenomenal sum and billed as a "true fairy." Maybe the world just wasn't ready for Jobriath's particular brand of truth yet, because despite the fact that most of his material was heterosexually-oriented, it died a quick death on the record racks of America.

David Werner: Fopped.

So Jobriath is history already. Which brings us to the four latest contenders for whatever sort of throne it was that Jobriath had set his eye upon. The ostentatious presentation of all the accoutrements of decadence in a rock setting has been pulled off only by consistently overlooking one central fact: decadence is passivity. You don't work at being decadent; if you are, you are, and if you're not you might as well go back to Canarsie and forget about it.

David Werner and Dana Gillespie represent two of the latest entrants in the singer-songwriter wing of the Rock Decadence Sweepstakes. Werner is an American, but he sings in an affected British style patterned exactly after that of David Bowie, which ought to give you some idea of the level of ersatz here attained. In his ads and on his album cover he wears lipstick and lounges on a divan, champagne glass in hand, like a *Yellow Book* fop. Drop the needle in the first cut of *Whizz Kid*, his debut album on RCA, and damn if it isn't more of that familiar drool about good-old-rock-'n'-roll and how bad he wants to be a star. Suddenly, things begin to pick up as he starts to hiccup "Oh yeah!" in this month's most precise David Bowie imitation. But it's not enough to bring either the cut, called "One More Wild Guitar," or the rest of the album out of the middle of the road. The title cut sounds even more like Bowie out of "Suffragette City," with Velvet Underground repeated-chord piano in the background: "Oh darlings don't you shy away/I never meant for such a vile display. . . ." He seems to be apologizing for his hardy gut-pounding display of rockin' macho in the first cut.

Dana Gillespie is a friend of David and Angela Bowie, and her first album, *Weren't Born a Man*, was partially produced by Bowie and his guitar genius Mick Ronson. The photo accompanying this album shows Dana, dressed in corset, boa, and black stockings, defiantly staring you in the eye like some ravenous vixen, while a lynx-like girl is hanging on her shoulder. One look at this picture and you want to gobble it. One listen to the album and you know you've been shucked off again. Dana Gillespie may well be the first woman to sing about lesbianism in a rock context, and here is the sum of what she has to say about it: "You love like a woman/But you walk like a sailor/You give like a lady/Don't take like a jailer/You come to me laughing whenever you can/Oh you know it's so sad you weren't born a man."

Other highlights include a song to reassure her mother, "All Cut Up On You," a mediocre rocker with S&M overtones just slightly weaker than those in "He Hit Me (And It Felt Like a Kiss)" by the Crystals c. 1962; and "Stardom Road Parts I & II," which apparently is intended to be her magnum opus. What we get are those same old show-biz blues about how she clawed her way up from "livin' in Bayswater on floorboards." Last year we had established pop stars feeling sorry for themselves, having to endure the hardships of success, but now it's aspirants singing the same plaints about success they haven't even attained yet.

The playing on this album is as solemnly uninspired as Dana's singing, which sounds sort of like a novocained Carly Simon, or her lyrics, which (as in "What Memories We Make") represent ersatz kitsch on the lowest level. But then maybe the fun in all these clowns is the curious kicks of ersatz for its own sake. Which brings us to Kiss.

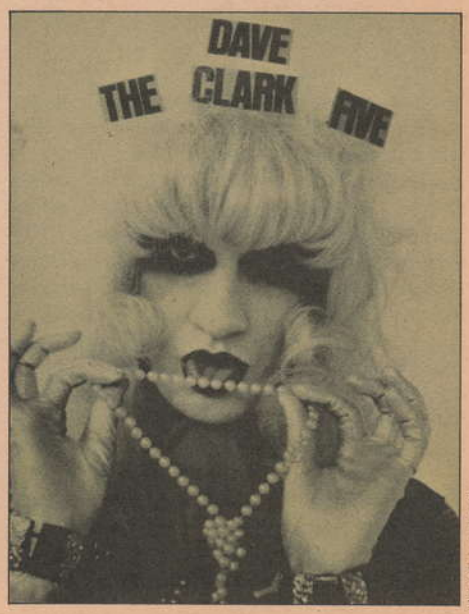
Unlike David and Dana, the boys of Kiss go for the full-throttle rock 'em, sock 'em approach. In fact, rumor has it that they were just an average Brooklyn band until they followed the lead of the New York Dolls and glittered themselves to perdition.

Today Kiss is having an incredible amount of money pumped into them by Casablanca Records, a new company founded by Neil Bogart, the man who made bubblegum music (1910 Fruitgum Company, etc.) a national obsession when he captained Buddah Records. Kiss is now touring their asses off, alienating every other band in sight by acting as if they were headliners wherever they go. Their album *Kiss* is not worth discussing because it's all identical heavy-metal gruel, but their stage act is the most herky-jerkily impressive rock 'n' roll presentation since Alice Cooper first hit the boards. They all wear bats wings and black leather boots, with red spots and stars painted across their faces, and the group's bassist is a dead ringer for Divine, the three-hundred-pound drag queen of the film *Pink Flamingos*. His riff is to leer at the audience and stick his prodigious tongue out just like the little girl in *The Exorcist*. He also blows fire out of his mouth, except when he bites down incorrectly on his lighter-fluid pellet and has to spit through a solo in bitter embarrassment. They all bounce up and down while they play, and the grand finale consists of the whole drum kit rising in the air while the drummer, who is made up with cat whiskers, flails at the cymbals. And, as he flails, countless smoke bombs are released. By this time, of course, the entire audience is on its feet, clapping and screaming for more vaudeville and songs with titles such as "Deuce" and "Black Diamond." Their total visual effect is the most hilarious thing to be seen on a stage this year, and they're so unreal they're almost alive.

If you must insist on something real, you're going to have to seek out Wayne County, whose band the Backstreet Boys has joined the Bowie/Mainman circus. Wayne has not been recorded as yet, but he's currently the

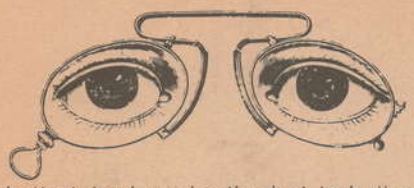
Dana and friend: Novocained.

Kiss: Glittered.



Wendi Lombardi

Wayne County: The livid center.



hottest (and maybe the last truly "underground") fling in New York. He idolizes the Dave Clark Five ("my fav-o-rite," drawls Wayne), and his drag act consists of several blown-up condoms, a dildo squirt gun, and a predilection for taking a shit onstage. Wayne pulls out all the stops, and even if he does have a voice like a fingernail screeching across a blackboard, his material is right up to date; he engages in no pussyfooting ambiguities: "If you don't feel right and your belly's full of gas/Throw your legs up over your head and take it up the ass."

Major record companies have sniffed the bait and backed off. But Wayne County is the livid center of which all these other sensations are the trepid fringes.—*Lester Bangs*

Diana Ross: A faint and former glow.

Martha Reeves: Back to prominence.

MOTOWN ANTHOLOGIES

Motown has released two anthologies, a Marvin Gaye (M9-791A3) and a Diana Ross and the Supremes (M9-794A3), each a nicely packaged, three-record set. For the simple reason that he continues to be an important contributor to our self-inflated phase of modern music, the Marvin Gaye package turns out to be the meatier of the two. It contains forty cuts, starting with "Stubborn Kind of Fellow," and moving through his duets with Mary Wells, Kim Weston, and Tami Terrell right past "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" and "Trouble Man" to "What's Going On." For those who have followed Marvin Gaye and know what he means to R & B, it is simply a reiteration. If you've been away for these past ten years, this anthology is a weighty and worthwhile compilation.

The Diana Ross and the Supremes anthology is at best convenient. This is not to say that the songs and the various productions are not be be remembered, or that they can't continue to be entertaining. It is just that most of the cuts in this anthology have been available on many previous Motown albums. With the exception of a side called "The Early Sessions," most fans probably already have these Supremes records. Diana Ross and the Supremes have long been celebrated as Motown's most important act, and the label has never tired of bringing the old hits back in new packaging configurations. The greatest asset of this set is that they are all in one album.

The Supremes set is of added interest when compared to *Diana Ross Live at Caesars Palace* (M6-080181). There is ample evidence on this record that everybody at Caesars was having a grand time applauding and whooping it up, but the record ignites merely a faint glow. It is a soupy mixture of medleys—her old hits, her *Lady Sings the Blues* hits—and the familiar Vegas rehash of standards. In comparison to her past hits, Miss Ross the artist unfortunately has stopped dead in her tracks.—*John Gibson*

CURRENT RELEASES

Martha Reeves/Martha Reeves (MCA 414). In further contrast to the unsettling, showbiz turn in Diana Ross's musical career, there is a new album by Martha Reeves, whom you will recall as Martha and the Vandellas, a Motown hit-maker of the early and mid-Sixties. As with other groups at Motown during that time Martha and her Vandellas were shunted aside in the great effort to make the Supremes a hit. It is quite likely that Martha Reeves was the best female singer Motown had, and she certainly ranks among the best that any label had during the Sixties.

This new LP was produced by Richard Perry, who has been producing Carly Simon, Harry Nilsson, Ringo Starr, and a long list of others. They spent almost a year making this album and it is worth the effort. It should reestablish Martha Reeves to prominence.

Probably the most compelling cut on the LP is her version of Van Morrison's "Wild Night," a song related in feeling and tone to Martha's hit, "Dancing in the Streets." Her voice is like a cry across a dark night and, though she has been a pop singer all her career, there is a feeling of the blues under every note she sings.

Stop All That Jazz/Leon Russell (Shelter SR2108). Leon Russell's first studio album in over two years doesn't have a clear and obvious runaway hit single, as did his last LP *Carney*. There is a very good, modified version of "If I Were a Carpenter" and a spooky song called "Stop All That Jazz," which has received wide FM airplay. Industry insiders have been waiting for Leon to take a leap with his buddies Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings into what is being called "progressive country." If he is contemplating the move, it doesn't show here.

Spooky Lady's Sideshow/Kris Kristofferson (Monument PZ 32914). Playing Billy the Kid in the movies and moving to Malibu didn't change Kristofferson. If you liked his songs and stories about bars and gals and strangers on the road, this one is like a feast of the past. As always, he's very good at drawing clear pictures with his lyrics and coloring the figures with his singing and his plain English melodies.

Facts of Life/Bobby Womack (UA UA-LA043-F). Bobby Womack has never gotten the attention he's deserved. Hopefully, this album will make up for some of that lost ground. The man has an incredible control of his voice, the band is impeccably arranged, and there isn't a weak song in the crowd. He brings a new grace to the art of the talking intro, yammering away aimlessly, and then with a talent for surprise, suddenly sliding into the song. He is a brilliant performer.

The Best Of Dave Mason/Blue Thumb BTS 6013). Dave Mason left Blue Thumb Records making loud noises, and industry people described it more as a howl than as music. After their differences were settled, he began making some good records for Columbia, but clearly some of his best work was done on Blue Thumb. Consequently, their re-package is especially good for a "best of," and the selection includes "Only You Know and I Know" and "Shouldn't Have Took More Than You Gave."—*John Gibson*

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The Old Shell Game

By ROBERT SHERRILL

Dickran Palulian

In mid-July 1973, the Federal Trade Commission filed a weighty antitrust complaint against eight of the world's largest oil companies —Exxon, Texaco, Gulf, Mobil, Standard of California, Standard of Indiana, Shell, and Atlantic Richfield—charging them with unlawfully monopolizing refining, driving competitors out of business, manipulating supplies to create a gasoline scarcity, and reaping excessive profits.

A few months later, Japan, now one of the largest consumers of petroleum products, indicted executives of twelve major oil-refining firms for conspiring to fix prices and to curtail production. This was the first criminal charge against a cartel in Japan's twenty-seven-year history of antitrust activity.

Such actions as these do not foretell a loosening of the oil industry's stranglehold on the world, however. Most probably, the above legal fights will be dragged out in court for many years before coming to an inconclusive ending in compromise.

But at least these actions may indicate that a desperate public is at last beginning to wise up to the fact that it cannot go on playing the game of supply-and-demand by the oil industry's whimsical rules. And perhaps the public is beginning—just beginning, in a feeble way—to convey its desperation to some of the governments around the world. That would indeed be a radical change from the past.

For fifty years the major international oil companies have manipulated prices in the United States—and recruited public opinion and government policy to support the manipulations—by a series of fear campaigns that have seldom been challenged.

Since the 1920's, when only one out of every seven Americans owned a motorcar (compared to the one car per two adult Americans today), the national economy and the public's comfort have depended on the automobile. This has provided a perfect context for industrial blackmail, and the oil industry has seized the opportunity, not only to obtain higher prices but to force the State Department and the Justice Department to do its dirty work —by collusion if not always by direct involvement. And the press, whose owners have long been richly subverted by automobile and gasoline advertising, has, with very few exceptions, played along with the industry's game.

An accusation like this will be offensive to most Americans, of course, because it implies that we are a nation of suckers, but there is more than enough proof of its accuracy.

First let us put the present claim of an "oil crisis" in the proper perspective. There have been other "crises"—all of them as phony as this one and all of them contrived for similar reasons. Among men in the industry, these recurring crises are an old, old joke. Fifteen years ago, in a Senate speech little noticed at the time, Senator Russell Long of Louisiana, an oil millionaire himself and a defender of plunder, got to laughing with his Senate colleagues about some of the great hoaxes of the past.

Long ticked off a few examples—the "crisis" of 1914 was one of the best. In that year, Britain was about to enter World War I and had just converted her navy from coal to oil, so it was absolutely

**Five times before, beginning in 1914,
American oil companies invented fake "oil shortages"
to raise the price of gasoline.
This year, we fell for it again.**

vital that her supply of oil be uninterrupted. Obviously, Britain—and France, too, for that matter—were ripe for plucking. All our oil men needed to do was to present a picture of scarcity. This was easy to arrange. In 1914 Standard Oil, monarch of world oil at the time, supported by statements from the U.S. Bureau of Mines (which has always been in the industry's pocket), announced that the United States was down to its last 5.7 billion barrels of oil reserves—scarcely enough to last out the decade—and after that there would be no more. Oil had clearly become a precious commodity. Up went the price.

When the war ended in 1918, the oil companies—instead of running out of oil—were stuck with a surplus. If they had allowed the law of supply and demand to rule prices, oil would have become cheap. To correct that situation the companies contrived another "crisis" in 1920. This time, they persuaded the U.S. Geological Survey to announce that domestic oil production would start to decline sharply within three years, with no hope of recovery. Shortages were reported all over the country—just like today. Gasoline was rationed in California and Oregon. The magazine *Automotive Industries* reported on August 25, 1920, "It is alleged that the shortage of gasoline [in California] was fictitious and due to manipulation. Allegations are made that the refineries created the shortage by shipping gasoline from Los Angeles to northern parts of the state and then, after waiting until the price advanced, bringing it back again for sales purposes."

It worked. When prices reached thirty-seven cents a gallon—which would be about $1 a gallon by today's prices—the "shortage" disappeared.

But only for a moment. The major U.S. oil companies, especially Standard Oil, were running into stiff competition overseas. By the early 1920's, British oil companies had cornered much of the potential production domains of the Middle East, and were making significant inroads into South American, Mexican, and Dutch East Indies oil lands. American companies feared that they were going to be cut out of the world's booty unless they could frighten the public into supporting a foreign policy that would help American oil companies get foreign leases, "for the national security."

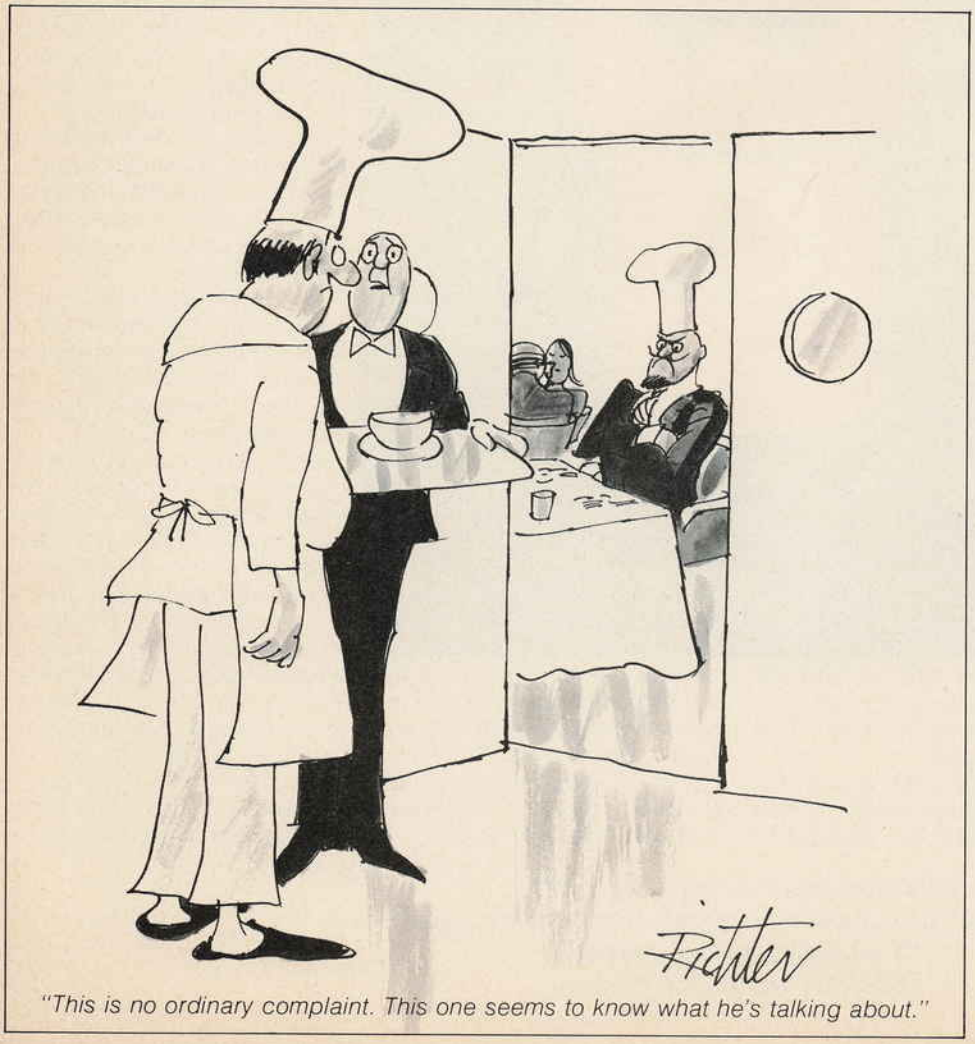
The industry's propagandists began to circulate rumors that we were running out of oil, while Britain was cornering the world's oil market. In fact, they said, we had only enough to last six years—after which we would be at the mercy of Britain, unless something were done. These rumors were so successful that there was actually serious talk in Washington about having to go to war with Britain. That talk ended when the British decided to split the Mideast booty with Standard Oil. The British weren't fooled. In *The Oil Trusts and Anglo-American Relations*, published in 1924, British writers E. H. Davenport and Sidney Russell Cooke noted wryly, "There is this strange habit peculiar to the American oil industry which one should observe in passing. Although it doubles its output roughly every ten years . . . it declares every other year that its peak of production has been passed and that its oil fields are well-nigh exhausted. . . . Nevertheless new pools are continually producing wells brought in to replace those declining, and each year the total output turns out to be surprisingly greater than the year before. One cannot doubt that the lugubrious prophecies of American oil men are in some way related to the wish for higher prices."

Two years later, having trouble with the pesky Mexicans, who didn't like the idea of Americans stealing their oil, U.S. companies pressured the State Department into strong-arming the Mexican government to allow higher imports into this country. The pressure came with the usual prophecy that the U.S. had only enough oil to last another six years.

During World War II, President Roosevelt and his Interior Secretary, Harold Ickes, tried to get Congress to set up a government-owned corporation, the Petroleum Reserve Corporation, to buy out the Saudi Arabian concessions of Texaco and Standard Oil of California. This would have been the first giant step toward the public's winning independence from the international oil cartel. But the latter successfully pulled its old crisis trick again. In 1947 the industry announced an imminent shortage—Standard Oil of New Jersey claimed it might not be able to last beyond 1955—and declared that our wells were running dry. The only hope, they said, of preserving American industry and the American motorist was to give private industry not only a free hand in the Middle East, without U.S. government interference, but to encourage the private oil companies with large tax benefits from their overseas operations.

This crisis paid off immediately. The multinational oil giants began carving up the Middle East fields that very same year, 1947, and they did so with a secret promise from the U.S. Justice Department that there would be no prosecution for antitrust violations. Still-classified National Security Council documents show that in 1954 the government turned over our Middle East foreign policy to the oil corporations.

These corporations were further encouraged to exploit the Middle East by a foreign tax credit that was secretly contrived by the National Security Council in 1950 and secretly agreed to by the U.S. Treasury Department. This "golden handshake" permitted the oil companies to deduct from their U.S. taxes all royalties paid to the Middle Eastern governments, dollar for dollar. Thus the oil companies were encouraged to sink money into explorations around the Persian Gulf and to neglect oil explorations at home.



"This is no ordinary complaint. This one seems to know what he's talking about."

By the mid-1950's the world was awash with oil. The big companies had been so successful in finding oil all over the globe that they didn't know what to do with it. The world price for oil was low indeed—about $1.50 a barrel below what oil was selling for in the United States. And the oil companies were afraid to import much of the cheap foreign oil lest U.S. prices drop.

So in 1959, claiming that the U.S. domestic companies were imperiled by imported foreign oil and that we faced a shortage of petroleum products because of the lack of exploration in this country, multinational giants persuaded President Eisenhower, always a willing fall guy for the industry, to establish an oil-import quota—allowing only a relative trickle of the foreign supply into this country.

This brings us to the present—the era of the big kill. The profits reaped from scare techniques of the past were nothing compared to what the future could hold. But the industry was now dealing with a more sophisticated citizenry, a citizenry grown somewhat accustomed to cries of havoc. The industry would obviously have to tread more cautiously, prepare its deception more carefully, building a momentum that could not be withstood. It succeeded very well indeed.

To show how it proceeded, we will break down the assault into two waves—natural-gas price propaganda and oil (gasoline, fuel oil) propaganda—so that it can be understood more clearly.

THE NATURAL-GAS SHORTAGE MYTH

Natural gas supplies Americans with about one-third of their total energy.

Natural-gas prices have supposedly been regulated in interstate commerce since 1938, with the rates set by the Federal Power Commission. The FPC did its job in a very loose fashion, but prices remained low nevertheless because there was not much demand for natural gas in those days. In 1954, as demand began to build up, the federal courts ruled that the FPC was doing a lousy and incomplete job in controlling natural-gas prices and that it should regulate the sale of natural gas not only in the pipeline but also at the wellhead.

Industry's first effort to undercut that ruling came in 1956, when it laid enough money around to persuade Congress to pass a law deregulating natural gas. But that effort was ruined—and Eisenhower, to his annoyance, was forced to veto the law for public-relations reasons—when it came to light that oil and gas lobbyists had in fact been bribing members of Congress.

But in those balmy Republican days, when business got by with just about anything, the FPC largely ignored the courts' edicts anyway. When President Kennedy took over in 1961, however, and his FPC appointees began doing a better job of controlling prices, the industry went back to court in an effort to smash the price-control machinery. It claimed it needed higher prices because the natural-gas supply was

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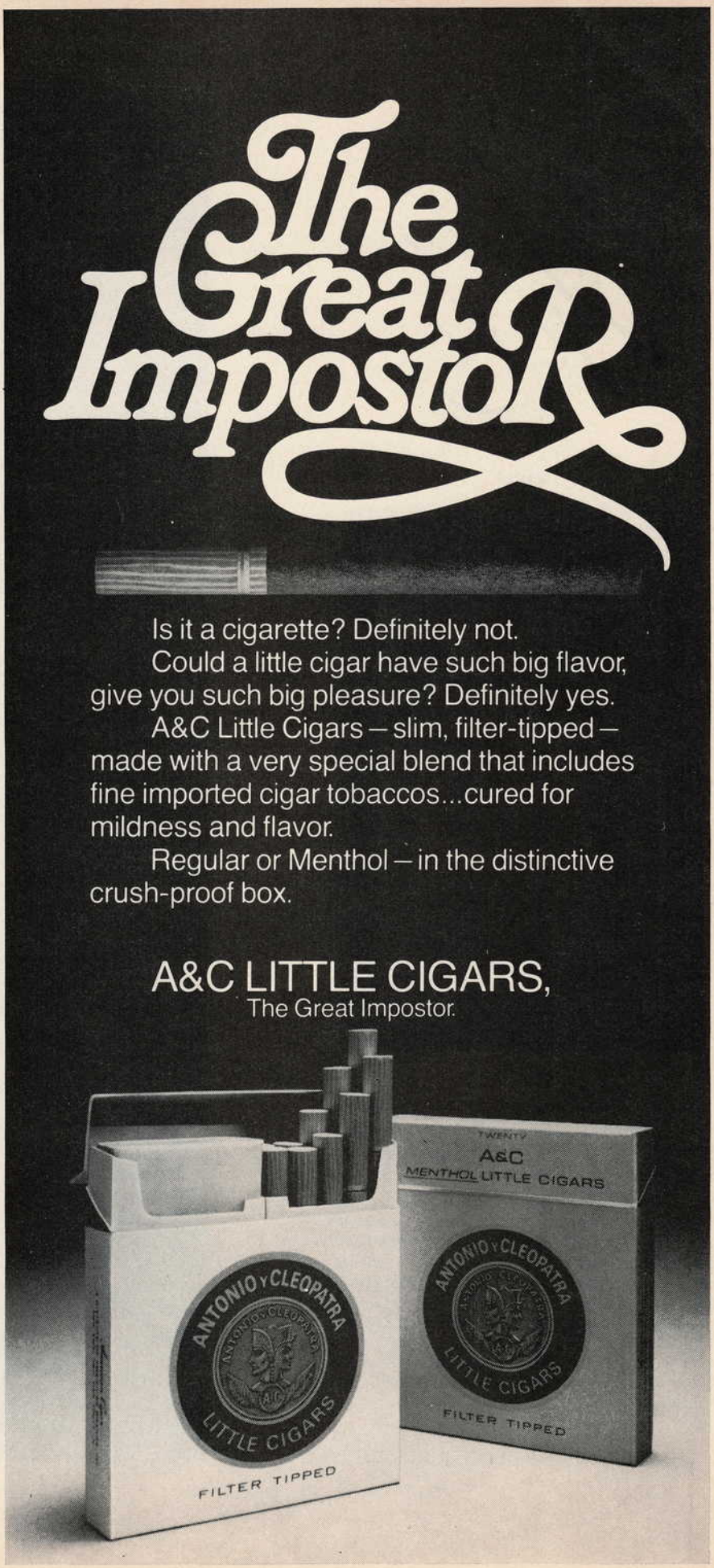
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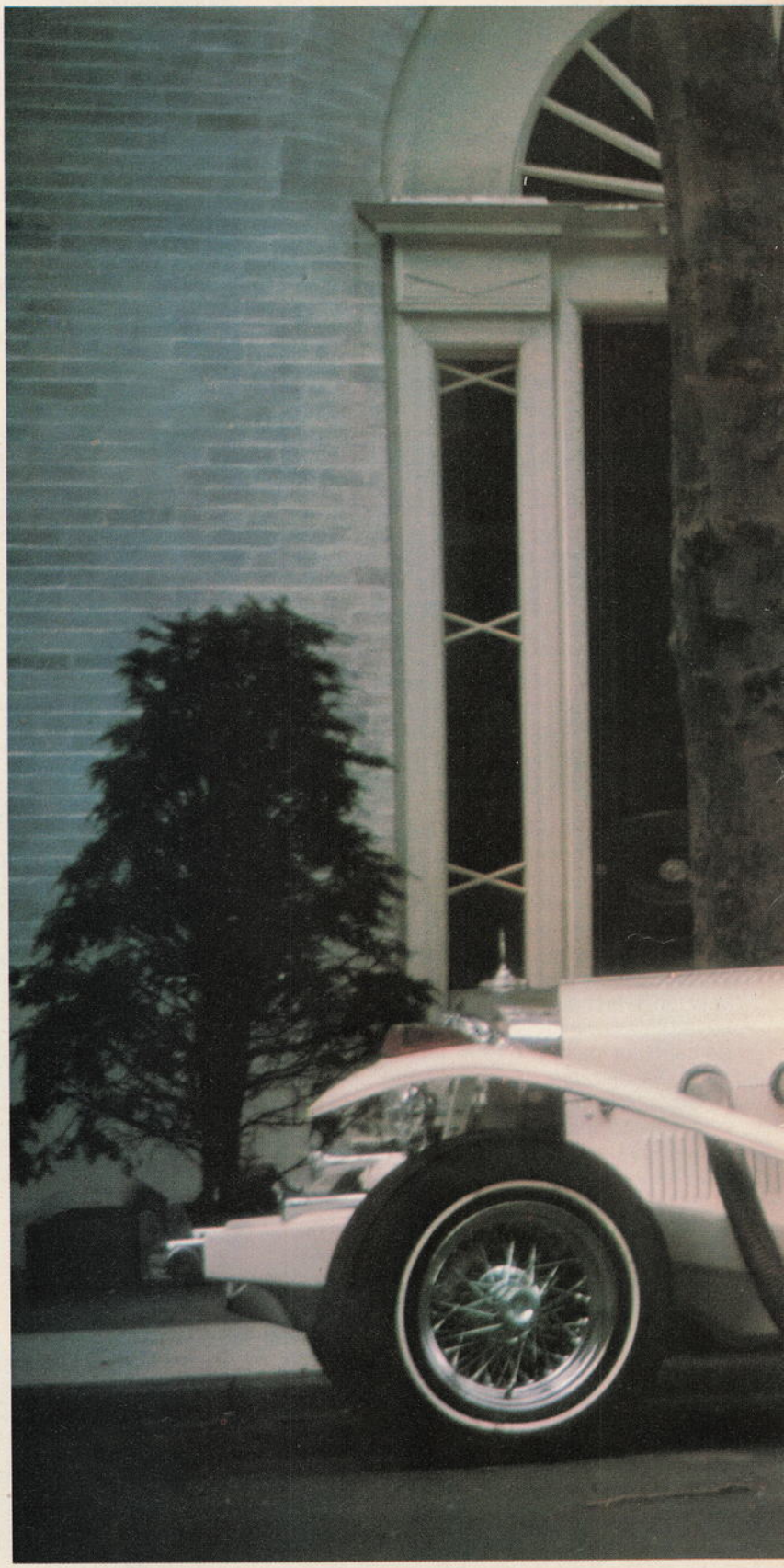
Pet of the Year

"O.K....What if I had to do it all over again? You know...right back at the beginning...undress in front of the whole world...go through the anxiety and the nerves and the shame of that first ses-

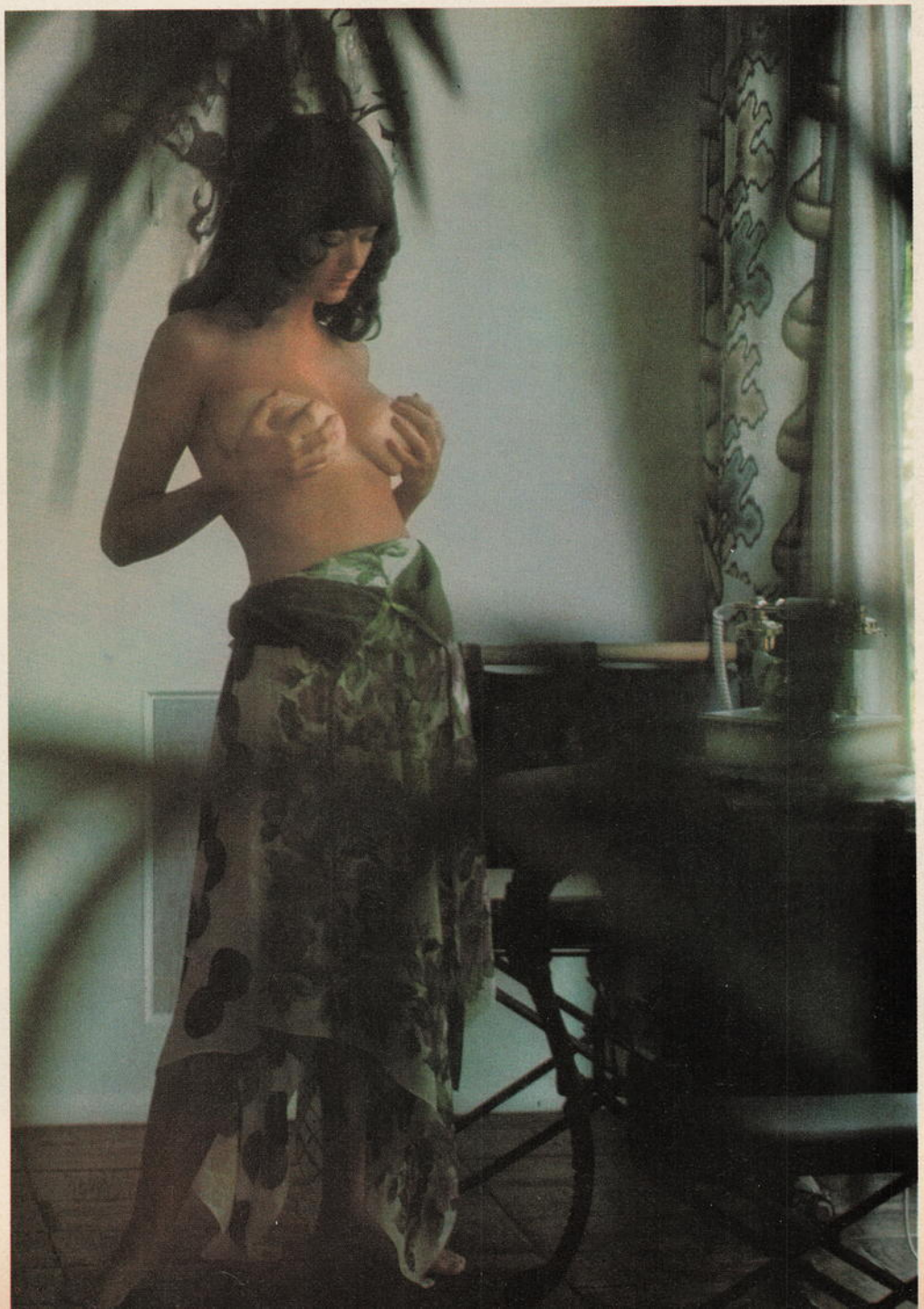
Avril with the Pet of the Year's grand prize, the Excalibur SS Phaeton, complete with automatic transmission, air conditioning, AM-FM radio with tape player, radial tires, chrome wire wheels, four-wheel independent suspension, four-wheel power disc brakes, variable ratio power steering, tilt and telescopic steering wheel, automatic fully controlled self-leveling rear shocks, and removable hardtop. The Excalibur is made by SS Automobiles, Inc., 1735 South 106th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53214.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE



sion. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry or run away—there were moments when I wanted to do all three at once. I wasn't sure whether it was sad or funny. But either way it was strange... mind-blowing. What was I doing pulling my panties off... laughing... touching myself in front of a total stranger... a stranger with a camera? I couldn't imagine what had come over me. And yet, if I had it to do all over again... I would. You bet your life I would!" So sayeth Miss Avril Lund, our twenty-three-year old, five foot seven, Dublin born and bred Pet of the Year—the eighth annual nominee to the *Penthouse* Hall of Fame, Pet of Pets, and recipient of the world's largest prize for beauty, more than $40,000 worth of cash and gifts, including the exclusive $17,250 Excalibur SS Phaeton.

The true aficionado will recall Avril's first appearance in our March 1973 issue. No one, least of all she, could have anticipated the flood of write-in votes that was to sweep her into the Play-Offs and finally, against formidable competition, into the highest honors that this magazine and its 40,000,000 readers can bestow. "I was stunned," Avril confesses, "I was really stunned. I



thought a lot of the other girls should have had it before me. I still think so. After looking at the Play-Off layout I was crushed. Some of them are incredible. And they're all so lovely in person. I still don't believe that I should have gotten it."

To Avril, however, the essence of life is discovery. "Not just what you find out there...but also what you learn inwardly about yourself. None of the things that have happened to me in the last two years seem real. And if I think about it long enough, I get the distinct feeling that I'm really thinking about someone else. It wasn't me who posed for *Penthouse*. I wouldn't do a thing like that. And it certainly wasn't me who won the Pet of the Year title. I could never win a beauty contest of any description. I'm simply not good enough. Almost any other girl is prettier than me. Then...when you least expect it...something clicks into place and the reality of the situation comes thundering home. O.K. —You did pose after all and *you did win!* These unlikely events give you a whole new slant on life, on yourself, and on some of the terribly frail values you've been hanging on to all your life."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

THE LAST TESTAMENT OF LUCKY LUCIANO

The Exclusive Life Story of the Man who Created the National Crime Syndicate

PART 2

By Martin A. Gosch and Richard Hammer

The Last Testament of Lucky Luciano *will be published later this fall by Little, Brown and Company. It represents the first time a major leader of organized crime in America has revealed the inner workings of the organization.*

This is the second installment of Penthouse's *three-part condensation of that book.*

The work is based on tapes and written records accumulated by Martin Gosch, an intimate of Luciano's during the last year and a half of the gangster's fifteen years of exile in Italy. The former underworld boss offered to tell all if Gosch would refrain from publishing the material until ten years after his death. In 1962 Luciano died. Last year, Gosch also died, as the book on which he was collaborating with Richard Hammer was being finished.

Charles "Lucky" Luciano was born in Sicily in 1897 as Salvatore Lucania. He came to America as a child of nine and soon began his career as a petty thief and extortionist. At seventeen he was sent to jail for a year on a narcotics charge.

As he grew up on New York's Lower East Side, he met most of the boys and young men with whom he would one day build a multimillion-dollar underworld organization. His inner circle comprised Frank Costello, "Bugsy" Siegel, Meyer Lansky, and Joey Adonis. Associations were also struck up with Tommy Lucchese, Dutch Schultz, Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, Vito Genovese, and scores of others who would be useful later.

Prohibition gave these young men the chance to break out of their narrow underworld which had been largely confined to the Italian-Sicilian communities. For Luciano and Frank Costello, bootlegging was the key to the homes and clubs of the rich and powerful men who ruled America. They supplied the establishment with liquor and bought its protection. Police commissioners, cops on the beat, and politicians all became intimates of Charlie "Lucky" Luciano and received his bribes. The empire was expanded to include gambling casinos, the policy racket, and loansharking, and ultimately the Unione Siciliano, as the organization was formally called, also moved in to control legitimate businesses. Luciano always contended that he was not involved with narcotics or prostitution—though his underlings constantly dabbled in those areas despite his repeated warnings.

Luciano and his "outfit" eventually gained control of the Democratic party in New York City, to the extent that when Al Smith ran for the presidency in 1928 he sought, and received, Luciano's backing.

But the young gangsters chafed under the narrow outlook and old

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

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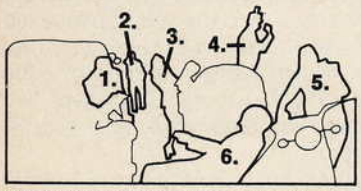

At the big neighborhood Garage Sale almost everyone has a gimmick. Pick the one who doesn't.
1. No. He's Vaughn Gudeel. Gimmick: Insists on "feeling the merchandise." Merchandise is about to teach him theory of acupuncture (it's alive). **2.** Nope. He's Ben Takin. Bought water bed—that later developed an oil slick. Gimmick: Menthol cigarettes so cold, it's like trying to set fire to an igloo. **3.** She's Vera Vane. Gimmick: With 20-400 vision, she "doesn't need" glasses. Thinks she's talking to old college beau. Smokes *Cabbage Leaf* cigarettes—preferred by two out of three inchworms. **4.** No. He's Frank Apraisel. Just bought "Man Packing Suitcase" painting. Later cleaned it and found it's really "Alligator Having Snack." Smokes cigarette with so many air vents it's like smoking a harmonica. **5.** Right. He knows a genuine article when he sees it. Wants no gimmicks in his cigarette, either. Camel Filters. Good taste. Honest tobacco. **6.** He's Noah Bargane. Just broke a 130-year-old chair. Now owns $200 worth of genuine antique firewood.

Camel Filters. They're not for everybody (but they could be for you).

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.

ways of the aging, but dominant leaders of the largely Sicilian underworld; Salvatore Maranzano ("The Pope" as Luciano derisively called him) and Giuseppe Masseria. These men ran the old rackets—extortion, theft, and the control of the supplies of foodstuffs and other staples in their neighborhoods. Each feared the other. Each tried to persuade Luciano to join him. Maranzano's attempts at persuasion went so far as to include beating and torturing Charlie Luciano.

At last Luciano decided to kill them both. With Maranzano's blessing, he pretended to throw in with Masseria. Then, after winning the old Don's confidence, he led him into a trap. Masseria was shot to death in a Coney Island restaurant.

Maranzano quickly grew suspicious that perhaps Luciano would give him the same treatment. He made plans to have the young pretender eliminated. But he wasn't quick enough.

Meyer Lansky, under orders from Luciano, had trained four out-of-town gunmen to impersonate federal tax agents. They trapped Maranzano in his midtown Manhattan offices and stabbed and shot him to death.

The old order was gone. The young men were now in control.

The fallen ruler, Salvatore Maranzano, was given a send-off befitting his status, with the ritual long train of black limousines, flowers, tears, and eulogies. And when he had been laid to rest, Luciano announced that the old Don's autocratic ideas had been buried with him. He sensed that if he rejected the throne in name, he would soon have it in fact. "I decided not to make the same mistake that Maranzano did. Instead of callin' everybody to me, I went to them. A few weeks later, we had a meet in Chicago, and Capone acted like he was throwin' a party for me."

Luciano had a series of private meetings with the other leaders. "I explained to 'em that all the war horseshit was out, that every outfit in every city could be independent but there would be a kind of national organization to hold it all together. I told 'em we was in a business that hadda keep movin' without explosions every two minutes. Masseria and Maranzano had been our real enemies, not the law; we could handle the law. But how can you handle crazy people?"

Each local and regional group would have considerable autonomy. At the top there would be a national commission to establish major policy, and the leaders of all the larger outfits would sit as equals. Luciano would be chairman, but his vote and voice would be no stronger than anyone else's. Lansky took Luciano aside and told him, "There are lots of these guys who ain't able to give up all the old ways so fast. You gotta feed 'em some sugar that they'll understand. You've got to give the new setup a name: And I'd like to suggest you call it the Unione Siciliano. If everybody comes into this kind of operation that's called by a Sicilian name, then the old vendettas would stop right now."

Lansky's logic was compelling. Luciano began to advocate Unione Siciliano as the formal name, though he himself always called it simply "the outfit."

That evening, Capone was the host at a lavish banquet, with Luciano seated next to him on the dais. Despite Luciano's fine words and phrases, most of the guests brought him envelopes stuffed with cash. He refused each offer. "I don't need the money," he said. "I got plenty, and besides, why should you be payin' anythin' to me when we're all equals?"

The would-be donors walked away, amazed. Capone was shocked. "Don't be a horse's ass, Charlie. Maybe it's all right to break down them old traditions, but why break *that* kind of tradition?"

Later, Luciano would reminisce, "I think I really made Capone sick. His face turned green."

Luciano announced one more dictum. The ordinary soldiers had been too powerless. He proposed a kind of subconsul to whom the ranks could submit their complaints. This *consigliere* would not merely act as the soldier's voice at court but also as the intermediary adviser to the leaders, able to speak without fear of reprisal.

When he returned to New York, Charlie "Lucky" Luciano had organized crime throughout the United States and stood atop the pyramid, unchallenged.

He took a suite in the Waldorf Towers after Walter Winchell successfully blocked his attempt to rent the penthouse in the St. Moritz. "He got *his* apartment on the cuff for mentioning the St. Moritz in his column. And he talked about *me* being a racketeer," said Luciano.

He lived well, dressed well, and could easily have been mistaken for a prosperous banker. When he wanted a woman he would call on his old love, showgirl Gay Orlova, or he would get in touch with Polly Adler, the queen of New York madams.

Luciano never got married. Most of his associates did, including Frank Costello. "But Costello was the only other guy who didn't think there was some kind of Italian law that said he had to bang out a million kids." Lucky's excuse was that the business demanded all his time. "I always figured that some day I was gonna wind up on a slab," he said, "and I didn't want to leave a widow and kids."

At night, Luciano would make his rounds of the places for which he was providing both liquor and protection. His last stop would often be Dave's Blue Room. "Around 1934, Tommy Lucchese and me was having somethin' to eat in Dave's. Then who walks past our booth but a guy named Dave Rubinoff, who was a big orchestra leader and who played a violin on the Eddie Cantor radio show. He had borrowed ten grand from Tommy to buy one of those Stradivarius violins and he still owed half. When Rubinoff spotted Tommy, I could see his face turn white. Tommy called him over and said, 'How are ya, Ruby? Where ya been?' Rubinoff just stands there and starts to shake, and Tommy reached out and took hold of his left hand and began to massage the knuckles gently. 'You got a nice hand there, Ruby. It makes beautiful music. And it makes you a lot of money. Now, you don't want nothin' to happen to that hand, do you, Ruby?' "

Luciano said to Rubinoff, "Do you really owe Mr. Lucchese money?"

"Yes, Mr. Luciano, I do."

"Well, ain't you gonna pay him?"

"I will! I will!"

Lucchese gestured toward Luciano. "Never mind askin' him to believe you. I don't believe you. So I'm gonna take you outside."

"I saw that Tommy wasn't kiddin'. Not kill him but maybe bust his knuckles, like on his right hand, not the good left hand that he picks the notes out with. So I told Rubinoff to get the hell out and take care of his payment before noon the next day. I happened to know that he got an advance from Eddie Cantor, which was about the hardest thing in the world to do around Broadway. He paid his bill."

Early in 1932, at the Claridge Hotel, Luciano and the other major underworld leaders gathered to consider the coming presidential campaign. They were convinced they could become a major influence on the convention and, later, on the White House itself. They were certain that when the Democratic Convention took place in Chicago in June, the choice would be between Al Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt, the two once friendly but now bitterly antagonistic New Yorkers.

Smith's major liability was his Catholicism, which had contributed to his 1928 defeat. His supporters hoped that in the climate of the Depression this could be overcome. "One day, I got a call on my private number at the Waldorf. It was Cardinal Daugherty of Philadelphia. Holy mackerel! He said to me that the Vatican wouldn't really object if the Cardinal wanted to do some campaignin' and he was callin' to remind me that I once supported Al Smith and it was very important for the public to know that Smith was a great man, not only a Catholic.

"So I said, 'Well, Cardinal Daugherty, how can I help? On account of I'm a Catholic?'

"I heard him kind of laugh and he said, 'But you're not a very good Catholic, are you, my son?'

"And I said, 'No, Cardinal. You got me. But I understand why you're callin' me, and I give you my word that I'll help Al Smith.'

"The Cardinal thanked me. Then he said, 'My friends tell me that you live very close to St. Patrick's Cathedral. Why don't you pay a visit there sometime?'

"I said, 'Your Eminence, I'll make good on my promise about Smith, but please don't hold me to that walk over to St. Patrick's.'

"He sorta laughed and said, 'Try to find the way. Bless you.' "

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

PORSCHE
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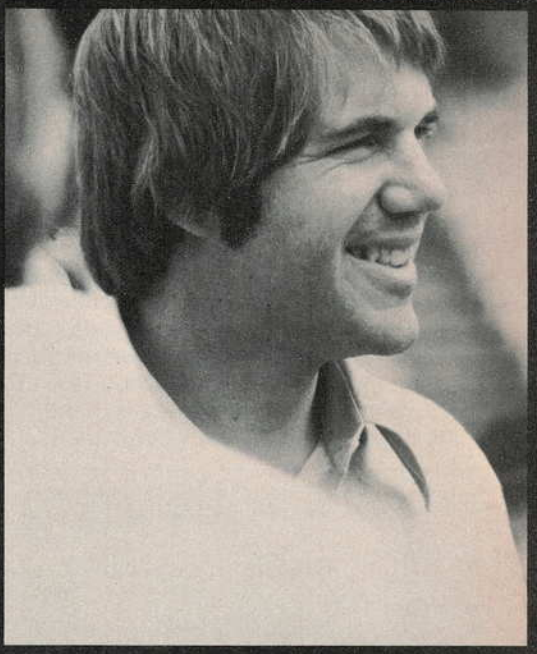


Photographs by Ellen Griesedieck

Most men take risks for the reward... Sam Posey takes them because he wants to.

SAM POSEY

Men who engage in hazardous undertakings have always been a source of fascination for those less bold. Their brains have been picked and probed in search of some lost chord that might reveal why otherwise normal, often highly intelligent human beings would risk their lives in what appear to be frivolous sports. Sadly, the quest has been fruitless. Many of those who are attracted to such endeavors are unable to articulate their feelings. They are often egocentric, rather private persons without substantial gifts of introspection. Some are stupid. Others are so familiar with their particular sport or occupation that they do not consider it dangerous, and therefore invest discussions about it with as much drama as a certified public accountant discussing tax laws. Others simply lack the candor to transmit their inner sentiments.

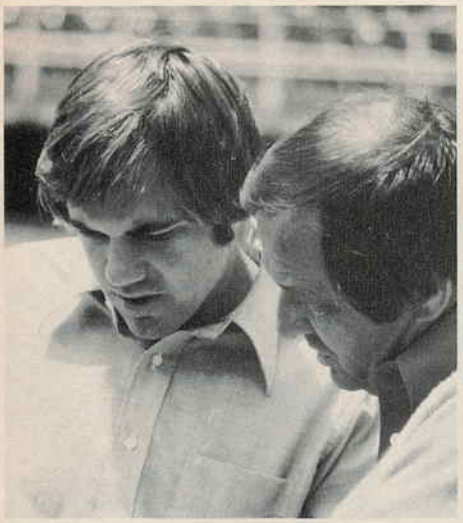
That is not the case with Samuel Felton Posey, a thirty-year-old happy warrior who has attained great success in major-league motor racing while maintaining an honest and acutely tuned sense of himself. Like many of his peers in the sport, Sam Posey comes from extravagant wealth. His income is assured, which removes money as a motivation for his 200-mph risk-taking. He also understands the penalties, having known other rich young men like the late Peter Revson and François Cévert both on and off the track.

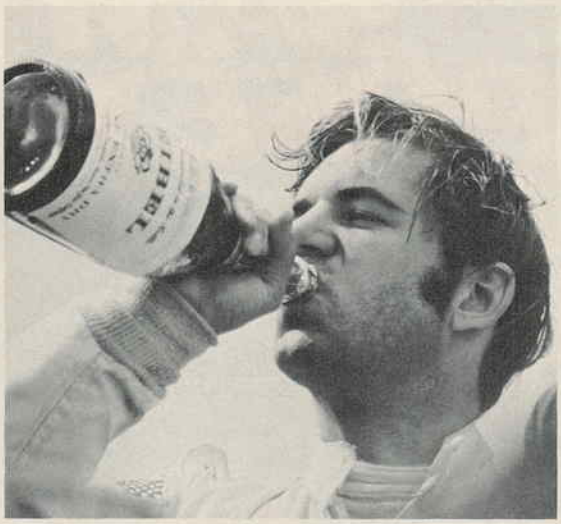
What's more, Sam Posey is an abundantly talented artist and designer. He is a cum laude graduate of the Rhode Island School of Design and his paintings have been praised in serious art circles. He has created and marketed his own line of contemporary fiberglass furniture. He has an eager curiosity about all aspects of life and a refreshing lack of aloofness, despite his sheltered, upper-class childhood. It is pointless yet intriguing to realize that he is probably the only driver in modern history to have competed in that great, corn-fed, midwestern sweepstakes known as the Indianapolis 500 while being listed in the Social Register.

Posey's first contact with a racing car came on the Lime Rock road circuit near his family's splendid country estate at Sharon, Connecticut. The year was 1965; the automobile a tiny, open-wheeled Formula V powered by a stock Volkswagen engine. Encouraged by his mother, Mrs. Mary Moore (Sam's father had been killed at Okinawa in World War Two), who was a member of his pit crew, Posey quickly moved through a series of faster cars in an accelerated apprenticeship, and little more than a year later appeared in the first Canadian-American Challenge Cup event at the wheel of a snorting, 500-hp, McLaren sports-racing machine. By 1967 he had financed the construction of his own Can-Am car and was expanding his activities to endurance races and the highly competitive Trans-Am Series. He tried Indianapolis in 1970 and crashed in practice. The following year he failed to qualify, but in 1972 he made an extraordinary debut. Starting seventh in the thirty-three-car field, Posey leapt into fourth place in the opening laps, ran as high as third and finally finished fifth. This excellent placing made him the prime candidate for Rookie-of-the-Year honors, but his candid, pre-race observations about the "500" had offended the chauvinistic Hoosier race establishment and the honor was given to another driver who had finished behind Posey. Disillusioned with that form of competition after encountering more acrimony in 1973, he has returned to road racing exclusively with an eye toward advancing on the European Grand Prix scene.

This season Posey is concentrating on the rapid Formula 5000 series, where he has run with great success since 1969. He will be driving one of a pair of new Talon cars, built under his direction for Norris Industries, a Southern California conglomerate that has underwritten his racing activities for a number of years. During his off-track hours, he is completing the construction of a radical new home in Capistrano Beach, California, which he designed himself.

This exclusive interview was conducted by **Brock Yates**.





Penthouse: How do you explain racing to people who don't understand it or think of it as a frivolous, unnecessary endeavor?

Posey: This is something that has always dogged my career. I think it's important for everybody to have a certain amount of understanding and recognition at home. But my family has friends who feel that I'm absolutely crazy to be doing something like automobile racing when I can "paint so well," as they put it. What I think they don't understand, and what I feel very strongly about, is that although I'm a very dedicated painter, and I'm very excited about my work, I don't feel that I could ever be an innovative painter. In my own set of values, to do something new and to do something creative are very important things and one should go after them at all costs. That's one of the reasons I'm drawn to racing more than painting, and it's one of the reasons I can't even countenance the idea of giving it up. It transcends for me all aspects of the success or failure of the career at any particular point, and the money that I might make or might lose in pursuit of these racing goals. Painting is very interesting to me, but it's less valid because I'm simply not as good at it. I've done some writing, some furniture design, all sorts of things that people are always encouraging me to do when they discourage me about racing. But they don't seem to realize that, while I suppose I could be safely ranked in the top twenty or so drivers in the world, there's no way I'd ever attain that status in painting or writing.

Penthouse: How do you justify racing? Is it an attempt to satisfy your ego, is it an intellectual puzzle? Or do you simply enjoy the competition?

Posey: I think it's a little bit of all that, although I don't like the word "justify." Perhaps it's a key to my feeling about racing that I don't try to justify it. It's there; it's something I want to do very much for many reasons. But I think it's only honest to say that I go on racing and do a lot of it because I'm just doing it. Each season leads to another one. And you get very fond, at least I do, of the lifestyle of racing. I think that is something that overcomes everybody in racing—it's a terrific way of life. It's just a dazzlingly satisfying way of life.

Penthouse: Do you make money racing?

Posey: I make quite a lot of money now, but when I started racing I spent money that I inherited from my father to get my career going fast. Everybody who starts in racing spends their own money sooner or later. And I spent a lot of money. I've never felt badly at all about the money I spent—far from it. It enabled me to get launched a lot quicker.

Penthouse: Do you think that's the way to find the best drivers? Might there not be less-affluent individuals who might be very talented but unable to afford the equipment?

Posey: Yes. I think it's very possible that if everybody in the world had the chance to go racing, none of the people who constitute the top ten in the world would be there right now. But I also think there are a lot of people out there who could be terrific racers but might not want to be. And it's possible that, of the comparatively few who want to be, quite a lot actually manage to make it.

Penthouse: Do racers have to learn to overcome their fear? Or are racers just braver than other people?

Posey: Unquestionably, racers are more brave than anybody on earth! Haven't you noticed, we all walk bowlegged to our racing cars? Seriously, though, I think it's often been said that danger becomes like a familiar piece of furniture in your home. And I don't like to think about it at all except in the practical way of studying the safety aspects of the cars and courses all the time. But many of the top drivers do have a considerable fear of being hurt. I don't want to be an amateur psychologist, but you must understand that racers are so often asked these questions that in order to be intelligent about them and to be sincere in trying to give honest answers, we have to try to understand our motivation. And the background of the individuals now appears to be an enormous factor. If you had a very coddled background, such as I had, then your fear of being hurt physically is going to be very great. I think that's why, in a way, I'm a cautious driver. Actually it may be partly why I'm racing—to try subconsciously to overcome that fear of being hurt. I've been in some hair-raising crashes and I think that my fear is diminishing.

Penthouse: If you have to learn to live with danger, doesn't it require a mental toughness and the removal of any sentimentality or perhaps any close personal relationships?

Posey: Yeah, I think that that's true. But it's also true that when you're very removed physically from people you love, you become abstractly very attached to them. Love seems very pure when you're far away and time is very precious. I think that occurs in racing. The love for certain abstract things and for certain people intensifies. Of

course, the whole racing life is very abstract because of this. And the abstraction enables you to focus on certain types of endeavors more sharply than you could have otherwise.

Penthouse: Is it valid to say then, as some psychologists have observed, that racing drivers for the most part are not capable of very deep affection and that they tend to make poor mates?

Posey: I find that racing intensifies my feelings for the people I love—very, very much so. I have no way of judging whether I'd be a good "mate" or not. No way at all.

Penthouse: Most people think that racing-car drivers are always surrounded by beautiful women. Is this true?

Posey: I suppose these opportunities exist for those who are looking for them. Obviously the travel, the general glamour of this thing, attracts a lot of girls. As it happens, that type of girl does not attract me, so while there might be daily opportunities for other people, they don't happen to be for me. Which, in turn, is not something I regret.

Penthouse: Stirling Moss said that he always abstained from sex prior to a race because he thought it somehow affected his reflexes. Do you think that attitude is valid?

Posey: I think Stirling later realized this vigilant attitude and proceeded to reel off six victories the next day. But they were minor English club events. He maintained this puritanical stand only for Grand Prix races, which shows the high esteem he had for Grand Prix racing. After all the years of people trying to express what Grand Prix racing really is and why it's the highest form of the sport, I think the fact that Stirling was unwilling to screw the night before a Grand Prix race is perhaps the highest accolade!

Penthouse: Do you try to develop a certain mental state before a race?

Posey: Definitely. The creation of the proper mental attitude is the biggest single aspect of the preparation for a race. I feel that you have to sketch out in your mind what your objectives are for a particular race. Of course your main objective is to win. But you have to look more deeply at it. How best are you going to go about winning? What sort of realistic chances do you have? How are you going to exploit your situation as well as you can? And after you've sketched out these general things, you have to think in terms of how to be prepared specifically for a given event. It's a mistake to have too much tension and anticipation built up for a race, just as it's a mistake not to anticipate it at all. You have to try to strike the right level and suit that level of tension and anticipation to a particular race. Up until a couple of years ago, I suffered from being overly nervous before a race. Racing meant a great deal to me and I hadn't raced that much. I had very little technical interest in the cars so there wasn't much for me to do before the start. I'd just sit and think about how I was going to do in the race and desire terribly deeply and terribly much to win the race. So a psychologist I know proposed a series of exercises which were extremely valuable to me. To start with, and incidentally this is of value to anybody who suffers from nervousness, I did deep breathing and worked up to certain kinds of very slow isometric arm and leg exercises, which I do just sitting. If I feel acute nervousness coming on, I do them right in the truck, sitting, waiting for the start of the race. You can even sort of practice the deep breathing while talking to people around the pits. And by forcing your body to regularize itself, it helps calm your brain down. I've become very controlled now before the start of a race. I can let myself get a little more nervous or a little less, and I'm very proud of that self-control.

Penthouse: Do you think you had some God-given physical abilities to drive a racing car?

Posey: I'm really not sure. If I had to say off the top what I think the biggest factor is, I would say eyesight. My eyes are ordinarily about 20/10, which is very good indeed. And I have terrific peripheral vision and apparently terrific depth perception. I also have a very low blink-rate factor as well. All these are physiological factors and it's hard to tell how they really work out. But I know when my eyes feel a little bit off—it's very hard for me to drive fast. There are some days when I always seem to be arriving too fast at the turns, going too fast down the straights. Then I have to push myself to go the speeds. But this is extremely rare.

"After I crashed, I had a moment of such terror that I wondered if anything that produced such terrible fear could be worth doing."

Penthouse: Many people think that race drivers lack introspection. But you seem to feel that this is not true, that they are perhaps more cerebral than other types of athletes.

Posey: Well, I do. And I'm saying that frankly, without a detailed knowledge of other athletes, so it's a pretty irresponsible way to answer it. But I think so. I think that the driver, operating as he does, must be a very solid individual. Because he has to rely exclusively on himself to keep himself in the sport, he is going to be a more complex personality than the average team-sport guy. Now, as I say, this is irresponsible because I can't back it up. It's just a strong hunch.

Penthouse: Are you competitive in all aspects of your life? Or is this focused only in racing?

Posey: No, it carries into everything, every aspect of my life. I've been a games-player for as long as I can remember. Competing in various home-grown events has been a very large part of my life and I've been criticized by people who say, "While other people were out earning a living you were running around in the basement pulling model cars after you on a taped-out racetrack." Fair enough. This may have seemed irresponsible, but now I'm running around big racetracks making a helluva lot more money than all those other guys put together.

Penthouse: What kind of a childhood did you have?

Posey: Well, it was protected and rather cloistered. Even though my mother tried her best, my grandmother was overwhelmingly successful in coddling me. And I went to a school in New York that was for people of my type almost exactly. Our house was seven stories high, with an elevator, old dining room with indirect lighting, concert grand piano swallowed up in the living room, and so on. I was never served things that I didn't like to eat. I thought everybody lived like that.

Penthouse: When did reality break in?

Posey: Well, it was pretty gradual. It was never a terrific shock at all. Because I sort of went from very secluded grade school to the semi-secluded boarding school to the quite open college, which I hardly ever attended, and then to racing. And I'd say I'm still living in some kind of dream world, to tell you the truth—because I'm not faced with the grinding reality of making a living. Fortunately, enough money comes in and goes out that I would not relate a $100 expenditure to my total bank balance one way or another. I think this freedom from financial concern, thus far, has been an incredibly . . . well, it definitely sets me apart from most people. Not from everybody. But at the same time, lest anyone think that it's all so wonderful—and I'm not trying to say that it isn't wonderful because I wouldn't trade it for the other situation—I harbor great fears of how it would be not to enjoy that advantage.

Penthouse: You drove your first automobile when you were three?

Posey: Yep. It happened in this way. We were spending the summer at Martha's Vineyard and my mother put me in her lap and we proceeded, in a Chrysler Airflow I think it was. And apparently I was just terrific right from the word "Go," although I never looked in the direction I was going. She would say, "Turn right" and "Turn left," and I would do these things while looking the other way or not looking out at the road at all. It was slightly unnerving for my mother.

Penthouse: Your mother had a very strong influence on your choice of a profession, didn't she?

Posey: Yeah, there's no question about it. If she had strongly opposed my racing right from the start, I can't tell you for sure that I would be in racing. Actually, my mother *would* have preferred my choosing another line of work, as it were. But she brought this all upon herself by telling me, when I was very young and very impressionable, that I was lucky to be a guy who had inherited enough money to go out and do something in the world and not be restrained by the need to make money, working nine-to-five somewhere. The irony, of course, being that, as it's coming out, I'm making a lot of money doing this thing! But at the same time, she very strongly imbedded in me the feeling that with this terrific privilege came an obligation of sorts to do whatever it is that I did exceptionally well.

Penthouse: Doesn't this leave you open to criticism that your involvement in racing is dilettantish, as opposed to a man who does it to make money and gain fame?

Posey: Well, yeah, it does. But I think the closer you get to people who do things really well, the more you find they're not motivated by money. I think the last bit that makes them do the thing well does not come from thinking about the money—it

comes from the deep love of going fast and the challenge of doing something more than you did the lap before.

Penthouse: Aren't there any pure professionals who drive only for money?

Posey: I don't think so. No.

Penthouse: Is intelligence a handicap in racing?

Posey: Well, Peter Revson once told me, "Sam, you think too much," which said a lot about Peter and a lot about me. Yes, I think it's been a handicap for me and I have made an effort recently, as absurd as this seems or sounds, to think less about racing and allow my gut instincts, if you will, to come out and say, "I want to beat that guy!" I've been trying to make it more into a man-to-man thing. When I started racing, all the people I had to race against were my boyhood heroes. In a sense that was a terrific obstacle. How do you beat your boyhood hero? You see the conflict. And if that conflict occurs at 200 miles an hour, it probably means you're not as effective a racer as you should be. For example, I went to Indy specifically to see Mario Andretti drive there. And in my first Indianapolis he was there, wheel-to-wheel with me, around the first few laps. If you get out on the track and you're a rookie and you get beaten by the old pros, it's obviously no disgrace. And that slight alibi hangs in your mind as you're driving—well, it hung in mine, let's put it that way. I don't think it hung in Andretti's. I've been accused of being very egotistical, but I think for racing I'm too modest. But I am now to the point where I do feel that a lot of the drivers are lesser drivers, have less experience, and I feel darn well compelled to blow them off the road. I think that's a very healthy attitude from a competitive point of view. It's been a while coming.

Penthouse: Do you feel that's a sign of maturity?

Posey: Well, let's say development. Maturity is associated with something that's necessarily good, and I don't really want to make a value judgment.

Penthouse: Some people have said that you've been erratic: going blindingly fast on one day, and then getting off the road and being untidy on others. Is that a fair evaluation?

Posey: Yeah, I did have a period like that. My money enabled me to buy expensive, top-line, pro equipment from Day One of my career, and my overriding ambition was to race in the top-line races. So I executed my apprenticeship in full view of the entire racing public. Some guys have off days at some minor track—I had mine at Indianapolis, with 250,000 people sitting in the grandstand. So I would say that my early days were no more crash-filled than anybody else's. In the last couple of years I've barely scratched a car. I've raced five times at Le Mans and five times at Sebring and six times at Daytona and these are twenty-four, twelve, and twenty-four hours respectively, and have never, ever, scratched a car or made contact with anything during all that time. Therefore, I regard myself—and I know that my team regards me—as an unusually accident-free driver.

Penthouse: You were involved in a bad accident in 1969, and some people have criticized your actions afterward——

Posey: Well, my car was totally written off in a practice for the first race of a championship, and within an hour I'd bought another car, a duplicate of the one I'd crashed. Everybody thought this was so playboylike and sort of "My God, he no sooner crashes one than he buys another!" But what other choice was there? I already had tens of thousands of dollars committed to doing a series of races. I had everything but the car. I had the men, the knowledge, the motors, the transporters, the sponsor, with whom I had a contract to do certain things . . . what the hell else could I have done but buy another car instantaneously?

Penthouse: But there was another man involved in the crash, who was very seriously injured. You had to transcend that injury and it must have taken a certain amount of mental toughness to get back in a racing car that had very nearly killed you and another man as well.

Posey: The accident wound up with me trapped upside down, and my car on fire. So that, of course, was a panic situation. The course workers were tremendously fast and efficient, and got me out of my car. But when I went to try to help the other fellow out of his car I knew instinctively what pain he was in and that he was being badly hurt. He was burning at the time. And I think that getting another car and sort of callously ripping around in it moments later has been misinterpreted as being indifference to his plight and ignorance about how close I had come to being killed. I think the real truth is that it was a monumental effort on my part to regain some sense of normalcy by getting back into the thing again, on the old theory that when you're thrown from the horse you get back on it. I felt that that was part of the commitment of being a professional driver; as part of the road that I had charted for myself. And along that road there were going to be moments like that.

Penthouse: Have you ever considered stopping racing?

Posey: I had a terrific crash in a Can-Am sports car at Lime Rock, Connecticut. I was going into a right-hand uphill turn at about 120 mph when the left front wheel collapsed. The car mounted an earth bank, beyond which was quite a drop-off. So, with the altitude gained by using this earth bank as a launching ramp, the car was thirty-five feet off the ground and doing a slow end-over-end. I was briefly knocked unconscious by the fall, and when I came to I was trapped upside down in the car, which I knew was holding forty-five gallons of gas at that point, and I couldn't believe it wasn't about to burn. I had a moment of such deep terror then that for several months afterward I wondered whether anything on earth could be worth doing if it produced such terrible fear. But I began to forget that fear. Now I can't recall it anymore. It doesn't surface in my dreams at night anymore.

Penthouse: The opportunity you had to drive really superior equipment doubtlessly thrust you into a high level of racing much more quickly than otherwise might have been possible. Would you recommend this to somebody else?

Posey: I think one of the key mistakes that's made in racing is trying to advise other people on how to do it. Everybody has to do it their way, in my view. And what's right for one person is just totally wrong for another. I could only answer that subjectively, which is to say that if I had it to do again myself I would do it differently. I would have raced one more year as an amateur and then I would have started as a professional with an existing team, hired on to enter a second car on my behalf, instead of trying to have my own team. Because in trying to have my own team not only was I myself learning as a driver, the mechanics were learning, the crew chief was learning, everybody was learning. And there were too many unknowns.

Penthouse: What do you see now that you were lacking?

Posey: Well, racecraft. Purely and simply. I could go fast for a single lap, but I could never have got the car set up if a man like Mark Donahue and I had arrived with the same car on the same track. But the faith in myself that was born from knowing that I was as quick has burned in me ever since. I have always felt that the only ingredient you can't replace in racing is the essential quickness of the driver. I think that most of the top drivers were instantly fast. Maybe they didn't know anything about how to run a race or how to set a car up or how to find a sponsor and keep him or anything, so their career stumbled along for a long time while they learned those things. But I think the quickness was there with all of them.

Penthouse: Do you have any long-range goals, after you stop racing?

Posey: Well, my desire to create things is so strong that I'm intrigued by the idea of creating a car. If some young guy comes along and wants some help, I'll help him. I think it's only reasonable to help people who ask for things. But I have no ongoing thing. When I get out of racing I hope it will be a pretty clean break and I would like to go heavily into painting and architecture.

Penthouse: Would you still maintain your enthusiasm as a fan?

Posey: I think I'd be enthusiastic as a fan to the point of seeing races that were nearby, wherever I was. I think once you've done racing as a driver, the vision of the sport is so changed that it is almost without interest. I notice that the old drivers who come back never look at the races. They talk to a few friends in the pits and go home. I suspect that might be the way it would be for me. Although I do regard the passage of a car through a turn as having intrinsic physical beauty, visual beauty, which might prove to be a motif for certain kinds of drawing and so forth.

Penthouse: Do you think that men have an emotional-energy reservoir?

Posey: Yes. Definitely. I think that, as an athlete, if you exercise you can build up your muscles; and the more exercise you do, the stronger your muscles become. That does not pertain to the emotional muscles. A driver starts with a reservoir of a certain size, and I think that certain things—the crashes, the loss of friends killed in racing—tap that reservoir and there finally comes a day when racing is a very difficult thing to be in.

Penthouse: Do you think you'll be able to recognize this day when it comes?

Posey: I think I'm more likely to than other drivers. Put it this way—I'm freer to recognize it, as things stand. My mind is more open to it, because I have other interests that are very strong. I think I will make a clear break and get on with the other things. There is a lifestyle involved that's very enjoyable indeed. At the moment my ego couldn't take continuing in the sport if I declined and was no longer as good as I have been, but I can't say for sure that that situation wouldn't change. I doubt it very strongly.

Penthouse: Isn't there also a lot of drudgery and repetition—the same hotel rooms and restaurants and faces over and over again—that perhaps can

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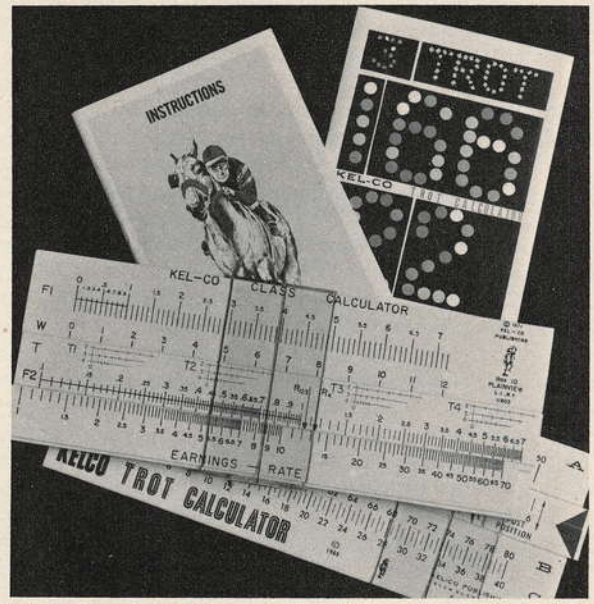

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POSEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

be enervating over a long period of time?

Posey: It hasn't been for me. It's kind of pleasant and restful to come back to the old places again. But there are times when it's terribly tiring to be packing your bag for the umpteenth time.

Penthouse: Do you have any close friends who are drivers?

Posey: No. I knew several of the drivers fairly well, but they're not what I'd call close friends.

Penthouse: Is it in racers' natures that they tend to be loners, or at least not close to each other?

Posey: Yes, I think that's right. I don't see any close friendships that I can think of. That's not to say, in a severe way, that there's an absence of friendships, but it isn't a big thing.

Penthouse: Could it be a defense against having friendships terminated by an accident?

Posey: I think it used to be. But racing's become a lot safer recently. I don't think people think in terms of that sort of thing anymore. No, now I think it's just professional jealousy. The races are won and lost often over arranging these sponsorship deals and you can't really afford to have anyone else know what you're up to. Obviously, with a friend all that sort of thing would leak out. Drivers are just guarding their own shows carefully these days. There could be exceptions to this, but it doesn't seem to me that there are.

Penthouse: The image today seems to be of good sportsmanship and camaraderie on the racetrack, or is that an exaggeration?

Posey: No, I don't think it is. It's a question of being practical, of being intelligent. If you're neck-and-neck going into a turn, it's pretty obvious who is in the best position to go into the turn first. And I think we're past the era where the guy who is in the worst position blindly tries to bludgeon his way into the turn. Today he knows he's driving a $100,000 car, he knows that a wreck could prove fatal, so he makes a small gesture, somehow or another, and both cars go through the turn smoothly.

Penthouse: Would you say that the craft of the contemporary driver is at a higher level than it was ten or fifteen years ago?

Posey: No question about it. And the thing is, a technique in racing is like adding a new musical instrument to your orchestra, or a new color to your palette. When people started driving race cars, they did not know the technique of the four-wheel drift, so obviously nobody did it. Now we do that and we do a few more esoteric things —braking into the apex, the car drifting—that are regular parts of the bag. It seems extraordinary now, but up until the very last gasp of the Fifties, braking customarily was done on the straightaway and then the car accelerated through the turns; which, curiously, is still the fast way at Indianapolis. That's kind of an anachronism. Nowadays we brake hideously late on the straightaway but keep the brakes on through the first part of the turn.

Penthouse: Will there be revolutionary developments in racing, just over the horizon?

Posey: Yeah, I think so. Everybody is always looking, of course, for what the next obvious thing is going to be. It's staggering that as little as ten years ago there were no wings on the cars and they were riding narrow, skinny tires. And anybody, without any technical or engineering talent at all, could have walked out to any car on the Formula One grid ten years ago, glued some wings on the thing, and seen the car streak off in the lead—no matter who was driving. Back then, of course, brilliant minds were at work trying to squeeze a tiny little bit out of the cars, even though there were staggering advantages sitting there under their noses. Okay. What is the next one? Well, I don't know.

Penthouse: Race cars are becoming specialized vehicles, with no engineering applications to passenger cars. Does it trouble you that you are not in the vanguard of automobile development, a pioneer?

Posey: As a romantic, I never used to care about justifying the sport. I only viewed it as a sport, as a form of competition. And to me the idea of trying to justify racing by saying that it invented the rear-view mirror and all this kind of thing was needless and absurd. I always hated that. Nobody tries to justify baseball—it's a game! Football—it's a game! Yet people were always trying to justify racing. But I do think that racing is on the threshold of making several major contributions to car progress. As we approach 1975, when I think we can expect to be paying $1 a gallon for high-test gas, I think we're going to have to look for cars that will go down the freeways, thruways, with significantly less aerodynamic drag than they currently have. Cars that are much more efficient than the current cars, because as a nation we can't afford to go around burning up gas the way we're burning it up. When you have to do that, the knowledge of advanced engineering in racing engines goes a very long way to making an efficient engine. A racing engine has no emissions problem. It's not like an ordinary car, which runs around polluting the air. A racing car is made to cause a lot of noise; obviously they're very, very loud. But no exhaust gases to speak of come out of them. We couldn't have that kind of inefficiency. We must burn every part of the gasoline that goes into the combustion chamber. So I think we can look for the race-car technology to make a sort of back-door contribution to a new breed of highway cars that will be much more sophisticated aerodynamically and much more efficient in terms of their engines. I think racing is on the threshold of making a reasonable technical contribution. But I don't think it matters whether it does or not—I couldn't care less.

Penthouse: Do you have any sort of emotional involvement with cars, or are they just tools?

Posey: Tools.

Penthouse: But you do like cars; you have a large collection of them.

Posey: True. Oh, yes, I like cars very much. But I collect cars that I can fantasize and romanticize about, even though I know secretly that the drivers who race them or the people who struggle with them have just as many problems with those cars as I'm having with mine. When you work with a racing car over a full season you tend to grow very unromantic about it and extremely practical. Hell . . . it isn't even a car. The car you see on the track is just part of an enormous system of parts and pieces and mechanics and labor, and so forth and so on.

Penthouse: Where do you get the kind of financial backing necessary to have a major team?

Posey: Well, I regard the ideal team setup as one where the team is owned by a wealthy individual who can afford, at certain key points in the development of the team, to personally absorb costs involved in keeping the team running. The owner of the team puts up the money so the mechanics can be hired and the cars can be bought. Then he looks for the sponsorship. He hires a PR man, and a fund-raiser, and looks for the sponsorship. Now that individual, with very few exceptions, is not going to go on putting up $300,000 a year ad infinitum. There are very few people wealthy enough to do that. And there's no one that I know of who is interested in racing to that extent. So the team must then find a sponsor, which is a word I don't like because it implies that the company is coming and giving you some money to blow on racing. Well, that isn't what happens. A company giving $300,000 to spend is probably a pretty shrewd, well-run company, with very clear objectives about where its advertising, promotion dollars should go. So to get a financial arrangement with one of those companies, your team has to be able to deliver the goods through the exposure that it gets and what it does for the company. You have to be able to give more value to that company than they are putting out to the race team.

Penthouse: How would you feel if you won the World Driving Championship and were acclaimed as the best driver in the world?

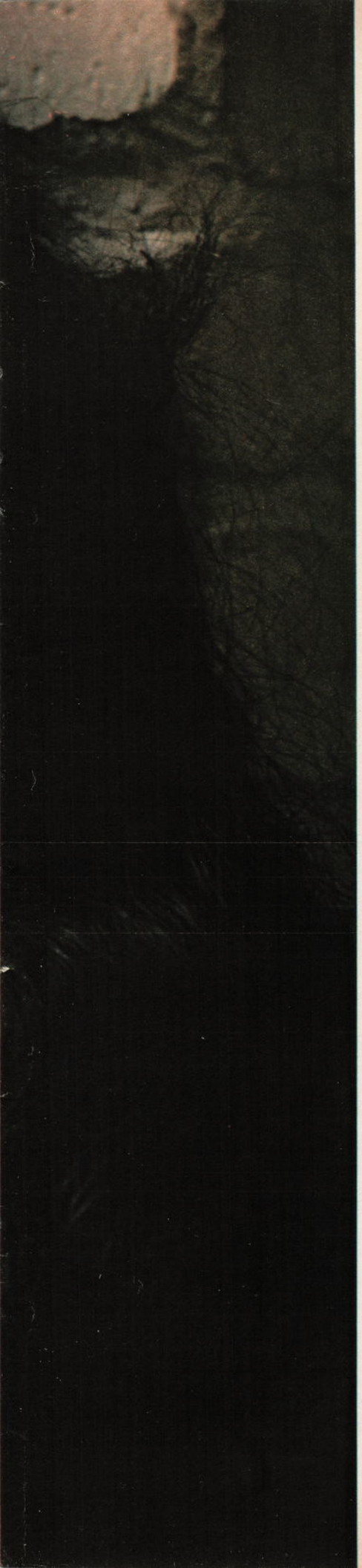
Posey: I think that the titles would mean relatively little to me. I say relatively because, you understand, they'd mean a great deal. But I've noticed that it's a characteristic of mine that when I achieve something, I discount it—it doesn't seem an important thing to have achieved. So I have a hunch that if I won the world championship I might not regard it as being enough. And I might be interested in something else. *But* . . . it would be such a delightful position to be in! I would certainly want to continue racing. I mean, if this were to happen, I have a lot of racing that I want to do and I can't imagine that any achievements between now and a year from now would burn out all my desire to keep driving the car, because I love driving. But I think if those achievements came perhaps six or seven years from now, I might logically be contemplating retirement, and the achieving of the world championship might be a very neat way to stop it all. Because it's very hard for a sports figure to retire when he's still able to do his sport. The next race comes around and you say, "God, I could be in this race. I could win this race. I could have been world champion this year—perhaps." But at the same time I think a lot less of the public view of my career than I do of my own estimation.

Penthouse: But isn't it pleasing to get public acclaim?

Posey: I think so. Yeah, I think so. You go through cycles in this way. First of all you think, "My God, that guy knew my name. This is fantastic. I'm famous. The guy asked for my autograph. This is really something!" Then presently you realize you're really not very famous at all compared to President Nixon, shall we say. And then after that you learn to your amazement that President Nixon isn't known in Indochina either! And so, no matter what you might achieve, there's going to be a lot of people who never heard of you and couldn't care less.

"I love sex...in large healthy doses...but before anyone gets the wrong idea,..."

LAURA



DOONE BUDDY

The world," according to perspicacious nineteen-year-old Laura Bennett Doone, "is not always round. There are times," says she, "when certain people give it a ragged cutting edge, or make it square or lumpy, or even turn it into a continuous flat wasteland. People—not nature, not God, but other people—really determine the kind of lives we lead. Those around you, the ones who are closest to you, the people on whom you depend can make any day a superday... a day to remember for the rest of your life. Or they can make it squalid or sad or simply nondescript... a nothing, empty, lost day you needn't have bothered living through at all."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

It takes a long time and considerable provocation before Laura gets the "uncomfortable urge to wax philosophical." Nor is her treatise on people an isolated bitch on the obtrusions of friends and relatives. Laura believes that we are all inexorably bound to each other and that, to a greater or lesser degree, the life of any one individual affects the lives of all individuals. "I believe in all that business about people being the products of their own environment, but I have to take it one step further. I believe that 'environment' is just a catchword for the things we do socially and culturally, the activities we get

up to as a community—the sadness, the happiness, the problems we create or resolve *collectively*. And as far as the purely physical environment is concerned, just look at the way we've tampered with *that* little piece of God's work."

Meanwhile, in the faltering, X-rated, geophysical jumble of contradictory values that typifies the world we live in, Laura Doone has struck her own small claim to territorial isolation. "I really have no desire to keep pace with everyone else, or live up to—or even down to—anyone else's values.

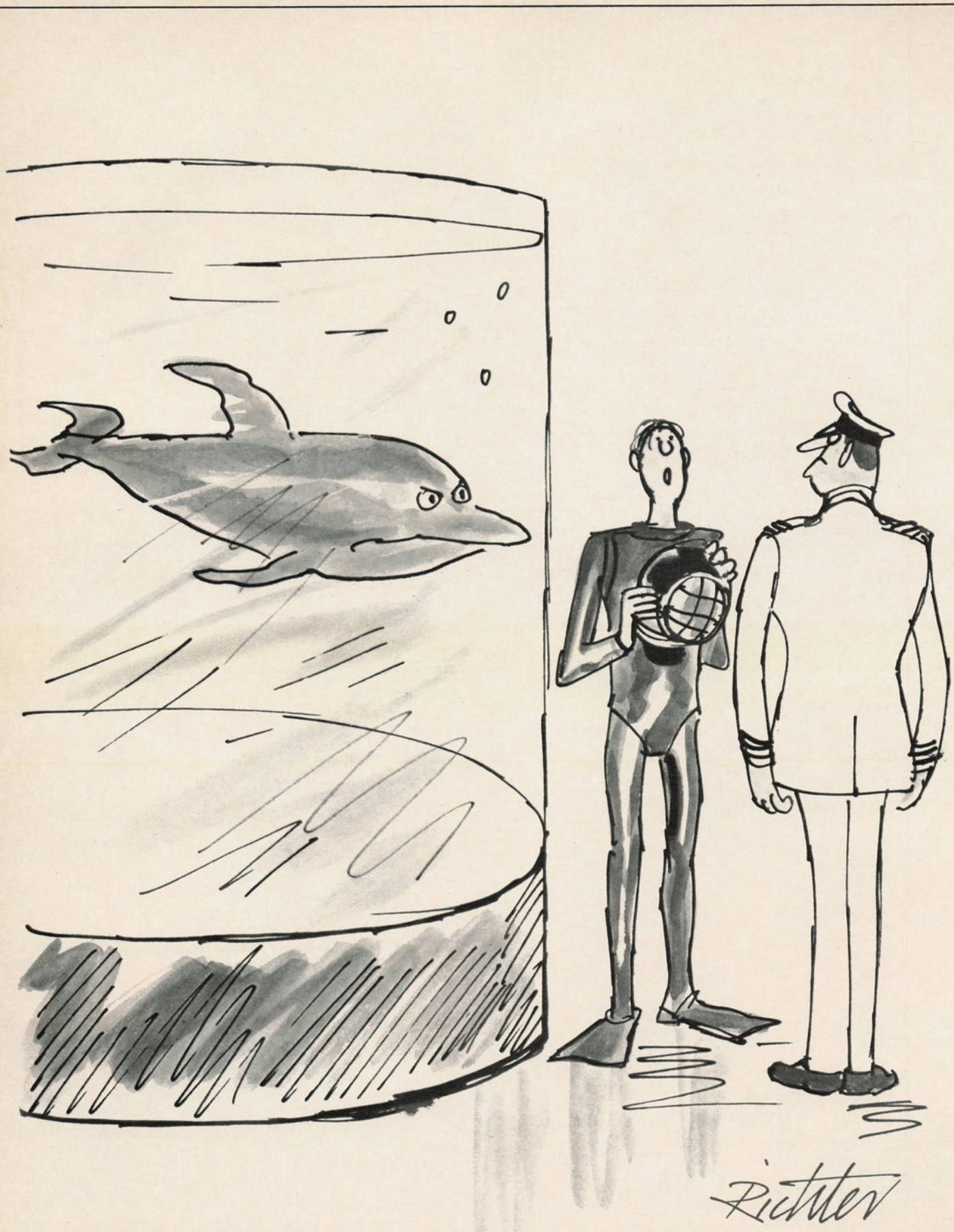
"In practical terms, I enjoy my friends, I love my family, and I get along pretty well with people generally. I want to be an actress, and I don't suppose you can be a practicing isolationist and an actress at the same time. If anything, your dependency on other people, particularly on an audience, increases a thousand times."

Men, on the other hand, for all their promulgations of marriage and dependency, are different. Because of their persuasive sexuality, Laura exempts them—or at least some of them—from any embarassing comparisons with her isolationist philosophy.

"I love men," says she of the rare 36½-18-35½ configuration. "But I go for the rugged, masculine, individualistic type. And I like him to be successful, artistic... have one up on the next guy and really know his way around. Occasionally, I'm attracted to pretty men as well. I guess it has a lot to do with the way we meet and the mood I happen to be in at the time. I love sex and I love it in large healthy doses... all kinds... but before anyone gets the wrong idea, I'm pretty selective about the company I keep."

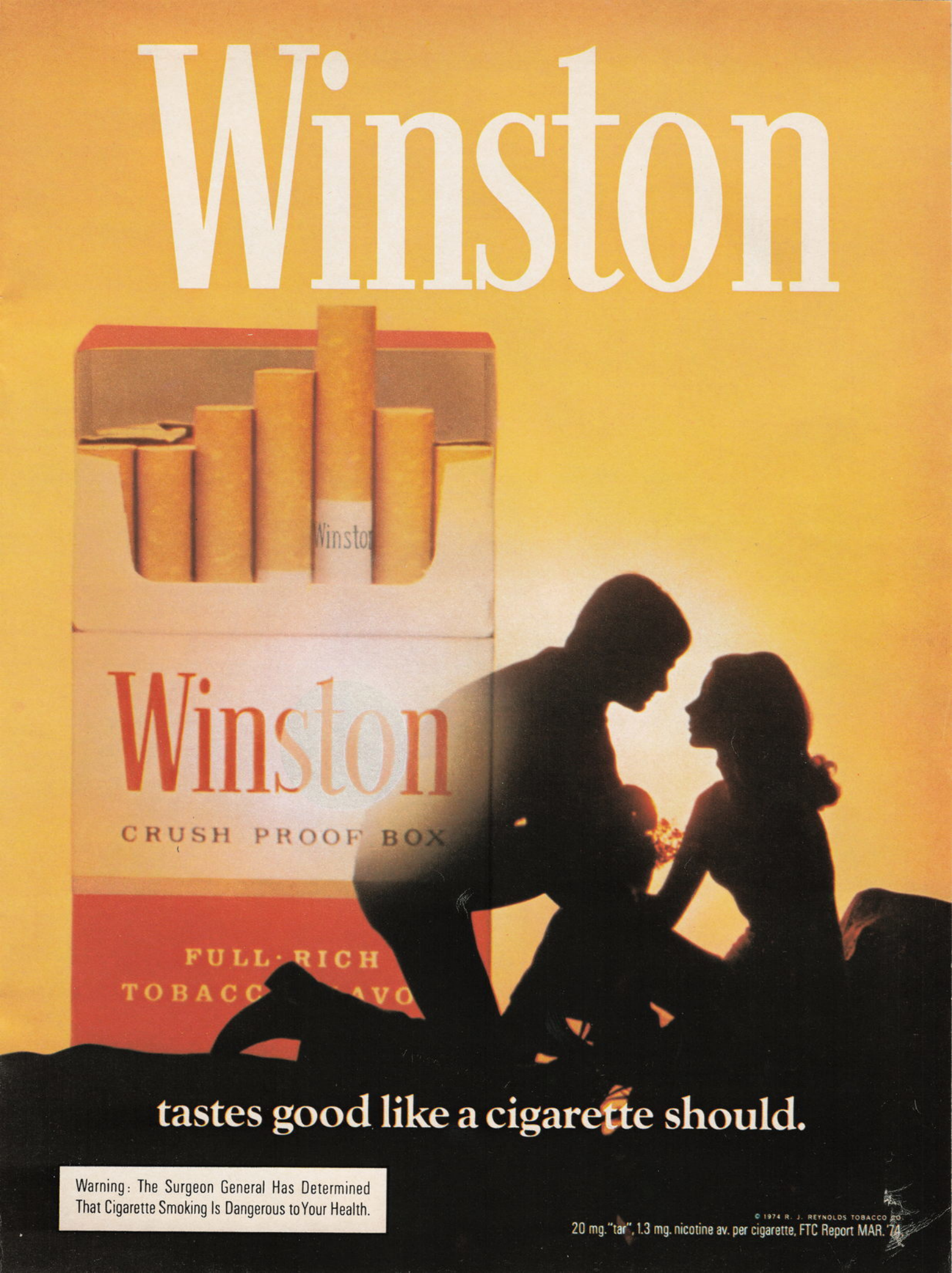
A company, we hasten to reiterate, that's not very likely to go public.

MISS LAURA DOONE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



"I'm afraid we can't get much out of him, sir. Just his name, rank and serial number."

Winston



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Paul Birkbeck

By Emmanuelle Arsan

Emmanuelle is finishing dressing for the night of pleasure that awaits her at Maligâth, a sumptuous palace on the fringes of Bangkok. She has been adorning her body for the better part of both afternoon and evening. Now Mario, her escort for tonight's orgy, stands beside her and considers the result.

The long Ionian tunic that Emmanuelle is wearing is a pale jade green, so light it looks almost white. One of her gleaming shoulders is deliciously bare; on the other a golden brooch in the shape of an owl clasps the material together. Between her ample breasts, which seem like large winter pears, is a pendant of antique gold engraved with the shapes of animals; and beneath the breasts a chain with large flat links holds up the tunic. A little below her elbow a wide slave bracelet, studded with emeralds, encircles her right arm.

"Well," she says, "since I'm going to my first orgy, I thought this gown would be most appropriate."

"You look stunning," says Mario. "But a bit proper."

Emmanuelle

Without a word, Emmanuelle moves in front of a low floor lamp—weak as its light is, it is sufficient to show off her long, finely chiseled legs as clearly as if the tunic were made of glass. Mario, repelled by anything other than total nudity, still looks dissatisfied. Emmanuelle smiles, raises one knee: the robe opens of its own accord, gaping wide from belt to ground. Thus, on the dance floor, her legs will flash forth in all their bare beauty, and anyone can caress her with ease. The amber-tinted flesh of her belly and, farther down, that most luscious aperture of her body, will be accessible to one and all.

"And look!" she says, parting the folds just at the junction of her thighs.

Her black pubic triangle is gleaming with a multitude of tiny pearls. It has taken her maid four hours to attach them, one by one, to the rebellious wool.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

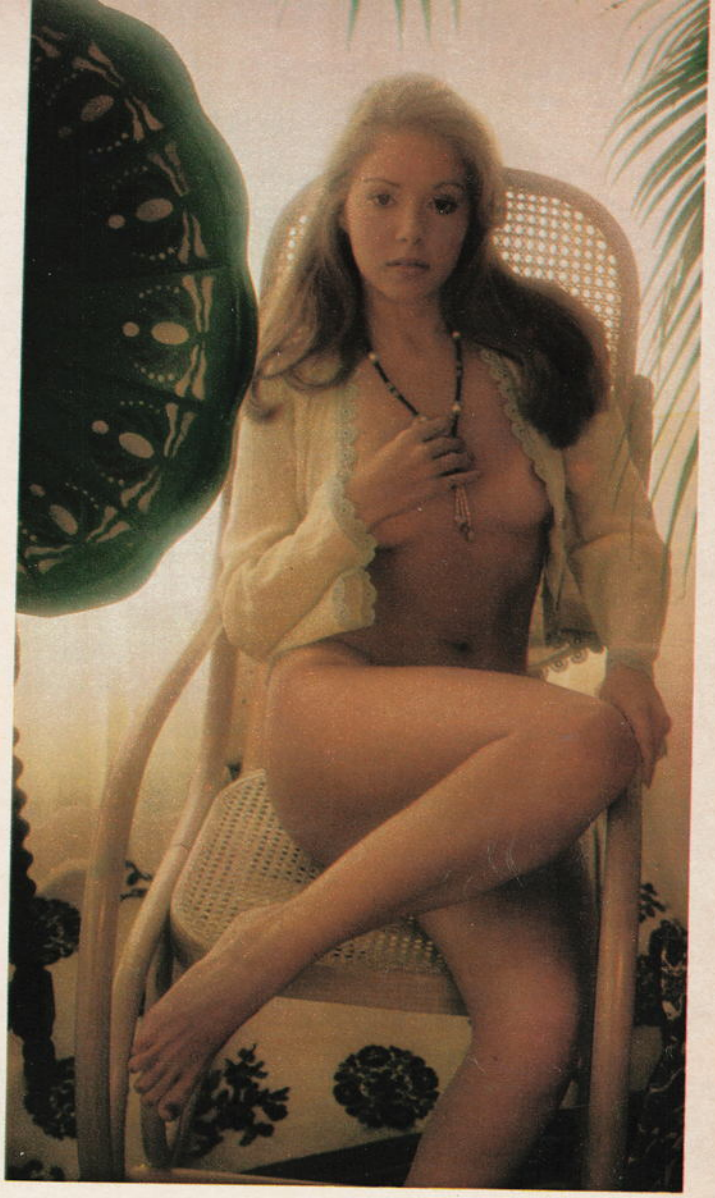
Deep inside the palace of Maligâth the beautiful and the bored set forth for an evening of consummate debauchery....

When this nineteen-year-old Cincinnati kid got the vote last year, the first thing she did was vote herself out of her uptight hometown and all the way to Florida where an easygoing girl can settle in without settling down. "I'm happier than I've ever been just letting things happen," sighs Karen Dermer. "Settling down is out... that's Rule Number One."

But a body has to eat, and in order to eat it has to work. So when those 36-24-36 working parts aren't distracting the local citizenry, Karen is out looking for a "solid job in cosmetics."

THE CINCINNATI KID

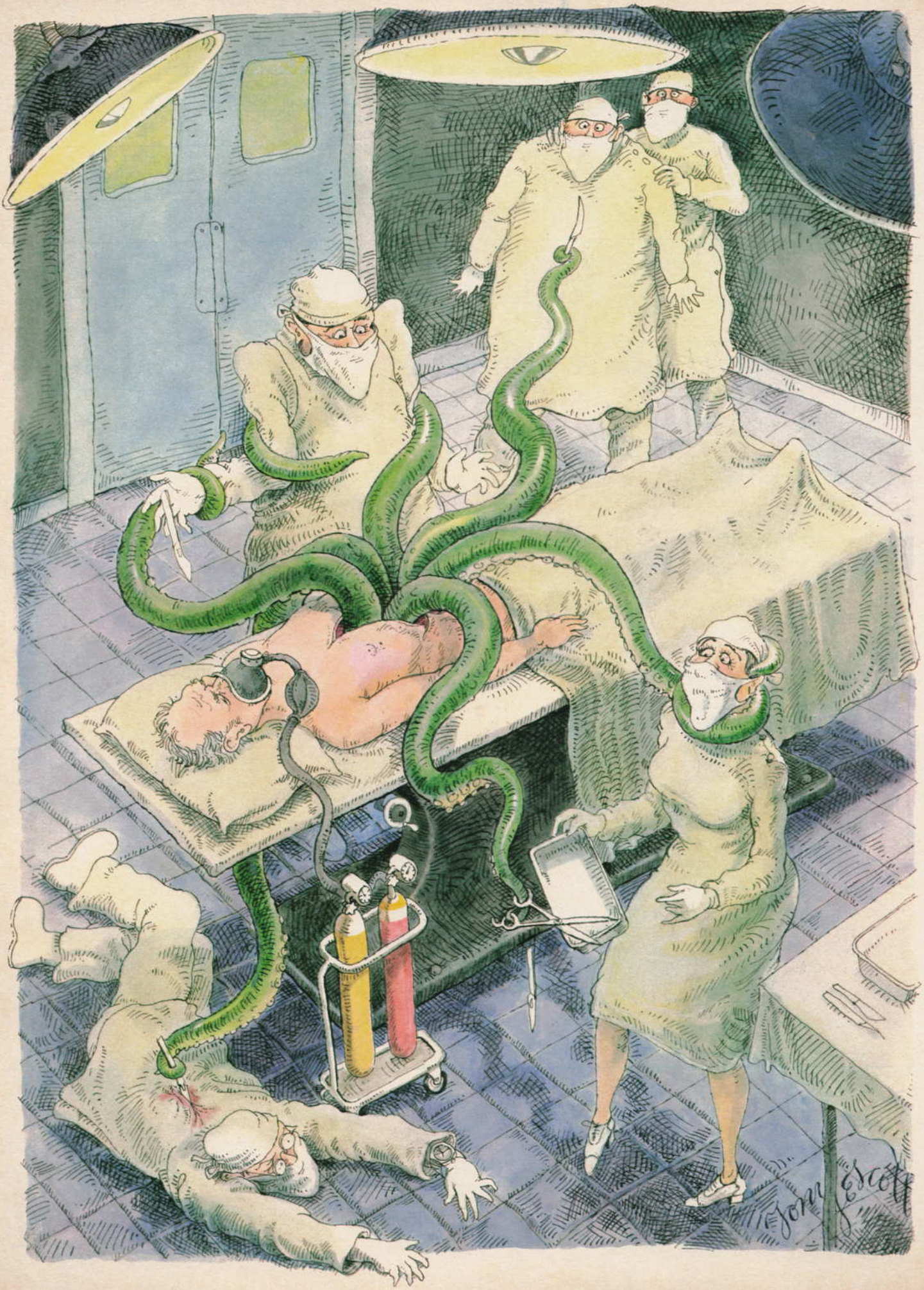
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAN MALINOWSKI



Meanwhile, she keeps a talented finger in the paint pot. She's perfected a body-painting style somewhere between early kindergarten action drip and New York graffiti. "I like making up my partner when we're making love, and being finger painted or tattooed myself." Her canvas of choice is a man "who makes me feel I'm really special, who spoils me. I like doing the same for him."

Of course, when you invite a man up to see your epidermal etchings, dimming the lights is like trying to tour the Louvre with a candle. "I always like the lights on," beams Karen, "so I can see what's happening." What's happening is usually fairly arresting. "I've been to some great orgies," muses Karen, "but it's not really my thing. I go for intimate kinky stuff—like wearing weird little outfits for sex trips—straps or leather gear especially. I enjoy three-way scenes. You know...two girls and a guy. The closest you can get to that in Cincinnati is a three-way mirror."

Karen's one woman exhibition in *Penthouse* fulfills a long time aspiration. "I always admired the female nude and have been looking at *Penthouse* since I was fifteen. It's flattering to me as a woman that people find me attractive enough to want to look at my body." And just the thing for readers who don't know much about art but know what they like. Please pass the cerulean blue.



Shell Game

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

dwindling critically. In the interim, while the case made its way to the Supreme Court, the industry kept a low profile by maintaining reasonable prices.

In 1968 the Supreme Court ruled that the FPC's price-control policy *was* fair and that there was no substantial evidence that natural-gas reserves were getting low. In fact, the Court noted that each year industry discovered more new reserves than it produced. In other words, after a careful study ranging over several years, the Supreme Court came to the conclusion that there was no natural-gas shortage, no foreseeable shortage, and, by implication, that prices should *not* be allowed to balloon until such a shortage might exist.

At that, the oil and gas industrialists became furious. They determined to rid themselves, once and for all, of government price regulations. If the Supreme Court demanded proof of a shortage before it would go along with industry, then industry was prepared to juggle the record to show just that.

For the first time in history, industry began to claim that it was finding less natural gas than it sold—*after* it had conclusively lost in court. It has been claiming the same thing for every year since.

Do your own investigating on this point. There was not a single magazine article on the topic of energy shortage before the 1968 Supreme Court ruling. Then, all of a sudden, there was a great flurry of articles, a small explosion of concerned chatter, appearing in magazines notorious as industry mouthpieces—*Nation's Business*, *U.S. News*, *Forbes*—heralding an imminent shortage of natural gas. For the first time in the history of U.S. journalism there appeared a general-circulation magazine article with the headline, "Looming Crisis in Natural Gas." Industry's propagandists had begun to shovel it out to their pals in the press.

Pure blackmail. Yet at the beginning of the natural-gas fear campaign, there was an interesting hesitation. Apparently industry was nervous about the public emotions it was stirring up. After all, if the citizens became hysterical, they might do something drastic—like nationalizing the oil and gas industry. So for a while the industry propagandists moved slowly. Even as late as 1971 they were hesitating to claim an outright shortage.

In a full-page advertisement in the *Wall Street Journal* of October 22, 1970, the American Gas Association announced soothingly: "Recent reports of natural-gas shortages in various parts of the country have apparently led to speculation that we are running out of natural gas. Now this is simply not true. . . . In fact, geologists estimate that proved and potential supplies are over seventy times our present annual consumption rate."

"In 1924 English experts noted a 'strange habit' of the American oil industry: 'Although it doubles its output roughly every ten years... it declares every other year that... its oil fields are well-nigh exhausted.'"

There was no *real* shortage of gas underground, said the industry, but there was an *effective* shortage of supply simply because the industry wasn't getting a high enough price. In 1971 advertisements began to appear in *Life* and other national magazines, paid for by the American Gas Association, assuring Americans that there was no reason to lay in a supply of wood and peat because "there's no worry that your home will run short of gas. . . . We've been serving you for 100 years—and we don't intend to stop now." However, the American taxpayer was asked to bear one little burden: "It will take higher prices to keep the gas coming."

Later the industry started playing really dirty. In 1971 James T. Halverson, director of the Federal Trade Commission's Bureau of Competition, uncovered evidence that some of the companies were lying about their natural-gas reserves, disclosing only one-half to one-tenth of their true reserves to the government when they came around asking for rate increases.

John W. Wilson, a career employee of the Federal Power Commission (you must remember that many of the FPC's career people are honest; it's just the politically appointed commissioners who turn crooked as a matter of policy), told the Senate Antitrust Subcommittee that at least thirteen major producers of natural gas understated their reserves in reports to the FPC. As one example, he pointed out that five companies claimed to have no "available" natural-gas reserves but within weeks thereafter reported to the FPC that they had signed contracts to sell huge amounts of the gas they had claimed they didn't have.

But the industry's fear campaign and its dishonesty and deception have paid off. Since Nixon took office, the Federal Power Commissioners he appointed have raised natural-gas prices more than 300 percent, giving the excuse that gas was scarce and that the increases would encourage producers to look for more.

The industry has also destroyed the old mechanism of setting the price of natural gas according to the cost of production. In 1972 the natural-gas companies began to set prices on the basis of what the market would bear—that is, how much the public would stand still for. The Consumer Federation of America estimates that the FPC's new rate-making procedure will add $500 billion or even $1 trillion to consumers' gas bills over the life of the nation's reserves.

THE OIL-SHORTAGE MYTH

As we pointed out earlier, the international companies' problem in the 1950's and 1960's was not an oil shortage—however much they pretended to be on the brink of one—but a massive oil surplus, so massive that they radically reduced explorations for new fields in the United States (this reduction continued on into the early 1970's; there were only half as many new wells brought into production in this country in 1972 as in 1952). Meanwhile, oil was so plentiful in the rest of the world that it was getting to be a real burden to the marketers. It was so plentiful, in fact, that in 1959 the major oil companies told the Middle East countries that they were going to pay them less for their oil. This sleazy trick on the part of Standard Oil *et al* made the Middle East oil-producing nations think about organizing to protect themselves. The very next year, 1960, they came together to establish the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC)—an organization that is responsible for much of today's high oil prices. It was created because of the Arabs' hatred for the stinginess of the Western oil moguls, who wanted to rob not only the consuming nations but the producing nations as well.

Still, OPEC was a long time pulling itself together. It was organized but it wasn't running smoothly and there was still great rivalry among the producing nations. So the oil companies continued to play the sheiks against each other and to run the Middle East through the 1960's.

And they ran it, naturally, in such a way as to keep the supply down and prices up. Secret documents circulated in 1968 within the industry by Standard Oil of California show that industry leaders were gravely concerned about a "large potential surplus" through 1973, and the possibility that when oil began to flow out of the Arctic there would be "extending and magnifying surplus supply problems." Standard of California officials proposed slashing production wherever possible. They were afraid that

they could not make "politically palatable" cuts in production in Saudi Arabia and Iran, because the rulers of those countries were getting restless; but according to these private documents, the Standard officials thought they could get by with reductions in Egypt, Nigeria, Libya, Latin America, and Indonesia.

As was the case with natural gas, you will look in vain if you seek to find any warning of an impending oil shortage in any newspaper or national magazine during the 1960's. This was the "quiet decade," in which the major companies lay low on prices. They had other dirty work to do. During the ominous quiet of the 1960's, they began cornering other energy fields, knowing that when the time came to boost oil prices, the prices of other energy commodities would also soar. Directly, or through corporations in which they held interlocking directorships (directors of the eighteen largest American oil companies in 1974 interlocked 132 times with the boards of banks and other financial institutions, which of course interlock in turn with other major nonenergy corporations), they seized nine of the ten top coal-producing companies that took the lead in leasing 253,000 acres of federal coal. Most of this treasure was cornered when there was still no public discussion of an upcoming energy crisis, and long-term coal leases could be had for pennies. Some of the rich coal deposits were obtained for a yearly rental of twenty-five cents an acre. Such northern Great Plains states as Wyoming, Montana, and North Dakota are well on their way to becoming colonies of the oil-coal companies. In the years ahead they will be scalped by strip-mining machines to feed several hundred plants in which coal will be converted into natural gas and gasoline.

The oil companies were also grabbing 50 percent of known uranium reserves and 25 percent of uranium milling capacity in the 1960's. And let's not forget their takeover of the oil-shale deposits on federal lands, which both Democratic and Republican administrations allowed them to corner at dirt-cheap prices.

From 1968 to 1970, when world demand for oil was soaring, the Shah of Iran tried to persuade the Iranian Oil Consortium, in which Exxon is dominant, to increase production. The Consortium refused. During this same period, Saudi Arabia was trying to convince its producing agent, the Arabian-American Oil Company (ARAMCO: Exxon, Standard Oil of California, Texaco, Mobil) to increase production, but ARAMCO also refused. And Canada was trying to induce the United States to import more of its oil. But the major companies blocked all such offers, claiming America didn't need the foreign oil. In the spring of 1969, M. A. Wright, chairman of Humble Oil (Exxon), assured a Senate antitrust subcommittee that domestic fields alone would be able to meet 82 percent of our oil needs through 1985. (Nowadays, of course, with the "crisis" launched, the industry has adjusted its prediction downwards—now it says domestic oil production will meet only 50 percent of our needs in 1985.)

"According to Senator Frank E. Moss, the major oil companies stored—hid—about eleven million barrels of home heating oil during the winter of 1972, while Americans in the Upper Plains states suffered severe shortages."

The oil surplus of the 1960's was evidenced in the Green Stamps and free cocktail glasses that were given away to entice customers. Prices were relatively steady: between 1959 and 1969, wholesale petroleum prices went up only 5.5 percent, about half as fast as the general wholesale-price index was climbing. But the major oil companies were not unhappy with the prices, for the moment. They used the period to launch massive price wars on the independent producers, on independent refiners, and on cut-rate retail service stations. The majors were immensely successful, measuring their success by the plight of the independent producers alone—whose population dropped from 20,000 to 10,000 in the past fifteen years. (This was a bit of overkill, for the eighteen largest oil companies already controlled 70 percent of the production of American crude oil, controlled 80 percent of domestic refinery capacity, owned 99 percent of the nation's pipeline capacity, and marketed about 72 percent of the gasoline sold in the United States.) Only after wiping out potential competition could the major international oil companies be guaranteed that their fear campaign would work—when they were ready to launch it.

As part of their planned long-range shortage, the oil industry also refused to build enough refineries in the 1960's to take care of future needs. In the past ten years, fewer than half a dozen major refineries (over 50,000 barrels-a-day capacity) were built in the U.S. The industry magazine, *Oil & Gas Journal*, appraised this period euphemistically as "a lull in construction to let demand catch up a bit." Moreover, not one new domestic refinery was built in the last four years, though consumption was soaring.

Meanwhile, however, the international giants were pouring money into overseas refineries and overseas retail outlets. They were, in short, rearranging their operations in such a way that when they put the U.S. market in a vise, they would go on operating at their usual pace in other countries.

The biggest companies—Exxon, Texaco, Gulf, Mobil, Standard of California, etc.—had been quietly shifting their focus to the overseas market for twenty years. In the early 1950's these companies—which are still viewed erroneously as "American" companies, when in fact their allegiance departed these shores long ago—were selling most of their oil products to the U.S. market. By the early 1960's they were selling only about 50 percent of their products here. By the start of this decade, two-thirds of their market was in Europe and Japan.

Let's pause a moment to recapitulate. Up to this point, we have seen the major international oil companies build toward the oil crisis by (1) forcing independent competitors out of business, (2) cutting back on production in the rich Middle East fields and refusing to import more of the available oil in Canada, (3) failing to build needed refineries, (4) refusing to increase oil explorations in the United States, and (5) shifting the bulk of their marketing to Europe and Japan, where there is no domestic oil production and consumers are even more at their mercy than are U.S. consumers.

All of this was being aimed at the 1971–1974 showdown. Now they were ready to cry crisis. They blamed many things—a cutback in production by Libya, a pipeline rupture in Saudi Arabia, a scarcity of tankers. But there was an interesting aspect to the timing. The oil industry had started complaining about a "shortage" and had started pushing up its prices in *April* 1970, but the Arabian pipeline didn't break until *May* and the Libyan cutback occurred sometime thereafter. As for the tanker shortage, only about 3 percent of our oil was being imported by tanker from the Middle East, and this amount could easily have been made up from sources closer to home.

When this fishy timetable was put together in testimony before a House investigating committee in 1971, Massachusetts congressman Silvio Conte correctly concluded that the price of oil had not been pushed up by logical and justifiable conditions in the marketplace but simply because "there was a conspiracy among the oil companies." As Conte put it, "It is either a conspiracy or a gross miscalculation by the oil companies. And I can't believe that the oil companies would miscalculate the situation, because they certainly have the finest backup force of any industry in the world, and they very, very seldom make a miscalculation."

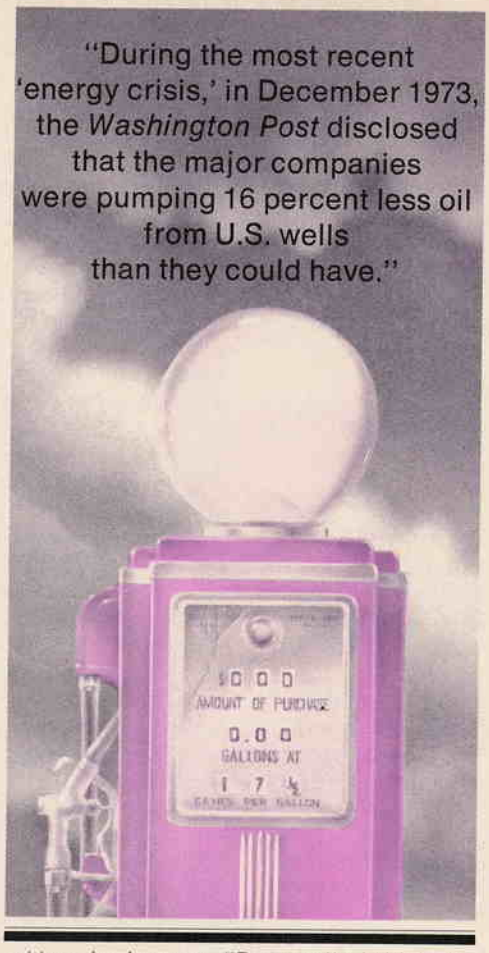
When the companies began their oil-shortage scare, they laid it on with a passion. In 1971, six of the largest firms (Exxon, Shell, Amoco, Gulf, Mobil, and Texaco) shoveled more than $110 million into advertising. The next year, four companies alone —Exxon, Shell, Texaco, and Gulf—spent $137 million on "crisis" advertising, and the American Petroleum Institute spent another $3 million.

But the industry didn't rely on propaganda alone. In 1972, the nation's ten largest oil companies increased the pinch by deliberately slowing down their refinery output by 3 percent, according to the Senate Permanent Investigation Subcommittee staff. And, according to Senator Frank E. Moss, the major oil companies stored—hid—about eleven million barrels of home heating oil on the East Coast during the winter of 1972 while Americans in the Upper Plains states suffered severe shortages. Their screams helped condition the nation.

The October 1973 outbreak of the Arab-Israeli war gave the international giants exactly the crisis atmosphere they needed to really tighten the screws. (Conveniently, the war started within a few months after the U.S. oil-embargo program, started in 1959, ended. If the war hadn't come up, the oil companies would have had a hard time thinking up an excuse to keep Mideast oil out of the U.S.) The sheiks of Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and other oil-rich kingdoms of the Persian Gulf grandly announced that they were embargoing oil to the United States and the Netherlands because those two nations were friendly to Israel.

At once the Nixon administration and the oil companies declared an emergency. They said we would shortly be starving for oil. Nixon grimly warned the nation that there was no way to make up the 17 percent of our oil that came from the Persian Gulf area. But that 17 percent figure was, to put it politely, a lie. We were getting only 6 percent of our oil from that area of the world (according to many reputable sources, including the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, which represents the major non-Communist industrial nations). Furthermore, the embargoed Mideast oil could easily have been made up from other sources. Robert B. Stobaugh, coordinator of the Harvard Business School Energy Project, pointed out that the crimping of shipments from the Mideast was not so important because "about half of the non-Communist world's crude oil production outside of North America is controlled by eighteen U.S.-headquartered oil companies, principally Exxon, Texaco, Gulf, Standard of California, and Mobil. These firms, along with other big oil companies such as British Petroleum and Royal Dutch Shell, can switch Arab oil to countries now using non-Arab oil, thereby making non-Arab oil available to the U.S."

The Netherlands, supposedly being embargoed by the Arabs, wasn't suffering at all. Jack Bax, a press aide for the city of Rotterdam, Europe's largest oil port, told reporters in January, "Personally I think the whole thing is a hoax."


"During the most recent 'energy crisis,' in December 1973, the *Washington Post* disclosed that the major companies were pumping 16 percent less oil from U.S. wells than they could have."

The Shah of Iran (where the Consortium still had seven big fields closed down) thought the U.S. was also being hoaxed. Referring to the so-called Middle East embargo, the Shah told TV interviewer Mike Wallace in February, "Why should you care about that? You are not short of oil." He went on to say that the U.S. was then importing "more oil than at any time in the past," sidestepping the phony embargo simply by shuffling the oil from one nation to another. Asked if he thought the companies were defrauding the public, he replied, "Well, something is going on for sure."

Something was indeed going on. On December 9, 1973, *Washington Post* reporter George Wilson disclosed that, according to the American Petroleum Institute's own figures, the major companies were pumping 16 percent less oil from U.S. wells than they could have. A month earlier it was discovered tat the United States companies had been *exporting* oil at a rate five times the normal level. The push for a contrived scarcity in the United States was well under way. (But there was no scarcity in Europe, where the price was right. On May 15, 1973, Amoco placed a full-page advertisement in the *Financial Times of London* soliciting new industrial customers and promising "secure" gasoline. Five days later Amoco placed a two-page advertisement in the *Washington Star-News*, explaining that its American customers would "have to get by with a little less for a while, so there'll be enough to go around.") In March 1974, as gasoline lines in the U.S. were stretching for blocks, international oil brokers in Vienna reported that American petroleum companies had offered two million tons of crude oil in European markets at prices *below* current market levels. Two economists with the Federal Power Commission admitted in testimony before the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee that the major oil companies were withholding from production untold quantities of oil and natural gas on 800,000 acres of leased land off the Louisiana and Texas coasts. At the same time, the majors continued to butcher their weak competitors, the independent refineries and the cut-rate retail dealers, simply by cutting off their supply of oil and gas. More than a thousand independent dealers went out of business in 1973.

THE RESULTS

The results are the same as after every "shortage crisis" this century: prices shot up, and the industry became more concentrated and more powerful and more uncontrollable. In May 1974, Senator Philip Hart, chairman of the Senate Antitrust Subcommittee, announced that oil and gasoline price rises during the previous year alone had cost consumers $35.5 billion and that the annual cost-increase would continue at that level—until the oil companies decided to scare the prices even higher, of course. Each penny added to the price of a gallon of gasoline was said to put an extra billion dollars in the pocket of the oil industry. Profits for the top ten oil companies alone were expected to hit $7.8 billion in 1974—an increase of 51.2 percent over 1973. The oil industry's profits had already risen 60 percent in 1973, a year that saw the top twenty-one companies earn $10 billion—a dazzling record in the history of U.S. industry. Marathon Oil profits were up 97 percent, Gulf up 86 percent, Standard of Ohio up 75 percent, and so forth.

The facts behind the "shortage" started surfacing earlier this year, when leaders of the industry began saying openly that they knew where plenty of oil and gas could be found—at the right price. Jim Langdon, chairman of the Texas Railroad Commission, which controls oil production in that state on behalf of the major companies, went so far as to say, "If this country wants to spend the money to do it, we can compete with the Arabs for the world oil market."

In January 1974, when the gas-station lines were just beginning in some parts of the country, a Washington economist predicted, "Last January, regular gasoline cost about thirty-eight cents a gallon on a national average, including taxes. By the end of December it was up to forty-four cents. When it gets up to fifty-five or sixty cents, the country might suddenly discover sometime in mid-1974 that the oil shortage seemed to be over."

And that's what happened. History was simply repeating itself. ○—■

Emmanuelle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

Mario is now quite pleased. "That must be the finest setting for jewelry I have ever seen."

Emmanuelle lifts both of her arms high. From armpit to hip, the upper part of the dress is wide open. Looking at Emmanuelle from either side, whenever she raises an arm or bends forward, Mario realizes that one will see the full profile of her bare breasts. It should be easy for her dancing partners to please their palms by slipping their hands through these lateral vents.

"Yes, my dear Emmanuelle," he says, smiling and offering his arm, "you are indeed ready for our little night of pleasure. Shall we be off? The Prince and his guests await us."

Maligâth is a conglomeration of marble edifices, separated by gardens with fountains and archways, lit up by parchment-covered lanterns and the moon, a cool, magical radiance. The grounds are terraced, and one ascends stairways bordered with hibiscus hedges and white columns. Beyond them are wide, greenhouse-dotted lawns, the expanse of which makes the sounds of Bangkok quite remote.

A strong perfume, emanating from giant gardenias planted in great Chinese vases, envelops the newcomers. Guided by a mere garland of rushlights, burning with purple flames, to the entrance to the palace, Emmanuelle and Mario seem to find themselves the first arrivals.

"Who has been invited?" Emmanuelle says, in a half whisper.

"All that Bangkok has to offer in the way of beauty and intelligence," says Mario. "Only the elect—those truly intelligent, truly beautiful."

"Are you sure *we* are that?"

Mario grins.

Somewhere near the center of the entrance building, they come into a much larger hall. It is dimly lit. A few couples are dancing, but they don't even turn their heads to look at the newcomers. A maid comes up, gives them their drinks. A fruity-tasting concoction, smooth and very strong.

"I suppose this is some kind of love philter?" Emmanuelle jokes, to reassure herself.

"I'm sure it is," Mario answers. "But then, in these parts, practically everything one eats and drinks is some kind of aphrodisiac."

At that moment, a man comes up to them. He seems to know Mario, and Mario introduces him to Emmanuelle. She forgets his name instantly. He bows, impersonally, courteously, and asks her to dance with him. Reluctantly, she follows him to the floor, holding the folds of her dress together.

He is tall and has to bend down a little to keep his face level with Emmanuelle's. He wants to know how old she is, where she has passed her childhood. He wants her to tell him about her tastes, her preferences. Does she like to read? Does she enjoy going to the theater? Does she have any favorite authors?

At first, her replies are none too friendly. She is rather put upon by all these questions, but then she starts enjoying the way her partner is leading her in the dance. She doesn't want to chat about literature; she wants to give in to the rhythm. The mere act of dancing is reassuring, a link back to the known world.

Soon she realizes that she, herself, is pressing her body against his, provoking him. It isn't that she feels particularly attracted to him; it is simply a conditioned reflex. She feels his cock harden and press up against her belly. She feels at ease, rubbing against him, and isn't far from regarding her proximity to this unknown companion as some kind of refuge and defense.

He, for his part, seems to enjoy the talents of his partner. He lets her take him right up to the point of orgasm, then withdraws just as she is about to give the finishing touch. It annoys her. She can't understand how a man can reject a chance like this, even if his intention is only to save his spunk for some later and perhaps better occasion. Why, after all, should he be so mean?

Appearing absolutely certain of the rightness of his action, the recalcitrant fellow holds up Emmanuelle's ring finger, adorned with a fine cluster of diamonds, and asks if she is married.

"Of course I am," she answers sullenly, as if he has cast some aspersion on her femininity.

"Oh, yes? Very good. And have you had any lovers?"

"I've only been married for a year!"

But seriously, she asks herself, has she had any lovers?

"Tell me, dear sir, what exactly is a 'lover'?"

He doesn't care to respond. He has obviously reached the point at which theory ceases to be interesting. Instead of providing Emmanuelle with a brilliant answer, he just squeezes her breasts and thighs. So she kisses him, returns his embrace, and thinks of nothing but fucking. She stretches out a naked leg, and he squeezes it between his own. He started groping for her breasts, for her cunt. They are hardly dancing any longer, but sometimes jostling other couples. Are these all engaged in similar fondlings?

Quickly, Emmanuelle recovers her awareness of the surrounding world. The first thing she notices is that all the other women dancing nearby (there are perhaps five or six) resemble her. They are all beautiful, all clad in transparent veils, with long, black hair, and shoulders as bare as her own. Their thighs slide between their partner's legs.

Emmanuelle thinks it would be a pleasure to watch one of these women in the act of making love; but her partner has decided that it is, in fact, she who is going to provide that spectacle. He leads her toward a roofed-over terrace that runs all along the outside of the hall. There, other guests are standing around. Emmanuelle's partner sits down on a low stool, upholstered in green silk, and pulls her toward him until she stands with her legs pressed against his knees. He parts her Greek robe, uncovers the long legs, parts them with his hands, and makes her stand astride his thighs. Then he makes her bend her knees, to move down toward him. When his prick touches the moist cunt, he inserts it, using his fingers; then takes hold of her buttocks and makes her envelop it completely.

"Now ask me to make you come," he says.

"Yes!" Emmanuelle says, in a hoarse whisper. "I want to come."

"Louder! So everybody can hear."

She bends backwards and cries, "Make me come!"

He insists: "Again! Go on!"

She obeys, attracting an increasing number of spectators, who stand watching her bounce up and down, then hear her cry out, groaning with pleasure.

"Oh, I'm coming! Yes I am! I am! It's good . . . so good."

When she finally stops, he holds her, limp and soft in his arms, until she has returned to her senses. He stays right inside her, making her move again, making her breasts bobble up and down, thrusting into her, twice . . . thrice . . . twenty times. A groan rises from Emmanuelle's throat. The man bites her shoulder, explodes inside her. She feels him spurting into her, and once again she soars like an eagle.

One of the spectators asks Emmanuelle's partner to let him have her now. She gets up—she has neither time nor sense enough to ask herself if she'll miss her lover of a moment ago, the lover to whom she has told so many things. Instead, she finds herself giving her hand to the newcomer, following him into a chamber that opens up to their right.

Her new master stops, under a ceiling light, and inspects his prize with satisfaction.

"I've been looking for you for over an hour!" he sighs.

"For me, you mean, for me in particular?" Emmanuelle asks, genuinely surprised. "I wouldn't have thought there was any shortage of talent on these premises."

"No, I guess there's plenty. But I came here for you."

"What's so different about me?"

"I still can't believe that you are here. That I can see you, stark naked, through your dress."

Suddenly Emmanuelle feels fed up with the newcomer. "You can see me more naked than this any morning at the beach," she says.

Her eyes are already roaming about the room searching everywhere for less tedious company. Where's Mario? How boorish

of him to leave me here at the mercy of imbeciles!

She makes a getaway, walks straight ahead. She passes groups of people who seem to have nothing better to do than wander aimlessly through the corridors, not talking, not paying any attention to her. It seems as though there are two quite distinct brotherhoods conducting their reunions within these walls, each according to its own rules, totally ignoring the other.

Some strangers—two men in dinner jackets, a young woman in an evening gown—stop and try to communicate with her in several languages at once. Finally, one of them manages to explain, in rather good French, that they are looking for a pretty girl to take along, out of the palace, to make up a "foursome" with them. Emmanuelle feels tempted. But curiously, at this very moment when an opportunity to leave presents itself, she begins to feel reluctant.

While she is still hesitating, another trio arrives from the opposite direction and, without a word, drags her off at a brisk pace through several rooms. She has no time for protest. From a half-open door in front of them come peals of laughter and the sound of music. They enter and the tableau before them forces an exclamation of surprise from Emmanuelle's lips.

On a fur-covered divan, as wide as it is long, reclines her friend Ariane de Saynes—a big grin on her face as always—between two males as stark naked as she is. In her right hand, Ariane is holding with perfect grace the erect member of one of her neighbors. Her left breast serves as a cushion for the other fellow's penis. All three are smiling amiably at Emmanuelle.

"Do have some of the mango cake," Ariane urges her. "I'll bet you're absolutely famished. And take some champagne, too. It's one of the finest vintages."

Emmanuelle's eyes are smarting from the sudden brightness. Ever since her arrival she has been moving around in dimly lit halls and passages. Maligâth has become a realm of shadows in her mind. But now she finds herself quite suddenly in a room so brilliantly illuminated that she asks herself if it isn't really some theater stage or movie set, glaring with arc lights and spots, that she has stumbled into. The impression is so compelling that Emmanuelle can't help looking up to make sure that there is an actual ceiling. The walls are high enough to justify her doubts, and the decor is as weird as can be imagined: on one wall a Klee canvas hangs above a Buddhist temple portal from Sukhothai; a blind wall opposite is entirely shrouded in white; in the middle of another there is set an Etruscan frieze; while a fourth is completely covered from top to bottom with precious tapestries, overlapping and crowding each other and entirely concealing any doors that may be there. A bundle of long poles, inlaid or covered with gold—which Emmanuelle takes to be shafts of halberds—hangs in precarious equilibrium above the monumental couch on which Ariane and her swains are reclining. There are no other pieces of furniture in the room, except for a profusion of chests, some made of dark wood, some leather-covered, and others fashioned of bronze. These serve as seats and tables, and the trio who brought Emmanuelle here have already arranged themselves upon them, poured drinks and now sit there looking at her.

Emmanuelle unbuckles the belt and brooch that hold up her dress. In one long wavelike motion the chiton slides from her body. She retains her other jewelry and stands naked, waiting.

One of Ariane's partners gets up and takes Emmanuelle by the hand. She follows him, lets him stretch her out on her back on the divan and arrange her legs so that they hang over the edge. Her black pubis with its constellations of pearls juts out over the edge of the white fur cover. Emmanuelle's new partner gets down on his knees and starts to lick her. She closes her eyes, abandoning herself to the best of her ability, telling herself to concentrate on the caress, and soon she is nothing but a voluptuous body that has forgotten all its fears and alarms.

Her new lover goes on licking her until she has spent all her breath, giving up all struggle. But then it is she who pulls him up—and down on top of herself. She feels the weight of his cock against her thighs; she works with her hands to make him enter into her. He accepts and takes her, most attentively, holding back his own pleasure until she has reached the point where she is uttering long, ecstatic cries. And then, at the very summit of her pleasure, the fragrance of sperm seems to rise within her and delight her taste buds.

A number of the other guests leap upon Emmanuelle and her partner. They drag the man off and grab at her buttocks, caress her breasts. She hears a chorus of commands in a foreign language. Someone translates, tells her to raise her legs towards the ceiling. She complies and then folds her thighs back against her breasts. A dry, brutal phallus is trying to force its way in between her buttocks and the pain makes her cry out. She turns her head, first to the left and then to the right, calling for help. Ariane comes close and Emmanuelle takes her hand.

"No! Get them off me! Ariane, I don't want to. I don't!"

At this very moment, a wave of bodies carries her assailant away. She hastens to stretch out her legs and embrace her girl friend.

Ariane whispers in her ear. "This gentleman"—she points to the one Emmanuelle had seen, only a little while ago, fucking Ariane herself—"wants to put it in your mouth; but he's too timid to ask you. You don't mind, do you?"

Emmanuelle shakes her head.

Ariane leaves her and is replaced by a male body stretching out on top of hers, with all its weight. Lips take possession of her own, crushing them, a tongue penetrates between her teeth, running its tip over her tongue, over her palate, insistent, hard, bringing tears of pleasure to her eyes. She feels herself going, thinks she is going to come once again, just by kissing. The man looks pleased with her. He holds her shoulders; his hands are like steel talons.

"Now then," he murmurs, "you feel my belly on your belly? How it's moving upward? I'll move all the way to your breasts—and then later up to your face. First I'll shove my prick into your tits. Not *between* them, but *into* them—into that lovely, thick tissue, one after the other. I'll stick it right through them; I'll make the milk flow from your glands. Will you let me do that?"

Emmanuelle does not reply.

He goes on: "And after I've taken your tits, I'll stick my prick into your throat, going in through the mouth. With all the force at my disposal, I'll shove it into your mouth and force you to unclench your teeth, to open your lips . . . I'll make you choke on it, so fast you won't have time to cry out for help. I'll hold your flanks between my knees, I'll go up and down, I'll screw it into you. I'll make it bruise your tongue, your uvula—and I'll push even beyond that, all the way down back into your cunt, but from *above*! I'll fuck you in the mouth, exactly as if I was fucking your cunt! I'll feel your tears splashing onto my belly, bathing my prick!"

She has to open her mouth so wide that it starts to hurt even before he is able to insert his enormous rod. Quite obviously, he is running out of time, for just before he can proceed to any of the phenomenal tortures he has promised, his spunk flies, thick and copious—pints of it, accompanied by great groans of gratification.

"Go on, gulp it down!" he urges in a croaking voice. "Use your mouth. Don't move! I'm going to stay in you for a while."

Emmanuelle, her face squeezed flat by his heavy abdomen, becomes aware that they are spreading her legs again. She tries to resist, but in vain. Someone she can't even see plunges into her up to the hilt. Throat and vulva thus occupied, she begins to panic. She is lost now, nothing can save her; she really *is* going to die. But the very next moment, as waves of pleasure begin to undulate through her, she chides herself for this apprehension. If she could, she would cry out—but in exultation and triumph!

"What do you know," she congratulates herself. "Here I am, being fucked by two men at once. A memorable experience. It's like a second defloration. I'm being cleansed, publicly, of the last little stains of innocence."

She gives in to the demands of her body, lapped by waves, long waves that offer her up to the wind—a thousand heads of spume, a thousand tongues of seaweed, a thousand sweet caresses of her hull, freighted to the brim with a treasure cargo of precious stones and spices, loaded into her on unknown shores by men with golden skins.

Later, some new arrivals come into the chamber and Emmanuelle takes a short break from lovemaking in order to chat with them. She has regained all her composure and does not even

remember the demoralized state, fleeting as it was, of the hour before. She finds it perfectly normal to sit stark naked in this salon, frequented by what seem to be upper-class people. After all, the majority of the guests have remained in full evening regalia, all buttoned up to their chins and quite remote, it seems, from ribald behavior. And why shouldn't it be this way, she asks herself, philosophically. Let all those who like to be dressed up, dress up; and let those who would rather go naked, go naked! It's as simple as that.

After some light conversation, two of the guests in white tie and tails, without losing their poise, implore Emmanuelle to lie down on her back, very straight. Then they also persuade Ariane to get down on all fours above Emmanuelle, with her pubis right over her mouth. Emmanuelle tells herself that they are going to ask her and her friend to perform a classic act, but this is not the case. Out of his immaculately pressed trousers, one of the men produces a long, sturdy cock which he proceeds to introduce into Ariane's slit, fucking her right in front of Emmanuelle's eyes.

For a time that seems to approach infinity, Emmanuelle lies there, watching the shaft sink in up to the testicles, then reappear, and then plunge back in again with a deliberateness that is enormously exciting. Never in her life has she beheld a spectacle as stimulating as this one now being performed right in front of her face. She can hear the slurping noises from the vagina, well-lubricated by the prick's steady and magisterial ins-and-outs, and she waits for the great spray to rain upon her face. She feels as though she could watch forever, and the excitement of her senses is so intense that she cries out, shaken by tremors of voluptuousness. No one even touches her, but she needs no assistance—not even her own caress—to be the first of the three to attain orgasm.

After this initial spasm, the second man takes hold of her right hand and directs it to her clitoris, making her masturbate, while he opens a small case, takes out his camera, and films the scene. But Emmanuelle is totally incapable of paying attention to this. She has eyes only for the fascinating copulatory movements above her.

When the critical moment at last arrives, the man withdraws his rod brusquely and hastily forces it down into Emmanuelle's waiting mouth, discharging his sperm—aromatic with the flavors of Araine—into her.

Emmanuelle is still swallowing, when a hand interrupts her masturbation, forces her own hand aside, and takes a firm hold of her genitals. At first she thinks it is Ariane, but—no—the grip is too virile. She raises her head and peers down between her breasts. It is someone new—someone she has met before, but in quite different circumstances. This man was then wearing a naval officer's uniform and they had been attending a reception given at the embassy in the center of Bangkok. He had been deeply excited by her décolletage when she made her entrance, and she remembered the stammers that betrayed the conflict created between desire and good manners. That memory pleases her a great deal. Here I am now, she thinks, exposed without the slightest covering, to one and all, and then here is a man who has wanted to be my lover and who looks much less embarrassed than back at the embassy.

Emmanuelle sits up. "Sailors never have a tan. I wonder why?" she thinks out loud.

"When next to you, I really *should* feel ashamed of the pallor of my skin," the man admits, "but then we men don't have to provide that kind of beauty."

"What *do* you have to provide?"

"The law."

Emmanuelle looks for traces of the timidity and deference the same man had shown only four days before. None are to be seen—nothing but smiling strength and a manner that indicates he is used to being obeyed. She finds it most stimulating.

"Well, what do I have to do to live up to my role?" she asks.

"Nothing out of the ordinary. Just submit, that's all." His tone is matter-of-fact. No answer is required.

Nevertheless, Emmanuelle feels impelled to add, "That's all I could ask for."

Yet, suddenly, she wants more than that. To render her submission complete, she wants it to be public, proclaimed. She wants him to dispose not only of her flesh, but of her reputation as well.

The man of the sea continues to look at her and says nothing. But as soon as she seems to want to make some further statement, he jumps to his feet.

"We're wasting time with all this small talk," he says. "Come on!"

He takes her arm, holding it above the elbow in a strong grip.

"Where are you taking her?" Ariane calls out. "Don't take her away from us. She's ours."

"For the time being, she's mine," the naval officer corrects her.

"You'll be back?" Ariane shouts after them.

Emmanuelle, nude and enraptured, turns and makes a reassuring sign, even as she is urged along a dim corridor that stretches off toward the central chambers of the palace of Maligâth.

She follows close behind the sailor as he leads her deeper through the labyrinth of rooms, vaults, corridors, and staircases that ascend toward domes where flying figures cavort and twist among the clouds of strange erotic murals. A turn here . . . a descent . . . a door . . . another corridor. She follows close behind, willing, enraptured.

Finally, parting a curtain, he leads her into a vast banquet chamber whose center is dominated by a huge marble table supporting an endless array of foods and ringed with servants.

"Here," he says, "you will find refreshment. For the other sexual encounters that are planned for you later—for our little games of submission and abandon—you will need to restore your essential energies now. I suggest you do so without delay."

Emmanuelle walks to the table and is amazed by the variety and seductiveness of the buffet spread out before her. There is a consommé of red and green peppers seasoned with citronella, basil, and mint; a chowder of squid with lotus hearts and cubeb fruit; shark fins in crab milk; sea urchins, finely sliced, so that no visible trace remains of their obscene shape; lobster claws stuffed with cardamom seeds; barracuda meat, tenderized and steamed with a mixture of twenty-seven spices smuggled in from China, Indonesia, and Vietnam; tiny grilled birds, to be eaten entire, not excluding the long beak, the crackly claws, and the creamy brain; and, finally, some translucent, iridescent, gelatinous filaments that look like vermicelli, but are actually the venomous tentacles of the so-called medusa jellyfish—which is male in its youth, hermaphroditic in middle-age, and female in its dotage.

Young men, flaunting their bare buttocks and in fact wearing nothing but a low-slung belt with a minimal apron in front, circulate about the room offering these delicacies. Their aprons consist of alternate strips of pink cloth and silver chain-links, which allows visual appreciation of their equipment. There are also young girls with budding breasts, their pubes adorned with jasmine, hibiscus, and frangipani blossoms, and wearing round their necks, suspended from silken cords, phallic ivory amulets inlaid with gold—of a size quite sufficient to permit certain guests to use them later in the evening in order to deflower their wearers (hand-picked virgins, expressly destined to be so no longer by the end of the party). These girls bring in still more exotic viands—offering coelacanths cut in half and containing a marvelous broth made of nightingales' nests and turtle eggs; tidbits of crocodile curry; squirrel pâté; cobra fritters; mushrooms cooked in their own spores and powdered stag antlers; bamboo shoots in oyster sauce; and small niello dishes containing little mounds of fresh monkey brains.

Emmanuelle has a little bit of everything; and, for dessert, some candied giant moths, scarab beetles, and mandrake roots, plus a few drinks of fiery Khouang-Tong liqueur, beer brewed from the white rice of Khôrât, and even some *eau de soleil* ("sun water") from the southern provinces—a real stinger, with an effect not unlike being whacked in the guts with a bullwhip. After the meal is finished, she finds it quite hard to remember whether she has been at it for an hour, a day, a year, or for all her life. . . .

Nor does she have the faintest idea as to which part of the palace she is in. She now finds herself sitting with a group of people she has never seen before—lounging about, talking, laughing, and generally having a good time. A big brown-skinned man, stretched out on the thick blue carpet, is resting his head against her thigh, while another strokes her feet. But she is content. Her heart intones a barcarolle of praise: sweet night! wonderful night!

When the World War II Vets came home there were bands, kisses, jobs and education for the asking.

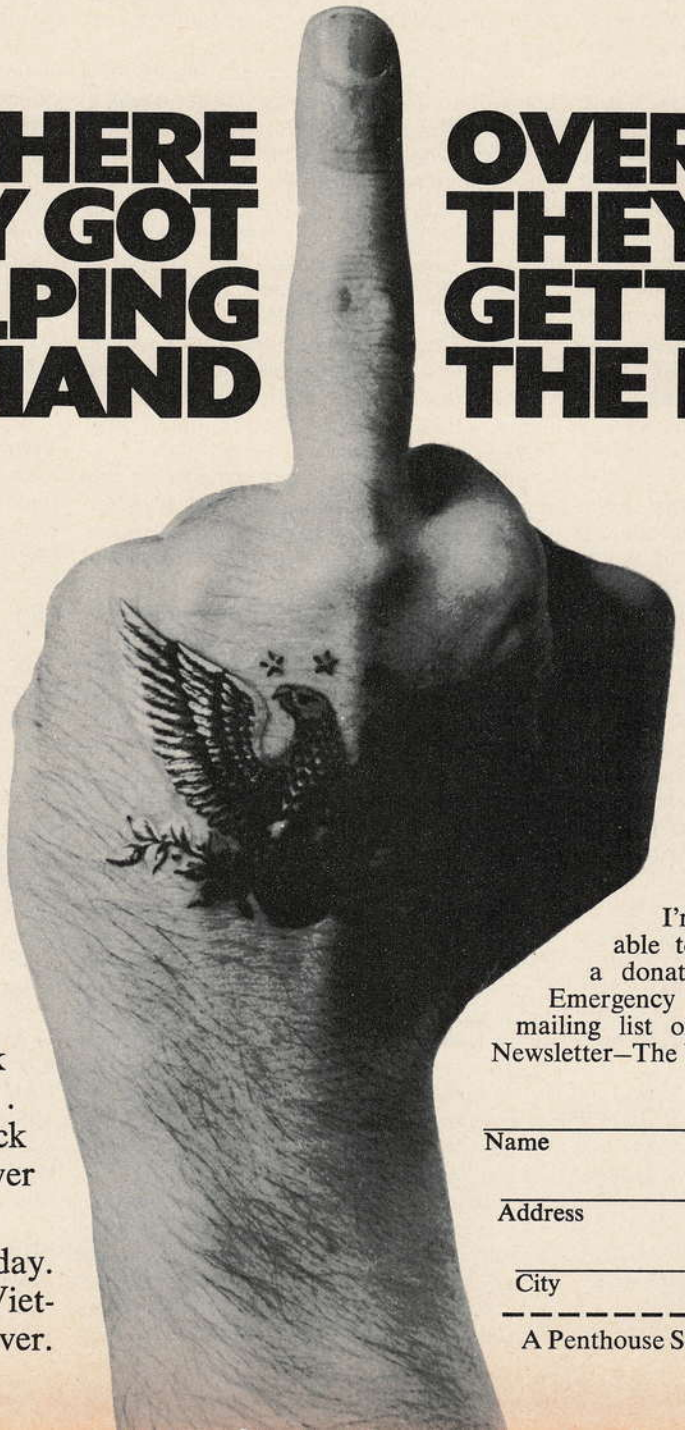
Last year their sons came home from a war which was in many ways far worse. And they're getting cold shoulders, slammed doors, few jobs and less money for education, subsistence or anything else.

It's the basic things that hurt . . . the lack of money for rent or education or even food. But it's the little things that finally break you . . . like the late check that the VA says is due to some computer foul-up or the lack of transportation money to get to job interviews. And you don't want a public dole.

Our forgotten men can't wait. They cannot wait until it gets straightened out in Washington. That's why we've set up the Veteran's Emergency Fund. We won't be around next year asking for your money. We're just what we're called: an Emergency Fund. Set up right now to provide emergency subsistence to the Vietnam Vet while he gets on his own two feet again. Funding will be disbursed in the form of outright grants or short-term no-interest loans and will be administered by the non-profit Kharma Foundation.

OVER THERE THEY GOT A HELPING HAND

OVER HERE THEY'RE GETTING THE FINGER



Send them a message. A dollar or two or maybe five from you could be just the message one of these guys needs at this crucial moment: somebody out there still cares!

Whether you were a hawk or a dove on the war . . . you can't turn your back on the guys that went over there and fought it!

Send whatever you can today. For the returned Vet, the Vietnam emergency is not over.

To: Vietnam Veterans' Emergency Fund
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I'm enclosing a check made payable to the Kharma Foundation – as a donation to the Vietnam Veterans' Emergency Fund. Please put me on the mailing list of your quarterly Vietnam Vet Newsletter–The Voice of the Veteran.

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A Penthouse Social Service Ad

LUCIANO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

Cardinal Daugherty had merely strengthened Luciano's bias toward Smith. But as the convention approached, it was vital for Roosevelt to gain the solid support of his home state of New York—not just upstate, which was already committed to him, but New York City as well.

"There wasn't a chance for Roosevelt to get the delegates from the city without makin' a deal with Tammany, and in 1932 the guys who ran Tammany was run by me and Frank Costello. I liked Smith and he was the guy I wanted, but he didn't talk no better than me, and I sorta hated that anybody should be in the White House talkin' like a guy from the Lower East Side. I respected Roosevelt because he came from that group of society guys I got to know real well down in Palm Beach and up in Saratoga. But there was somethin' in my bones that told me not to trust Roosevelt. I told this to Costello and Lansky and they laughed at me. Costello said, 'Charlie, I wanna tell you right now that Mr. Roosevelt wants to be president so bad he'll do anythin', including kissin' your ass in Macy's window.' "

But corruption in New York City had reached the point where it could no longer be ignored. Judge Samuel Seabury had been appointed to investigate. "Every goddamn fuckin' move we made was gettin' into the newspapers, and that bastard Seabury was really diggin' deep. He was lookin' into our deals with the judges and he was tryin' to prove that me and Costello and Dutch Schultz, Lepke, and lots of political big shots like Mayor Jimmy Walker and Jimmy Hines of Tammany was all tied up together.

"The first thing we did was put together a bundle of over two million to buy off Seabury. The bastard turned us down cold and gave the story to the *New York Times* and there we was on the front page again.

"The only guy who could control Seabury was Roosevelt. But all we could do was wait. Then a big lawyer who lived up near Roosevelt came to Frank Costello and said he would very much like to talk. We had the meet and this fellow's blood was so blue you could've used it in your fountain pen. But he was no dope. He makes a remark like, 'We're sounding out some of the big contributors to see if they would be willing to make donations to support Governor Roosevelt's campaign.' Frank says, 'We ain't never held back from our friends yet.'

"I was sick of all this beating around the bush, and I said, 'Roosevelt has a guy by the name of Seabury who's makin' things real tough for some people around the city. If we deliver—and you know what I mean—then you gotta deliver, and you know what that means.' We all shook hands, smiled, slapped each other on the back, and the guy leaves. Before I could say anythin' Frank starts to laugh. He says, 'No matter how you look at it, we're backin' both horses in a two-horse race. How can we lose?' "

From Albany, Governor Roosevelt then made a statement denouncing civic crime, corruption, and graft. But he said that while he applauded the efforts of Judge Seabury, he felt that the panel had not made a strong enough case against Mayor Walker, Tammany, and its leaders.

Luciano, Costello, and Lansky traveled with the New York City delegation to Chicago and kept the leaders under constant watch and control. At the Drake Hotel, in hospitality suites run by the outfit, liquor was free and was poured steadily and unstintingly. Much of the booze gurgled down the throat of a Louisiana politician, Huey "The Kingfish" Long. He was brought to a meeting in Luciano's suite where the outlines of a deal were laid whereby Louisiana would be thrown open to the organization, allowing gambling casinos to be brought in for the high rollers and slot machines for the average man.

"We didn't know too much about Huey Long," Luciano said, "except that he was a loudmouth who liked to drink, and he seemed to control his state with an iron fist. That was good enough for me though. And that's the way it worked out. Long opened up the state and we moved into every parish. By the time Long got knocked off a couple of years later, we'd put about three million bucks cash in his pockets."

As the Convention went on, Frank Costello got the word that Roosevelt would live up to his promise to kill the Seabury investigation: "I mean, like tapering off so he could save face—and it was in the bag for him."

Late that evening, Luciano made his way surreptitiously to Smith's suite. "I told him we had no choice but to throw in with Roosevelt. He asked me straight out what the deal was, and I decided to tell him. I said, 'Al, Roosevelt's promised he's gonna close his eyes to Seabury and keep 'em closed.'

"What happened then really got to me. This world-famous politician, this tough guy who grew up on the same streets as me, he started to bawl. He kept walkin' around the room, holdin' his head in his hands and all he could say was, 'Charlie, you fellas are crazy. I would've murdered Seabury for you.' As I started to leave, Al put his hand on my shoulder. He wasn't cryin' no more. He was the tough old 'Happy Warrior' they used to call him. Then he said somethin' that really made my blood run cold. 'Charlie,' he said, 'Frank Roosevelt'll break his word to you. He'll kill you.' And my bones told me that we'd walked into a trap—that Smith was right."

He was. With the adulation of the entire country beginning to pour over him as the Democratic candidate, Roosevelt turned Judge Seabury loose.

"Roosevelt had been a prick all along," said Luciano, "but as I look back, he done exactly what I would've done in the same position. I had Masseria and Maranzano knocked off to get to the top. What I did was illegal; I broke the law. Roosevelt had us and other guys like Hines and Walker sent to the can or squashed. What he did was legal. We was both shitass double-crossers. But I never knew a guy who was gonna be president would stick a knife in your back. I never knew his word was no better than lots of racket guys."

With Roosevelt's blessings, Seabury hauled one Democratic city politician after another before his investigating committee. He prepared to move against Mayor Walker, but before he could, Walker sent him a telegram: "I HEREBY RESIGN AS MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY. JAMES J. WALKER." Before anybody quite knew what had happened, Walker was on a boat for Paris, accompanied by Betty Compton, his showgirl mistress. When he returned, years later, he was greeted by a wave of nostalgia for the good old days.

New York was ready for reform. And with this threat hanging in the air, Luciano and his colleagues began looking for ways to expand abroad.

In September 1933 Lansky made a trip to Havana, met with the Cuban strongman Fulgencio Batista, a friend from earlier Prohibition days, and came away with gambling rights on the island. "We hadda put up three million in cash, in front, for Batista, and Lansky opened an account in Zurich, Switzerland, for him. From then on, Batista got a guarantee of three million a year, minimum, but it always went way over that on the percentage. Eventually we also opened up Nassau and places like that."

Other foreign prospects developed—some in strange ways. For instance, in 1932 Vito Genovese fell in love with Anna Petillo Vernotico. Unfortunately, she was already married, but that did not stop Genovese. He had Anna's husband, Gerard Vernotico, garrotted and thrown off a roof. Then, within a few weeks, he took the widow as his bride. For his honeymoon Genovese took Anna to Italy.

The seeds planted by Genovese in Italy eventually flourished into an illicit drug industry that was to become a national nightmare in the years following World War II. But Genovese's personal plans were delayed by his own greed. A small-town hoodlum named Ferdinand "The Shadow" Boccia brought him a sucker, a gullible and wealthy Brooklyn merchant who loved to gamble. Together with a cohort, Genovese took the merchant for $50,000. Then he refused to give Boccia his cut. Instead he hired two minor hoodlums, Willie Gallo and Ernest "The Hawk" Rupolo, to kill Boccia—which they did. Genovese then paid Rupolo $175 to murder Gallo. Rupolo botched the job, and Gallo then went to the police and later testified at Rupolo's trial. Rupolo was sentenced to nine-to-twenty years. From then on, Genovese lived in fear that Rupolo would talk. Eventually it drove him out of the country.

"The Little Flower [Mayor Fiorello La Guardia] started to throw some pretty big rocks at me and Frank Costello. I'm walkin' down the street and this cop comes up to me and he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

The L&M moment.

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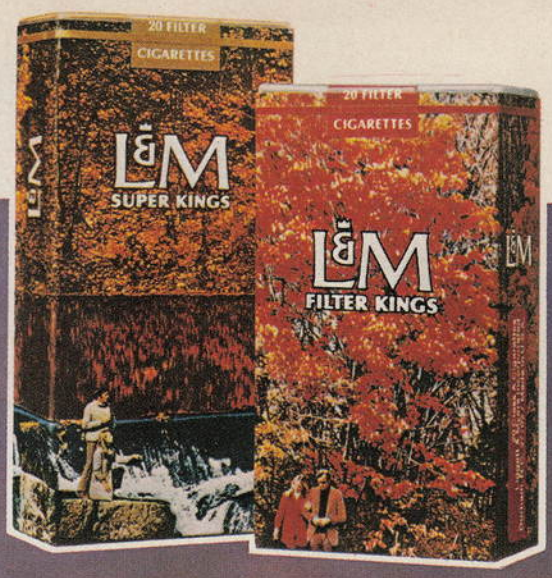

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King: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine;
Super King: 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Mar. '74).

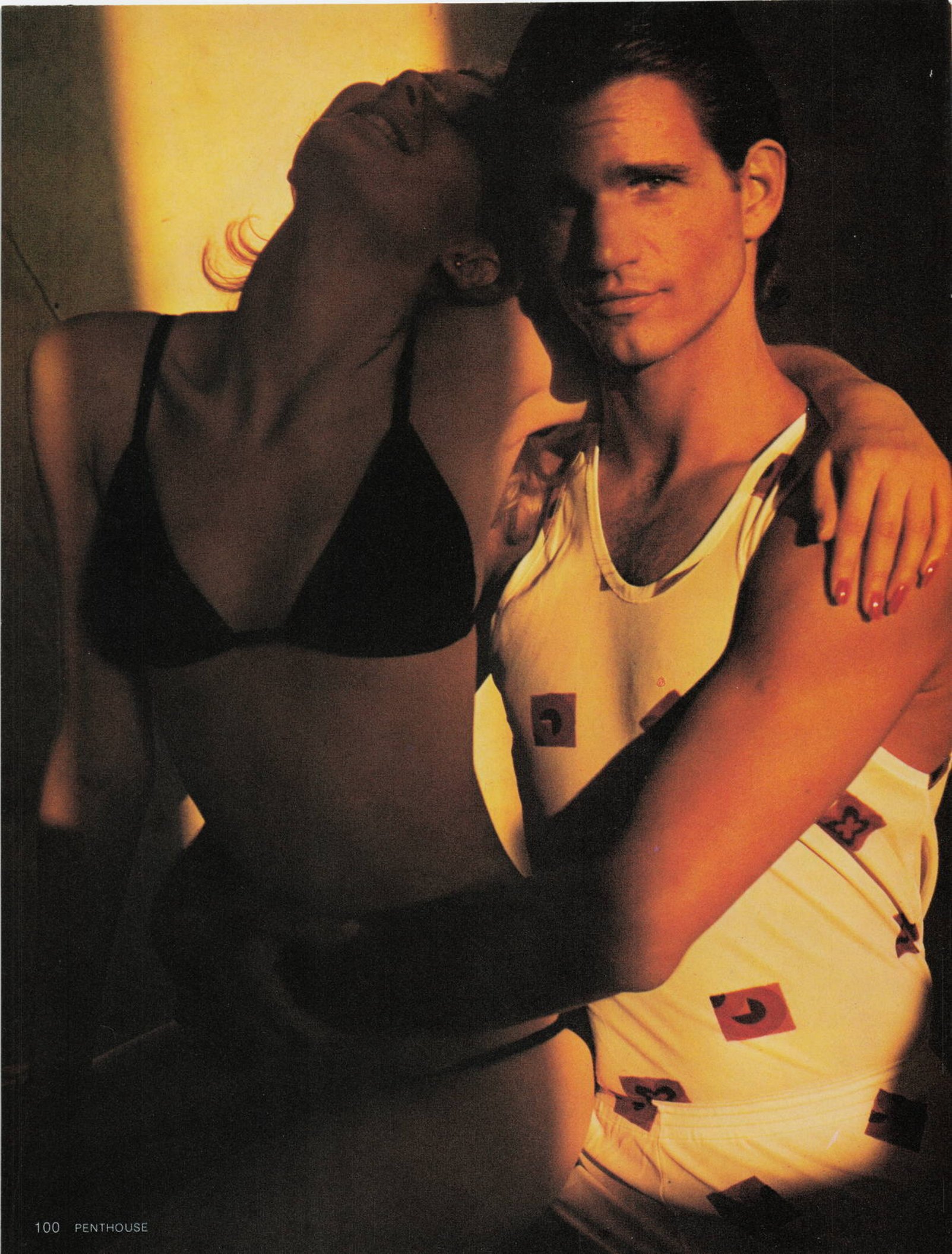
BRIEF ENCOUNTER

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

A liberated attitude toward their bodies is getting more and more men into bikini underwear of the most risqué nature. Coupled with the overwhelming influence of sleek-fitting jeans and slick knit tops, baggy boxer shorts may be as outmoded as the one-piece union suit.

Photographs by Alen MacWeeney

Geometric block print by Manhattan Industries. Athletic top, $4.50; briefs, $4.50.



Opposite: *Dimensional squares on white ground by Paris Accessories for Men. Athletic top, $4; briefs, $3.50.* **Top:** *Striped nylon acetate briefs by Paris Accessories for Men. $3.50.* **Above:** *Black on white cotton briefs by Jockey. $2.50. For information on where to buy merchandise featured, check off Fashion Finder coupon, page 150.*

I, Dick Blake, sent off to the Warehouse Sound Co. and quickly received a full-color catalog of stereo components and complete music systems. I testify that they carry every major brand and offer super discounts! Furthermore, if you'll include $1 for postage, those great people will also send either one of the following: their new 64-page catalog of professional products for musicians, or the 1975 edition of the Music Machine Almanac, which is a 185-page institutional guide to stereo equipment, complete with photos, prices, and specifications for over 40 brands! Sells on the newsstands for $1.95 — so it's a good deal. Do it today!

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P 9'74

LUCIANO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

says, 'Charlie, the Commissioner wants to see you.' I says, 'For chrissake, it's New Year's. Tell him I'll see him tomorrow.' But the cop tells me that La Guardia's down on all of 'em and they gotta bring me in to make it look good. He gives me a ride downtown and Commissioner John O'Ryan's waitin' for me. This was before La Guardia named Lewis Valentine for the job. He says, 'Charlie, we hadda bring you in. If you want to go home now, we'll give you a ride.' I look at him like he's nuts and I ask him, 'Ain't you even gonna ask me one question?' He says, 'What do you want me to ask you?' So I was there about ten minutes.

"And the same thing happened to the rest of the guys. Maybe Schultz was Public Enemy Number One with the FBI, but with La Guardia I was the number-one guy. Why the hell did he have to say, 'Lucky Luciano is nothin' but a cheap bum'? That little bastard knew there was nothin' cheap about me; a guy who lives in the Waldorf Towers ain't no bum.

"He was a wop like the rest of us and he wasn't goin' no place. He'd already been a congressman and he couldn't expect to be president. If the American people didn't elect Al Smith, they sure as hell wouldn't give the right time to a half-Jewish wop like La Guardia. When we offered to make him rich, he wouldn't even listen."

The federal government had begun pushing Dutch Schultz on income tax charges. Schultz had branched out from being the beer baron of the Bronx into one of the top policy-racket men in the country. He eventually gave up, went through two trials, and won an acquittal—a verdict that enraged the presiding judge.

But then Thomas E. Dewey was appointed a special rackets prosecutor, and he began preparing to get Schultz for the murder of one of his own hoodlums, Jules Dodgilewsky. That's when Schultz approached Albert Anastasia with the idea of bumping off Dewey. Against the advice of Lansky (who felt that Dutch was invaluable in drawing attention away from the "outfit"), Luciano and the council then voted to eliminate Schultz because they feared that Dewey's murder would bring the roof down. On October 23, 1935, Schultz and three of his men were gunned down in the Palace Chop House and Tavern in Newark, New Jersey. Schultz was slain while standing in the men's room, urinating. But Lansky was right. As Luciano said, "Once the Dutchman was dead, everybody who'd been after Dutch came lookin' for me."

Dewey's problem in getting to Luciano was to connect the crimes at the bottom with the man at the top. Luciano had built his empire on a corporate model so that there were a good many layers between him and the bottom.

The weak point in this empire—and the point selected by Dewey—was the prostitution racket, the one area (in addition to narcotics) in which Luciano always maintained he did not function.

An assistant U.S. district attorney named Eunice Carter didn't believe this. She became convinced that a syndicate had taken over and was running the business in New York. She was ridiculed at first in her own office, but then Dewey hired her to work with attorneys Sol Gelb and Murray Gurfein to prove the existence of a prostitution syndicate with Luciano at the top.

They came to believe that the key was a man named Little Davie Betillo, whose name "just kept turning up." On February 1, 1936, more than one hundred prostitutes and madams were arrested, as was Little Davie, and it became apparent to those arrested that if they would talk about Lucky Luciano there was a good chance that charges would be dropped, immunity would be granted, and various other nice things might happen.

Luciano was not arrested in the first wave. But he soon had to flee the city, tipped off by a Waldorf employee who warned him that detectives were on the way. He fled to Little Rock, Arkansas, where the mob had contacts and he was assured protection by Owney "The Killer" Madden, who presided in that area. Gay Orlova joined him there.

Dewey named Luciano "Public Enemy Number One in New York," and police all over the country were enlisted in the search for him. Then Luciano was discovered, accidentally, by a New York detective on another assignment. Hot Springs authorities made a perfunctory arrest but he was released on bail immediately.

Luciano was finally returned to New York, and charged with ninety counts of compulsory prostitution, later reduced to sixty-two. He was convinced that no one would believe he could be involved in so low a trade as prostitution. "But Albert Anastasia kept mumblin' that I was wrong. He wanted to knock off Dewey. I should've let him."

The case began on May 13, 1936, in New York State Supreme Court in downtown Manhattan. On the bench was Justice Philip J. McCook who would stare with shock and disgust at the defendants all through the trial. Moe Polakoff, a brilliant New York lawyer, was employed in Luciano's defense.

Dewey's contention was that Betillo had organized two hundred whorehouses under Luciano, with three thousand girls grossing $12 million a year. He pictured the girls in dreary slavery, ten to fourteen hours a day, with everybody—pimps, madams, go-betweens—getting a cut of the profits, right up to Luciano. There were bond funds to get the girls out of jail and a medical fund to take care of disease.

Dewey held a parade of sixty-eight witnesses. They included girls with names like Rose Cohen, alias Renne Gallo, and Dorothy Arnold, alias Dorothy Sherman, alias Dixie. They talked of the houses and of madams called Cokey Flo and Nigger Ruth.

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They spoke of how Dewey's office had rehabilitated them and gotten them off drugs.

As it turned out, the most devastating witness was Cokey Flo, usually known as Florence Brown, who claimed to have heard Luciano boast that he would "organize the cat houses like the A&P." But the most insulting was a whore named Nancy Presser who claimed to have been to Luciano's Waldorf suite many times. She testified to having heard him discuss prostitution business. She also claimed he would have her get into his bed while he slept on the couch all night. "We never went to bed together. Charlie couldn't. You know what I mean?"

Even after twenty-five years, the memory enraged Luciano.

Though warned not to take the stand in his own defense, Luciano ignored the advice. "I looked over and watched that little bastard Dewey get out of his chair and walk towards me. At that second I was more scared than I ever had been in my whole life. He walked over real slow, and he had a look on his face like I was a piece of raw meat and he'd been goin' hungry for a month."

Year by year, Dewey went through Luciano's life since 1920. Had Luciano ever been arrested? Yes, he admitted reluctantly. Had he ever lied to the police? Luciano tried to hedge. Dewey pounced, forcing him to stumble, then to admit that he had indeed lied, and lied frequently, to arresting officers. For four hours Dewey hammered away. By that evening, when Luciano finally stepped down, "I felt like I'd been through a washing machine. My shirt was all wrinkled and I seemed to be perspirin' from head to foot. That night, when I read the *News* and *Mirror*, they said that it was a bad day for Charlie Lucky. Them writers didn't have no idea how bad it really was.

"We all met at my apartment a little later, for dinner. I knew I was gonna get convicted, that I didn't have a chance. Everybody left early and Gay Orlova come up about eleven. That night, she made love to me. She was so kind and understandin', I almost asked her to marry me. But how can you ask anybody to marry you if you don't know whether the next day you're gonna be in jail? Anyway, that was probably the best night I ever had with a girl up to that minute, and I'll never forget it."

Finally at 5:25 Sunday morning, June 7, Foreman Edwin Aderer read the verdicts. The first name was Luciano's. In a strained voice, Aderer read: "Guilty on all counts."

Luciano was sentenced to "a total of from thirty to fifty years in state's prison." It was the longest sentence ever meted out for compulsory prostitution.

Luciano trembled slightly, then regained control of himself. "I figured there was plenty of ground for appeal. Still, it ain't easy to stand there and hear that. Even with good behavior I'd be an old man before I could get out—or maybe I'd be dead."

Afterwards, Dewey stood on the courtroom steps and talked to newsmen. "This, of course," he said, "was not a vice trial. It was a racket prosecution. It is my understanding that certain of the top-ranking defendants in this case have gradually absorbed control of the narcotics, policy, loan-shark, and Italian lottery syndicates, the receipt of stolen goods, and certain industrial rackets." Unable to trap or convict Luciano for his control of these major rackets, Dewey admitted that he had nailed him for a minor one.

"That little shit with the mustache comes right out in the open and admits he got me for everythin' else but what he charged me with," said Luciano. "Dewey was such a goddamn racketeer himself, in a legal way, that he crawled up my back with a frame and stabbed me."

On June 18, 1936, Luciano's prison years began. Dannemora Prison sits on a barren plain in a nearly inaccessible corner of New York State. A grim, forbidding place surrounded by thick gray stone walls, it is a maximum-security prison, and only the most incorrigible prisoners are sent there. Throughout the American underworld, it is known as "Siberia."

"Charlie ... Mr. Roosevelt wants to be president so bad he'll do anythin', including kissin' your ass in Macy's window."

Luciano bought his way into a job in the prison library, and there he waited while all his appeals were rejected. But he did not abandon the empire. In fact, he was determined to maintain a close and continuing control. He had left Joe Adonis as his liaison with the Unione Siciliano; Meyer Lansky was in charge of finances; and Frank Costello was caretaker of his personal holdings and the immediate superior of Vito Genovese. They made regular trips upstate to discuss important decisions and to carry back a steady stream of messages and orders.

At the end of 1937, Louis "Lepke" Buchalter disappeared, and for two years he was the subject of a nationwide manhunt. Dewey, calling him "the worst industrial racketeer in America," offered a $25,000 reward for Lepke's arrest; while J. Edgar Hoover, alarmed that Dewey was encroaching on his role as scourge of the underworld, announced that Lepke was "the most dangerous criminal in the United States" and worth $5,000 to the FBI. "Hoover sent an agent up to see me at Dannemora. He wanted me to help them find Lepke," said Luciano. "I told the agent I wanted to send a message back to J. Edgar—if he would arrange to commute my sentence, I could let him have Lepke in twenty-four hours."

Lepke was under the rigid protection of Albert Anastasia, much of the time at 101 Third Street in Brooklyn. He was busy dispatching his and Anastasia's hired killers from Murder, Inc., so as to eliminate every potential witness against him. He was also getting belligerent with his associates.

"Ever since you've been gone," Tommy Lucchese told Luciano, "things ain't the same. Charlie, you got to do somethin' about this Lepke thing."

"But we couldn't knock off Lep the way it happened with Schultz. Hoover would be sore as a boil."

So Luciano worked out a deal to make Lepke think that Hoover would prosecute him only for a narcotics rap and by the time he got out of federal prison the Dewey case would probably have been ruined. Lepke bought the idea, and columnist Walter Winchell was picked as the go-between. "Winchell was buddy-buddy with Hoover and using Winchell would convince Lepke it was on the up and up."

On August 24, 1939, Anastasia drove Lepke to a rendezvous at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street. Lepke got into the backseat of a dark limousine and surrendered to Hoover. Then he found he had been duped. Hoover offered no deal. He won a narcotics conviction that sent Lepke away for fourteen years. Then he turned him over to Dewey, who won a conviction on extortion and other charges good for a sentence that matched Luciano's—for thirty years to life.

Thomas E. Dewey, the racket-buster, was clearly on the ascendant, and that was just what Luciano wanted. "I needed him in the state capital, because, as governor, he'd have the power to grant me a parole. We hadda make sure Dewey beat the shit out of the Democrats, and we hadda put aside enough money for Dewey's personal campaign that would make him really obligated to us."

Early in 1940, Frank Costello appeared at Dannemora with some disturbing news. Abe Reles was in jail on a murder charge. The small, squat, hard-eyed "Kid Twist" Reles had been one of the prime executioners in the Lepke-Anastasia enforcement group, a merciless man whose rap sheet listed forty-two arrests, including six for murder. But his serious problems were just beginning. A minor hoodlum named Harry "The Mock" Rudolph, serving a short term on Riker's Island, had decided to talk about a murder he had witnessed six years earlier. His friend Alex "Red" Alpert had been killed by Abe Reles, Martin "Buggsy" Goldstein, and Anthony "Dukey" Maffetore. On the basis of that statement, Brooklyn District Attorney William O'Dwyer won murder indictments against the three; they were arrested, lodged in separate jails, and grilled relentlessly.

"We do nothin' unless the Kid opens his

mouth," decided Luciano. "But will Bill O'Dwyer protect us? I thought you told me you had him in your pocket?"

"Sure we do," Costello said, "but he's got big dreams. We put up the money that made him D.A. in Brooklyn, but as sure as we're talkin', he wants La Guardia's job. I don't know whether we can hold him in line. This guy Turkus[O'Dwyer's Assistant District Attorney,Burton Turkus] has a lot of ambitions, too, and he's been squeezin' Reles. We can't buy Turkus; he's an honest bastard."

Reles decided to talk and was placed under police guard at a hotel in Brooklyn. Then he began his grisly confessions—tales of wholesale slaughter, of murders he knew about personally.

Costello returned to Dannemora. "Reles is singin'," he told Luciano. "The cocksucker's got a memory like an elephant and a voice like a canary. He just keeps vomitin' stuff up like he can't stop pukin'. If he keeps on goin', they're gonna get everybody for murder, and that includes Benny Siegel and Albert and that shithead Lepke."

Lepke did get what was coming to him. As a result of Reles's testimony, he and three hoodlums named Mendy Weiss, Louis Capone, and Pittsburgh Phil Strauss were all executed for murder. And Bugsy Siegel and Albert Anastasia were placed in similar peril. Luciano was angry that Brooklyn Attorney General William O'Dwyer wasn't helping. "We gave O'Dwyer a pisspot full of money, now what the hell are we gettin' back for it?" Luciano demanded. "I've tried to convince him to be patient and we'll get him the mayor's job. But the son of a bitch has stars in his eyes," Costello told him.

Luciano decided that Reles had to die if Siegel and Anastasia were to be saved.

"They got Reles surrounded by cops day and night," Costello said. "The cops will have to do it for us."

"So let em do it. I don't give a fuck what it costs—pay it," said Luciano.

So on November 12, 1941, the assistant manager of the Half Moon Hotel on Coney Island heard a thud on an extension roof. It was Abe Reles, fully dressed, with two knotted bedsheets lying nearby. The body was sprawled twenty feet from the wall.

Captain Frank Bals was placed in charge of the police investigation by O'Dwyer. He reported that the death was an accident. The half-dozen policemen assigned to guard Reles reported they were not in his room when it happened.

"Bals handled the whole thing," Luciano said later. "We paid him fifty grand and set aside more money for the other guys in case they hadda take a rap. Reles was sleepin' and one of the cops gave him a tap with a billy and knocked him out. Then they picked him up and heaved him out the window."

A few months later O'Dwyer entered the army. He would emerge from World War II a brigadier general, something of a hero, and a major political power.

With Reles dead, of course, Anastasia was out of danger. In 1945 a Brooklyn grand jury charged there had been "negligence,

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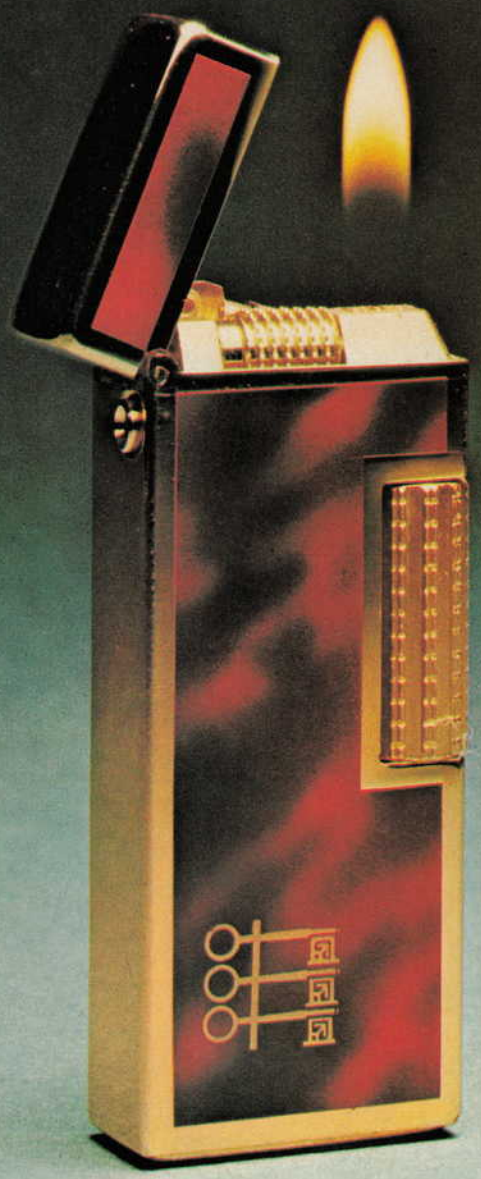

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IS GERALD FORD JUST AN HONEST VERSION OF RICHARD NIXON?

By PETER RAND

The essential question not to ask about the man who may become our next president is whether he's honest. By now the whole world knows Gerald Ford is honest, although that doesn't stop his supporters from waxing loquacious about it. Most people who know Ford genuinely like him, and most people who know him are Republican. Liberal Republicans often disagree with him, but they still go on liking him, and there are even some, like Representative Paul (Pete) McCloskey of California, who claim to love him. "You ask me whether I think he'd make an effective president," says McCloskey. "He'd make a great president."

One believes McCloskey. He fixes you with a shrewd squint when he says it, yet one wonders *why* he says it. Well, "He's trustworthy, and he's honest, too."

Maury deJonge of the *Grand Rapids Press* insists that he has never met a guy like Jerry Ford in politics. "He was an Eagle Scout, and as far as I'm concerned he's still an Eagle Scout," deJonge declares. He stresses again what all who know Ford marvel about—the man's enormous capacity to recall names and apply them to all the right faces, and to go on doing so for hours; and also his way of always keeping his word.

In spite of all the praise, though, Ford usually ends up sounding a little like a prehistoric fish. "He has a slow mind," says Barber Conable, Republican congressman from New York. "But he has backbone."

"He's bendable," Marvin Esch, Republican of Michigan says, and this is echoed by John Milinowski, Ford's longtime aide who is now a district attorney in Grand Rapids. "Jerry says, 'What do they want from me?' " Milinowski emphasizes this to show how Ford's legal training has influenced his thought.

Or there is the "more than" routine his supporters have fallen a trifle ingenuously into the habit of using. "In a one-to-one confrontation, I'd believe what Jerry Ford said sooner than what Jack Kennedy said, if they were sitting right here beside each other," Maury deJonge says. DeJonge and Milinowski both think that if people could see him one-to-one they would succumb to Ford's likability. "He has a better voting record than Kennedy ever had, yet I would say he has Kennedy aura," Milinowski insists. And more than any nationally prominent politician, Ford has restrained his financial ambitions—and may indeed not have any.

Finally, there's the matter of his intelligence. Most insist he's got it, because after all you can't get through the University of Michigan and Yale Law School without brains, and as Milinowski says, "He was a subcommittee workhorse. By God, he got onto the House Appropriations Committee in his first term because he went home every night and did his homework. It's not the business of getting laws named after you that mattered to Jerry. Hell, who gets laws named after them! Anyway, it's getting on the committee that controls the whole damned show. He always wanted to be speaker. That carries a big wallop. You don't do as well as Jerry has done without being bright." But perhaps the biggest piece of evidence people cite on behalf of Ford's intelligence is that he was voted into the vice-presidency almost unanimously by his peers. This could mean several things, of course: It could indicate that after Spiro Agnew, the legislators urgently wanted to restore some respectability to the office of vice president. Last year few congressmen were ready to accept the real possibility that Nixon might be impeached. Ford was Nixon's choice and there's a common belief that that choice should be respected. Mainly, though, honesty in its broadest sense has become this year's greatest political asset now that

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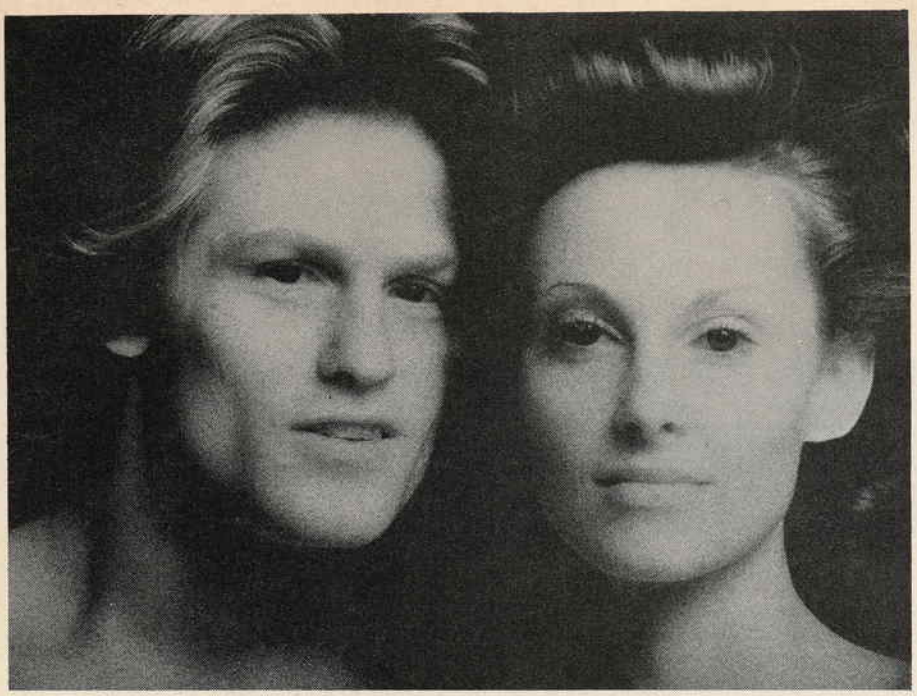

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LUCIANO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

incompetence and flagrant irresponsibility" in O'Dwyer's handling of the Anastasia case. But that same year the people of New York elected William O'Dwyer mayor. In 1949 they reelected him.

With the outbreak of World War II, Luciano found a hope for freedom. He called Lansky and Costello to Dannemora and showed them a newspaper story.

"It looked like the whole Eastern waterfront, especially in New York, was a mess of sabotage. I could see Lansky start to smile while I was layin' it out, because he was the first one to see what I was gettin' at. He said, 'Charlie, it's terrific. How can Dewey turn down a patriotic hero?'

"So I said that, first, there hadda be some front-page stuff that would make it necessary for the navy or someone to come to us for help." For a month after that meeting, Luciano waited for news. Then, in late January of 1942, it came. Albert Anastasia had worked it all out with his brother, Tough Tony, a major power in the International Longshoremen's Association.

"This big French luxury ship, the *Normandie*, was sittin' at a pier on the West Side of Manhattan. Albert figured that if somethin' could happen to the *Normandie*, that would really make everybody crap in their pants. I didn't figure it was really gonna hurt the war effort because the ship was nowhere near ready and, besides, no American soldiers or sailors would be involved. . . . A couple days later, I heard on the radio where the *Normandie* was on fire."

Within twenty-four hours, the ship was a gutted wreck listing at the dock, finally turning over on its side.

The *Normandie*'s destruction had the desired result. Through Costello's prodding, various Italian groups and individuals let it be known that even the gangsters among them were loyal Americans and, if approached, would help in the war effort. Thus was born the idea for the navy's "Operation Underworld." A young reserve officer, Lieutenant Commander Charles R. Haffenden, was to be sent to Dannemora to talk with Luciano. But Luciano said no. If they wanted to talk to him they could bring him to New York. They agreed and a transfer order was signed.

At the meeting with Haffenden and members of Dewey's staff, Luciano agreed that he would help the navy maintain security on the waterfront through his various connections. Then, after getting the naval officer out of the room, he told Dewey's man exactly what he wanted.

"I said that Dewey would get all our political support and we would deliver Manhattan, or come damn close. Then, as soon as he got into office, he hadda make me a hero. The only difference would be, a hero gets a

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medal, but I'd get a parole. That was it. I made it very strong that if Dewey didn't buy the proposition immediately, I'd pull out all our support and throw it against him.

"With Dewey tryin' to be president, a lot of the big papers would print any kind of dirt they could get on him, and he wouldn't be able to stand that. I said it was one thing to become governor on the back of a gangster, but I'd be a son of a bitch if I'd want the president of my country to get there on my back with no favors to me."

Luciano was also thinking of other ways Dewey could help him. The outfit was dealing in ration stamps. "This deal with Dewey could help us maybe get a bigger corner on the market, especially with gasoline and meat. Tommy Lucchese had taken over a lot of restaurants, and the outfit was not only supplyin' meat but we was sellin' 'em the stamps so they could buy it. We had a good lock on about four hundred gas stations all the way from New York to Louisiana—that was some business until the war was over.

"But as far as my helpin' the government was concerned, then or even the following year when they said I helped 'em open up Sicily for the invasion by gettin' the cooperation of the Mafia guys to help the American troops, that was all horseshit."

Dewey agreed to work out a process for parole and freedom when he won the governorship, but only on the condition that Luciano agree to be deported to Italy and to remain in permanent exile from the United States.

"I knew right away what that little mustached prick was gettin' at. I'd have to agree to leave my own country, because I was a legal citizen ever since my old man took out papers when I was a kid. They couldn't deport me if I didn't agree to it.

"But it meant somethin' else, too. It meant I'd have to stay in jail until the war was over. They couldn't send me to Italy while we was still at war and it was an enemy country. Finally, I thought, what the hell—it was better than nothin'. Also, it occurred to me that maybe I could find a way to get back after everything cooled off. One thing, though; Dewey promised not to put the heat on the outfit like they did from 1939 to 1941.

"Then we got to the price. Dewey got ninety grand from me. It was supposed to be a contribution to his governor's campaign. Later on, I made a check about that ninety grand. It never showed on none of our books for tax returns, naturally; but it never showed up on none of Dewey's campaign returns either."

Luciano was immediately transferred to the "country club" of the New York penal system, Great Meadow Prison in Comstock, just north of Albany. It was an easy life: he had the run of the prison, food of his choosing was brought in at his expense from the outside, and he was allowed to install personal furnishings in his cell. At the request of naval intelligence, a private office was set aside for his conferences with both Haffenden and the steady stream of underworld visitors who poured in several times a week, supposedly involved with the top-secret "Operation Underworld." Those conferences, however, dealt not with the war effort but with the mob's own business, in gambling and black markets, and particularly with plans for the postwar years.

Luciano was not happy though. "I was goin' nuts. The war was drivin' me crazy. Finally, I couldn't take it no more and I sent word that I had to see Tommy Lucchese and Joe Adonis right away.

"They came up the next day and I told 'em somethin' hadda to be done with this guy Hitler. I said that if somebody could knock off this son of a bitch, the war would be over in five minutes. They started to laugh at me and I got mad. I said, 'What the hell are you laughin' at? We've got the best hit man in the world over there—Vito Genovese. That dirty little pig owes his life to me, and now it's time for him to make good on it.' And then I suddenly realized what the hell I'd been sayin'. It was funny, but it shows what it means when they say a guy can go stir-crazy."

"We figured everybody'd crap in their pants if something happened to the *Normandie* . . . two days later it was on fire."

When the war ended, Vito Genovese come back to jail in Brooklyn, accused of the old murder of Ferdinand Boccia. "Vito went over there with a bundle big enough to choke a horse. When the war started, he didn't have to live in a country that was an enemy of the United States; there was plenty of safe places for a guy with money. But he was just rotten greedy. Anythin' that easy for him was hard to pass up, even if it meant betrayin' his own country.

"He found out that Mussolini's son-in-law took cocaine, and that was all Vito hadda know. From then on, he was Ciano's personal supplier. He had Ciano hooked so bad the bastard couldn't live without him. One time, Ciano flew him to Istanbul in his own plane, right in the middle of the fuckin' war, for chrissake, so he could set up a big connection in Turkey, and he arranged to bring the stuff back to a couple of refiners in Milan. And, believe it or not, Italian pilots actually ferried the junk over to Africa, even to Tangier, all the time that Rommel had control of North Africa. That prick, Vito—junk was his whole life. Once, in 1944, Steve Maggadino from Buffalo showed me a letter from Vito sayin' he hadda work out a new way to transport the stuff because the Americans took over North Africa and screwed up his route. And he was mad about it, that his own country was beginnin' to beat the shit out of the Nazis!

"He was beginnin' to feel the pinch between the Americans makin' their way up into Italy and his friend Mussolini and all of his crowd runnin' like hell out of Rome. So he's up shit's creek without a paddle, and as usual he was screamin' to me for help. I'm locked up at Great Meadow, four thousand miles away, and he turns to me to fix up his stupid situation. As it happened, the army had appointed Charlie Poletti [a former lieutenant governor of New York State], who was one of our good friends, as the military governor in Italy; and Vito wound up as the official Italian-American interpreter at headquarters in a place called Nola. Maybe if I had it to do over again, I would've arranged for Poletti's troops to line Vito up against a wall and shoot him."

Within weeks of becoming an interpreter, Genovese established himself at the head of a vast black-market operation throughout Allied-occupied Italy. His payroll included a number of American military and civilian officials and a small army of Allied soldiers, who opened the doors of army warehouses for him, drove military trucks in his employ, and sold merchandise at his direction.

A captain and two majors who had used Genovese as an interpreter wrote glowing reports of his value, honesty, and patriotism. But Orange C. Dickey, a sergeant in the army's Criminal Investigation Division, thought differently. He suspected that Genovese was engaged in black-market activities, and when his superiors refused to take action, he contacted American civil authorities in Washington and asked if anybody in the United States wanted Genovese.

Somebody did—and as a result Genovese was brought back to Brooklyn in chains, despite numerous attempts by the gangster to bribe the young sergeant and despite threats on the lives of members of Dickey's family.

Ernest "The Hawk" Rupolo had at last started talking, and Genovese was charged with the old Boccia murder. An underworld hanger-on named Peter La Tempa provided the necessary corroboration. La Tempa was held in jail in protective custody—until one January night in 1945 when he took his regular pain pills for stomach trouble. He never woke up. The mob had found a way to substitute poison for La Tempa's medicine and the case against Genovese collapsed.

On January 3, 1946, Governor Dewey announced that Lucky Luciano would be freed —not to remain in the United States but to be paroled to his birthplace in Sicily.

So on February 2, 1946, Luciano walked through the gates of Great Meadow Prison for the last time. He was taken to Ellis Island in New York harbor. En route through Manhattan to the harbor ferry, "I asked the detectives to stop, just for a couple minutes. I only

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

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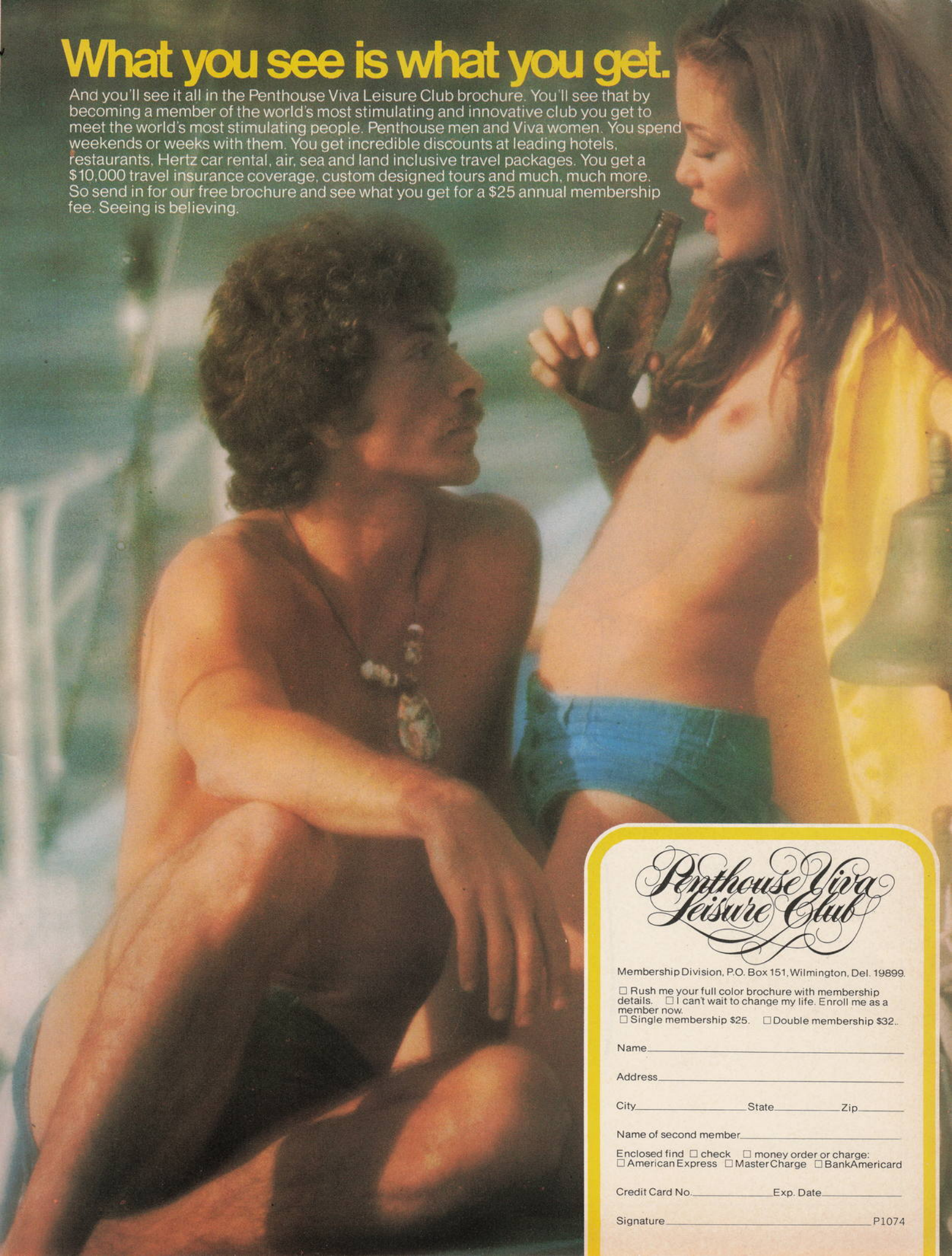

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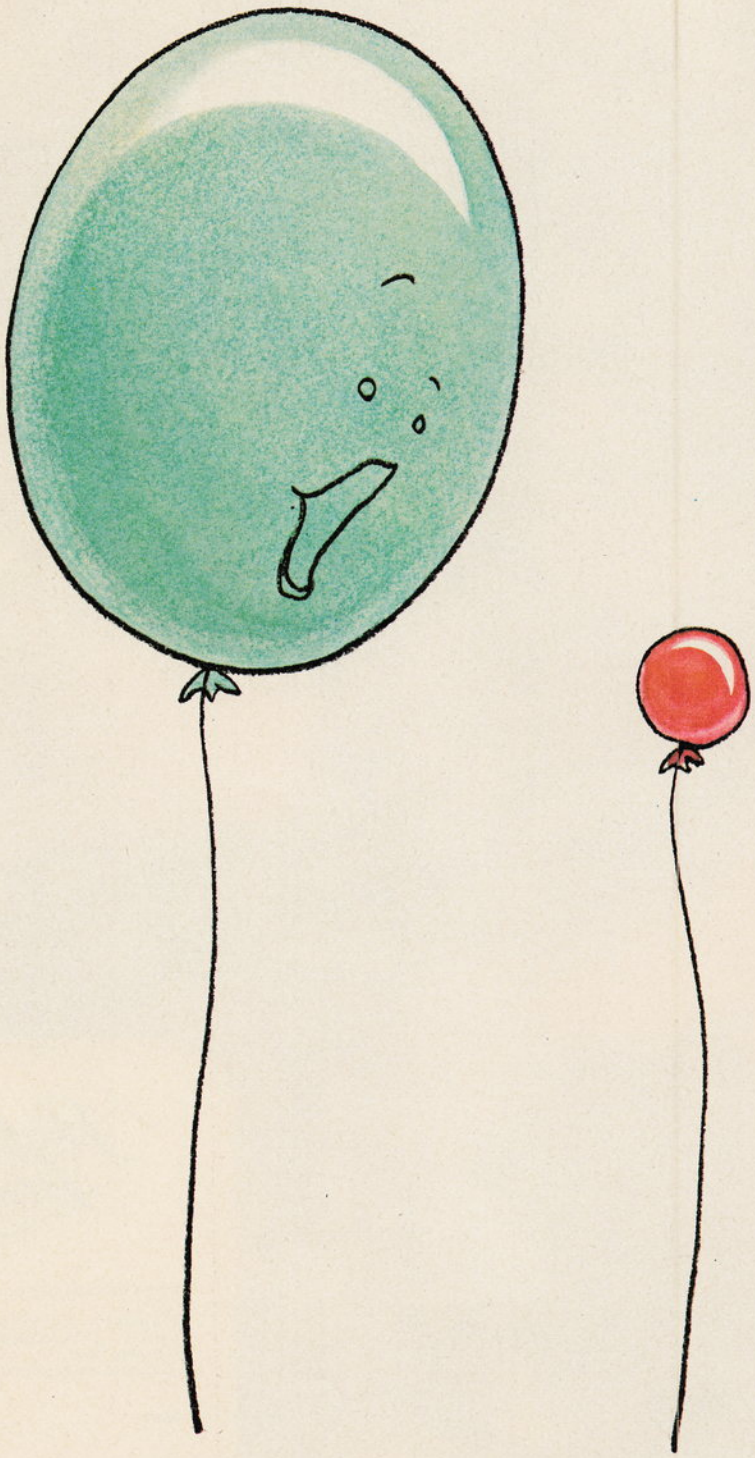


"...Hear you're going to a shrink."

THE VIETNAM VETERAN

Ner Beck

PRISONERS OF WAR

By Roger Neville Williams

Project Consultant, Carl M. A. McCarden Project Editor, F. Joseph Spieler

Before "shootdown," as they called it, they were easygoing, all-American flyboys enjoying their bombing missions in "the only war we've got" against a small agricultural country that couldn't bomb us back. They were America's executioners, active participants in a nine-year air war in which the United States dropped 7.4 million tons of bombs on an area the size of Texas—nearly four times the tonnage dropped by the Allies on all fronts in World War II. But one by one, our fliers were shot down, and they became the war's victims. Altogether, during the war in Indochina, 8,572 American aircraft were downed, 4,240 U.S. airmen were killed, 1,300 were listed as missing, and some 500 survived as prisoners of the Vietnamese. The story of the POWs' victimization is in a sense a metaphor for America's victimization. The Vietnamese were supposed to be our victims, but we became theirs.

Except for those who were killed or wounded, no Americans suffered more in this war than the POWs. They were victims not only of their own bombing, tortured by the recipients of lethal payloads, but they were victims of the longest armed conflict since the Thirty Years' War, kept for the duration in very hot and very cold mosquito-laced prison cells, with roaches and rats and their shitbowls for company. They were victims, too, of the outdated cold-war policy of "containment," victims of a false dream of "freedom"—of the strange American notion that you can bomb for freedom and kill for peace ("Peace is our Profession" was the Strategic Air Command's slogan), victims of arrogance. The men and their families were also victimized by the executive branch of their own government, which cynically used and manipulated them through much of the war. Most of all, the POWs were victims of a lie, victims of an undeclared war that not one of them sought to protest by resigning his commission or by refusing assignment. They bought America's Vietnam lie, swallowed it whole, acted on it, and got caught. Treated not as POWs but as criminals by their captors, they took the rap for a nation.

Excluding the eighty or so "young foot soldiers," as the Pentagon describes the POWs who were not fliers, the 566 prisoners were generally the embodiment of all that America once held as its ideal: college-educated, athletic, fun-loving jet pilots leading fast bachelor lives or married to pretty, obedient wives, serving their country and believing in what they were doing. Like John Glenn and Neil Armstrong, who were fighter pilots from Ohio villages, they might have been astronauts and maybe—if they were lucky—go to the moon. The POWs never got to the moon, but they did help make a moonscape out of Vietnam.

Why did they do it? Why did they become pilots and go enthusiastically off to war to bomb and strafe and risk imprisonment and death? Major John Williamson gave one reason on a bombing mission out of Phan Rang in 1969 with the 35th Tactical Fighter Wing. As he took off and climbed, with napalm and two 750-pounders locked beneath the wings, he kicked in the afterburners and yelled to a passenger, "These planes are a thrill! . . . I still get a thrill every time I go up. Can't you see why I gave up a law practice to come over here and fly?"

While the original group of 339 POWs sat in their cells, most of them pilots shot down before the 1968 "bombing halt," America went through changes that these early prisoners would find hard to comprehend. America lost its innocence, and idealism changed to realism. We realized that the United States couldn't bomb every man, woman, and child on earth that we didn't like, that communism was not monolithic, that Vietnam was in the middle of a civil war when we intervened, and that China didn't need to be contained because it wasn't going anywhere. Bomber pilots in Vietnam believed as late as 1969 that the reason they were "killing gooks" was to stop Chinese aggression. "We've got to show the Chicoms we mean business," they said. But a year and a half before the POWs came home, while other pilots continued to bomb "Communists" in Indochina, President Nixon popped into Peking for tea with Mao in the Forbidden City.

They missed a lot, these men. One POW said, "The military warned us about the press, about the tough questions reporters would ask. 'Remember, they've been here for the last six years and you haven't.' " That's for sure. The POWs had missed Watts and Newark and Detroit and King and Kennedy and Chicago and Kent State and Attica. From Haight Ashbury to Woodstock, from Bobby Baker to Watergate, from Mylai to the Pentagon papers, from Saturn V to our man on the moon, from the Airplane to Hendrix, they had missed the whole damn show. They missed Gene McCarthy saying, "This nation would not be badly served by defeat in Indochina," and Edmund Muskie saying the same thing four years later. They missed Nixon's invasion of Cambodia and the havoc that it wrought. Is it any wonder they stepped off the planes nearly tongue-tied except to utter praise for America and their commander in chief? They couldn't think of anything else to say.

One pilot said later, "I didn't like Lyndon Johnson or agree with much that he did, but when I was shot down and became a prisoner of war I became the biggest Johnson supporter you've ever seen. He was my commander in chief and everything he did was absolutely right."

It is not easy to understand the POWs or what they went through. It is hard to believe that the humble, kindly eyed, gently smiling man sitting across a coffee table and speaking quietly was able to endure what he is saying he endured. He says anyone could do it. That can't be true. This man has been to hell and back, has been snapped up in the jaws of history, but has not broken. But he is also no longer what he was, either.

Navy Commander James Bell, a POW for seven years: "I felt before that I was in the mainstream of American life . . . now it seems everyone's attitude is 'What's in it for me?' I'm finding it hard to adjust. I'm almost embarrassed to be a POW."

Commander Bell and Admiral Bill Lawrence are two of the nearly one hundred POWs whose wives divorced them. When they got out they discovered that their wives had long ago divorced them and remarried. Lawrence had been married since 1953, Bell since 1957. Neither one thought his wife would leave him. Bell went down in 1965 and received his first letter five years later. He wasn't told what had happened. Bell and Lawrence now share a townhouse in a Washington suburb while taking courses at the Naval College.

"You begin making lists of what imprisonment is costing you," said Bell, who appears much younger than his forty-one years. His lower lip quivers and his cheek muscles flinch. "As you sit in your cell and the years go by you say, 'Well, there goes test-pilot training in England. . . . Well, there goes this and there goes that.' Each year you cross something off. 'Well, there goes my career.' But then you say to yourself, 'Oh well. At least I have my family. I have my wife.' Then you get home in 1973 and find she's been married to someone else since 1968. It's hard to believe a woman could do that to a man."

Admiral Lawrence, dignified, genteel, and polite, learned while he was in Hanoi that his wife had divorced him on grounds of desertion—granted by a New Mexico court—and married an antiwar Episcopal priest in a full-blown ceremony in San Diego performed by the dean of the cathedral. "Can you imagine that happening in World War II?" he asks. Lawrence, a devout Episcopalian, sought the church's help in trying to restore the marriage, but got nowhere. Lawrence says he still loves his wife and has appealed to her to come back, but she won't.

Some POWs, like Air Force Colonel Quincy Collins, came back to wives who demanded immediate divorce, after living on the man's pay and family allowance and leaving him nothing. "Soon as I came home my wife wanted a divorce, like *then*!" Collins recalls. "I said, 'Just give me a chance to get my feet on the ground and to find out what happened to me.' I've seen my three boys only a couple of times and I want the responsibility of those boys.

"What I can't understand is a woman knowing she was going to leave me and yet using up my finances all those years so that I came back to relatively nothing. She's not going to give me a chance."

Commander Raymond Vohden said after his divorce, "I was tortured like the other POWs and I found I could stand that, but the emotional test of the last few weeks has been hard to pass. You build up a lot of love in eight years of dreams from a prison cell."

Dreams kept the men alive during those long, bleak, and ugly years, as they planned the dream-house they would build and thought about the right college for their children. Dreams, and the old American cardinal virtues of enterprise, endurance, disci-

pline, determination, pride, hard work, and faith were the tenets of survival, and many of the POWs have an irrepressible urge to remind us of forgotten values and tell us about the spiritual experience they underwent. Several have written emotional, quasi-religious books, in which genuine and inspirational transcendental experience is confused with right-wing and anticommunist political views.

Charlie Plumb wrote a book called *I'm No Hero* and has given over 350 speeches across the country. A former navy lieutenant commander, Annapolis graduate, Phantom F-4 pilot, and a POW for six and a half years, he looks like he stepped right out of *American Graffiti*. Plumb says, "I felt I was ready for a little freedom," and resigned from the navy at thirty-one. He currently writes a column called "The Plumb Line" for a small paper in the Kansas City suburb of Lenexa, where he lives.

"We formed our own microsociety based on 1967 standards," Plumb wrote. "And we struggled. And just about the time our addled minds had swallowed, regurgitated, and finally digested prison life, freedom tossed us into an unfamiliar world of 'far out' and 'right on!' Our transition into prison life was slow and painful. Our transition back to freedom, an ecstatic whirlwind.

"I may never be able to completely justify six irretrievable years. But the POW experience offered the consolation of serious reflection. I was compelled to devote six years to simple, and often not-so-simple, retrospect. I combed through peaks and valleys of grey matter like a crazed prospector. Each time I discovered a new memory, whether it be a boyhood friend or a motion picture, I had found another shiny gold nugget. I hungrily continued the exploration and, as a consequence, mapped out a new meaning for my life."

Plumb says his 2,103 days as a POW were an endless, grim agony. "The iron manacles, designed for the Vietnamese, were so small that they had to be forced together just so the screw could be seated in the bottom threads. Then, with what looked like a roller-skate key, the guard began to turn the screw. My skin was pinched between the metal. I screamed in agony. Surely the guards couldn't get these things much tighter! Blood oozed down my hands, and still the guard kept turning the key. Like powerful magnets, the iron was finally set flush. Circulation stopped. My hands turned grayish-blue, tingled, and became numb."

Plumb had his ankles shackled in a similar manner and the guards brought out "the ropes"—their specialty. With bamboo poles, wires and ropes, Plumb found himself bound up "like a human pretzel." The kicking and beating and wrenching of limbs and stretching of joints continued until he eventually "talked."

The North Vietnamese added a reservation to the 1957 Geneva Convention in which they declared "POWs prosecuted and condemned for war crimes" would not "benefit from the provision of the present Convention." This was based on the Nuremberg precedent in which Allied tribunals refused certain German POWs the benefit of the 1929 Geneva Convention. The North Vietnamese threatened to execute the first POWs for war crimes, but appeals from the UN Secretary-General, U Thant, and others convinced them to adopt a policy of "humane and lenient" treatment for the men they regarded not as prisoners of war but as criminals. The only trouble with this policy was that it wasn't always humane and lenient.

Colonel Robinson Risner, one of the senior ranking officers (SROs) responsible for establishing a hard-line policy of resistance in the camps as well as a secret communications network called "comm net," describes one of his torture sessions:

"After they had wrapped each arm with the ropes as tight as they could, they started tying them together, working upward again. The pain began to be excruciating . . . when they had wrapped them to a certain point, my right shoulder began to slip out of its socket. With a slight pop, it felt as if it came out. I saw bright lights and my ears rang. Now they started on my legs. . . . After several hours of this . . . hollering now . . . a scream out of my guts that I couldn't stifle . . . my will ebbed away and my determination was shattered." Risner, veteran of World War II and Korea, "talked."

After one escape attempt, twenty-five men were flayed until their backs were bloody pulps. One man had a finger severed. The two "escapees" were tortured until one died and the other went temporarily insane. Commander Bell spent two years and a month in solitary. He also spent three weeks shackled to a slab of wood and would awaken to find a rat nibbling the callouses on his feet. Some men spent six weeks chained to their bunks, allowed to get up once a week to empty their waste buckets.

Nonetheless, participating in the communications network and operating a command structure, which was a full-time job, kept a lot of people from going loony. It gave the prisoners something to do. For the most part, the senior men organized cohesive behavior in the camps by which a measure of dignity and purpose were achieved.

The torture ended in 1969, but for some prisoners there had never been any. Navy Captain Walter Wilber says, "No one made a point of torturing me. I don't know anyone among the forty guys I lived with off and on who was tortured. Of course we were all punished for various things—and that might consist of sitting on a stool overnight and told not to go to sleep, or holding the wall up for a number of hours. Maybe they'd cuff your ears if you forgot to do something. But that kind of thing doesn't hurt anybody; although it's hard for an officer, since no one ever touches him normally. I accepted a lot of the rough treatment because I knew they didn't speak English and didn't know what else to do—they'd push and jab because they couldn't tell you to go left or right or stop or go. But some people would get mad over those things."

Many POWs were strongly ethnocentric in their outlook and regarded the Vietnamese as subhuman. But those who treated the guards as fellow human beings received good treatment. Lieutenant Norris Charles, black, twenty-seven, a radio intercept officer aboard a Phantom F-5 recalls, "The guards were very human and very humane. One very hot day our turnkey went into town and when he came back he brought some limes and made us some limeade. We thought it was the greatest thing in the world. It showed us the humanity of these Vietnamese. For us, there was no animosity between prisoner and guard."

"The best thing about being back home
is being able to walk up to a door,
open it, and walk out. That really turns me on."

All the men I spoke with agree that treatment was much improved after the death of Ho Chi Minh. At that time we hadn't bombed the North for over a year, and there had been no new POWs. Some prisoners understand why they were badly treated in the early years. Captain Carl Chambers says, "What would happen if a fighter pilot bailed out over Pittsburgh and he just got through bombing some steel plants? If a couple of those honkies got him, he'd be a dead man." Lieutenant Commander Robert Naughton: "I don't think any country has its best people as prison guards." At least no American POW was thrown alive out of a North Vietnamese helicopter, as American forces were reported many times to have done with Vietnamese prisoners in the South.

But good treatment certainly did not mean pleasant conditions. There were few volleyball games, as was commonly believed, and little if any outside exercise for most prisoners. Human contact was limited to the men in the cell—sometimes one, perhaps five or six. Unlucky prisoners often spent years without roommates. When the men

were allowed out of the cells to empty their "bo's," or waste cans, and to receive chow, they could see other prisoners, but were forbidden to speak. The much publicized "Christmas parties" usually lasted only long enough for the camp authorities to photograph groups of smiling, chatting men, before prodding the prisoners back to their cells, where they continued their daily, self-imposed routine of exercise and study, teaching one another everything from logarithms to Spanish.

Mosquito-killing contests and ant watching were some major pastimes. At night rats would occasionally get trapped inside a man's mosquito netting and become dangerous. Beds were made of concrete or warped boards, covered with a thin rice mat. One blanket was issued—not enough to keep a man warm in the damp, chilly Hanoi winters. Homemade artifacts, notebooks, and pencils were regularly confiscated. The cabbage, pumpkin, and turnip soup was plentiful, as were spinach and bread, but as a means of insult it was served up in ladles hammered out of shot-down U.S. aircraft.

Navy Commander Read MecCleary and former Special Forces Sergeant John Young represent not only the different attitudes and experiences inside the prisons but also underscore the wide divisions at home. MecCleary, thirty-one, could be the typical ex-POW. He has a boyish face, short graying hair, and *looks* like a fighter pilot, which he will be again once he's recuperated from two operations on his knees that were injured when he ejected over North Vietnam on May 26, 1967. He "flies" a silver Porsche in the meantime and lives in expensive Greenwich, Connecticut, which honored him upon his return with a parade.

According to MecCleary, "We created our own environment over there and taught each other everything we know. Every camp had an organization and just about everyone was tied to it. I was in eight different camps altogether. They moved us around to break up organization, but it helped to spread communication. The available facilities had a lot to do with the level of treatment. Some camps were much better than others.

"We were determined not to become vegetables, and so we exercised as much as we could. I got my weight back to what it was at shootdown. Toward the end I started gaining weight and had to turn food away.

"In December we heard the B-52's and I was elated. The military said we should have done that in 1964. After the B-52's came through, the guards were like zombies. The B-52's had got their point across, which years of intensive bombing hadn't done.

"When we got back and found the country so divided and people criticizing everything from the president on down, we were pretty shocked. We had built up the patriotism, the love of country, pretty strongly and had found it safest to stick with the jingoist line on the war. So when we got back we thought, 'What a bunch of inconsiderate bastards, criticizing their country like this!' Now I realize there was an increased consciousness, an increased awareness, and I think it is good."

MecCleary continues, "The biggest lack all those years, of course, was women. I mean we weren't gettin' any. We were all hornier'n three-peckered billy goats in spring. Every few weeks you'd have a wet dream and if it didn't come you'd start threatening your body to have one. But the best thing about being back is being able to walk up to a door, open it, and walk out. That really turns me on."

John Young, twenty-seven, is different. He comes from middle-income Arlington Heights, Illinois, enlisted in the army at nineteen, was captured in 1968 after his patrol was ambushed, and came back not to parades but to charges, filed by fellow POW Colonel Theodore Guy, that he and seven other enlisted men had aided and conspired with the enemy. The charges were later dropped and Young is out of the service, attending college, and picking up his life with his wife and two children. He occasionally gives speeches for antiwar groups.

"I believed we were there to stop communism when I went to Vietnam," he says. "But after I got there it was hard to follow that line. I thought when we were fighting communism we were fighting some aggressor like Chinese or Russians or North Koreans, but all I saw were Vietnamese. The Vietnamese were on our side and we were fighting against Vietnamese. What the hell is this? There's no such thing as aggression from within a country. That's revolution!

"The pilots believed 'My country, right or wrong, my country.' I couldn't do that. From what I saw as we traveled through the North, coming up from South Vietnam where I was captured, I couldn't agree with what we were doing. For hours and hours walking through Laos and North Vietnam there was nothing but bomb craters and destruction. I saw too many villages bombed. I watched dikes get bombed. I almost got hit by B-52's twice and an F-4 bombing some dikes almost got me.

"I would describe my treatment as fair. If I screwed up, I got punished. If I didn't, then everything was all right. I think we were better taken care of in the South. The VC had more consideration toward Americans than the Northerners. The VC operated on my leg out in a field on a bamboo operating table. They took out the bone splinters; did a good job [Young was hit in the ambush]. They had to carry me to North Vietnam. One thing I know: our treatment was about one hundred times better than the treatment we gave to the Vietcong. I never saw a Special Forces unit bring in a prisoner. I saw a lot of weapons come in and heard about captures, but I never saw a prisoner."

Ironically, it was a returned POW, also in the Special Forces, who first set a lot of people wondering about the war in Vietnam. At a 1965 news conference in Cambodia on the day of his release after two years as a prisoner of the Vietcong, Green Beret George Smith said, "I've seen both sides of history. The United States has nothing to gain from this war." He said he hadn't been brainwashed, had been well treated, and that he believed we were fighting on the wrong side in Vietnam. The army kept Smith in Okinawa for a six-month "debriefing," and then used what he said to charge him with "aiding the enemy." Eventually, he was offered a general discharge if he would promise to keep his mouth shut about his captivity. No more was heard from George Smith until 1968, when he granted interviews and began speaking out against the war. In 1971 his book, *POW: Two Years With the Vietcong*, appeared.

The military doesn't like dissidents—especially POWs who refused to sing the carefully orchestrated litany of praise for the government's war policies. And so, as it tried to silence George Smith eight years earlier, it brought charges of collaboration, misconduct, disloyalty, and aiding the enemy against John Young and the "Plantation Eight" (his roommates in the camp called the Plantation), and also against two senior officers, Captain Wilber and Air Force Lieutenant Colonel Edison Miller. The allegations could not be substantiated and the cases were thrown out by a military judge, but not after one of those charged, Sergeant Larry Kavanaugh of Denver, killed himself. His wife said, "The North Vietnamese kept him alive for seven years, but he came back home and this country killed him."

The great majority of the POWs justified their long captivity by saying it helped stop communism. Lieutenant David Rehmann, thirty-one, of Garden Grove, California, now running for Congress from Orange County as a Republican, says: "I think Nixon was holding off until the South Vietnamese had a chance to get strong enough to stand on their own. Maybe we could have gotten the same terms in 1969, but what was the most important thing—our coming home or South Vietnam standing on its own?"

The administration knew it could count on the POWs to stand behind its policies and began manipulating the men and their families long in advance. The National League of Families of Prisoners of War/Missing in Action (POW/MIA) was formed shortly after Nixon came to power, under the impetus of Melvin Laird, then secretary of defense, and with the legal guidance of Charles Havens III, at the time a Defense Department official. Laird and the wife of POW James Stockdale (now Admiral Stockdale) were the moving force behind the organization of the prisoners' families. Unwittingly tied to the Pentagon propaganda machine, the group began parroting the Nixon line: continue the war to get the prisoners back; keep bombing until Hanoi agrees to release the men. The Pentagon cynically lumped POWs and MIA families together, encouraging families of the missing to believe that their men were still alive and that it was Hanoi's fault they were MIA. Dr. George Wald, Harvard professor and Nobel Prize winner, who helped the Committee of Liaison With Families of Servicemen Detained in Indochina exchange at least 18,000 letters during the war, said: "It is a cruel decep-

tion for Washington to foster the belief that there might be more men alive but unlisted."

Voices in Vital America (VIVA) sold 6,000,000 POW bracelets during the war. A dramatic photo of an American prisoner walking through Hanoi—his arm in a sling, his face bruised and lacerated—was reproduced on VIVA literature brochures and matchbook covers. VIVA is tax-exempt and "nonpartisan," but it served the government's purposes by portraying the POWs as completely innocent victims of the North Vietnamese. As Grace Paley, the novelist, has written: "Politicians and newsmen often talk as though these pilots had been kidnapped from a farm in Iowa or out of a canoe paddling the waterways of Minnesota." David Halberstam put it succinctly: "The idea [the POWs] project is that somehow, in their own minds, they were over there as Pan Am or TWA pilots, not as bombers."

Likewise H. Ross Perot, the right-wing Texas millionaire, helped the government portray the North Vietnamese as savages and whip up support for continuing the war. Perot sponsored a macabre exhibit in the Capitol in Washington depicting half-starved American POWs living in tiny bamboo cages. But the prisoners, except in a few cases in Vietcong areas, never lived in bamboo cages, nor were they starved.

In the paroxysm of patriotic generosity that followed, the country lavished every imaginable benefit on the 566 POWs, in contrast to its ignoring three million Vietnam veterans. Ford Motor Company gave each man a car for a year, Holiday Inns provided all-expense-paid vacations for each POW and his family, Hush Puppy Shoes and the National Tailor's Guild outfitted the men, restaurants gave meal coupons, the major leagues gave out lifetime baseball passes, and thirty-eight state legislatures passed bills providing tuition-free college education for all children of POWs. At the same time, Congress authorized that the prisoners' back pay be tax-free, and the Foreign Claims Commission paid five dollars for every day of captivity. H. Ross Perot, John Wayne, and Bob Hope threw lavish fêtes for the returnees and many cities organized welcoming parades. Many of the homecoming events were prompted more by a political notion of national "honor" than by concern for the POWs themselves, and nowhere was that more apparent than when the sponsors of the New York City "Home with Honor" parade failed to invite any POWs to ride in it.

Over 90 percent of the prisoners have remained in the military; it is all they knew when they got captured and it is the safest place for them on return, for a few years at least. A dozen or so went to work for the airlines. Several pilots are flying for small charter companies. Forty percent of all the POWs, both in the military and out, are attending college or some sort of school, trying to catch up with the rest of the world.

To avoid the high rate of trauma that resulted in suicides, murders, and accidental deaths among Korean War POWs during their first three years at home, the Pentagon is going to monitor all the Vietnam POWs for five years with periodic checkups and counseling. Dr. Richard Wilbur of the Pentagon's POW affairs desk said last year that the POWs had suffered "stress reaction" after coming back, but that these manifestations of depression, fright, and euphoria "will not last with them." Depression, fright, and euphoria didn't last with Air Force Captain Edward Allan Brudno who committed suicide three months after his return. Brudno came back, after seven years, to an antiwar wife and a dead-end career—he'd wanted to be an astronaut.

However, the Pentagon claims, somewhat defensively, that most POWs have adjusted extremely well and that problems are minimal. "Eighty-seven percent are now back in what we call productive work," says Colonel Edward Huycke. Mental health is a sensitive subject, and the Pentagon glosses over it by proudly whipping out charts showing that all but one case of diagnosed psychosis have been "cleared up" and all but "two or three" cases of "neuroses and situational reactions" have been cured. Dr. Robert J. Lifton is not so sanguine. The Yale psychologist blames the administration and the military for "feeding the prisoners' illusions." Lifton warns, "As they move more into society and sense more about being deceived, their confusions will be magnified." Dr. John Plag at the Center for POW Studies, Balboa Naval Hospital, San Diego, says, "I think a lot of problems lie ahead."

Many POWs say they cannot concentrate. They don't like noise and large crowds. One man says he only recently was able to decide between brands of toothpaste. Some, like Air Force Major Norman McDaniel, still dream of torture sessions. His wife says, "He thrashes around so wildly I think he is going to throw me out of bed." Many find it difficult to be alone, while others need to get away from their families and seem to have a craving to return to a solitary cell.

Like other veterans, the prisoners also suffer from Post-Vietnam Syndrome (PVS)—perhaps in their case better called "Post Captivity Syndrome"—and the psychological aftereffects may yet prove to be as damaging as any suffered by the most mentally wounded GIs. But since visits to a military psychiatrist become part of a man's permanent record and can be used as a basis for grounding or retiring him, many POWs are concealing emotional problems. Like the veterans, many remain strangely *un*-emotional. "As POWs," recalls Air Force Lieutenant Colonel Ramon Horniek, "we buried emotions. In solitary, you couldn't get emotional about anything." Dr. Edna Hunter, assistant director of the San Diego POW Center, says, "The prisoners' constant lack of expression has been very difficult for wives to cope with. One wife told me, 'It's hard to know how he feels about anything.' " Or, as Don McPahil, former Special Forces Staff Sergeant, says, "We were trained to blot out a lot of emotions, so I found myself coming back with a shield around me."

The POWs came home with honor—their own, not America's. They brought back to a divided America a kind of unity—not of the polity but of the spirit. These men, who had endured the longest and most difficult wartime captivity in modern history, came back whole, smiling, thanking God to be back and appreciating this land like no one since the turn-of-the-century immigrants. Where was the bitterness, the rancor, the vindictiveness, the self-pity? Not with the POWs, but with us—here at home.

"There can be little doubt," one expert charged,
"that the POWs are being used for
the political manipulation of the American public."

After years of being propagandized on the POW issue, the essential truth was lost on the American people: that POWs are always returned when wars end and therefore the quickest way to get the prisoners back—and to save GIs' lives—would be to end the war. But that would have also meant the end of South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu. And the United States cared more for Thieu than it did for the POWs or the 55,000 GIs who were killed.

So, at long last the POWs came home. They had been gone so long that their views on politics and the war were limited to outworn clichés and people accused the White House of writing their speeches. It didn't—it simply tried to reap political dividends out of their homecoming.

Dr. Herbert Kelman, president of the American Psychological Association, said at the time, "It is clear that the public context for the POWs' homecoming is primarily based on political and public-relations considerations. The POWs have been assigned the roles of heroes in a war that has no heroes—the central role in an elaborate drama staged to create the illusion of victory and to arouse a sense of patriotic fervor. There can be little doubt that the POWs are being used for the political manipulation of the American public."

GERALD FORD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

Nixon has given the profession such a bad name, and it probably carries more clout in both parties than intelligence does. You have to put a clean bib on the thing no matter whose baby it is. This has worked pretty well for Ford. Not only is he outstripping his boss at the polls, he's been in front of most of the competition, too.

Honesty, or the appearance of honesty, has a way of tarnishing abruptly around Nixon, however. This is Ford's dilemma, and it's already telling us more about him than his twenty-five low-key years in Congress did. Whose side is he on? His party's side, or Richard Nixon's? Is the partisan being pulled apart? What influences explain Jerry Ford? Who is this man who soon may wield more power than any other man on earth?

Ford's record and most of his political actions in Congress can be traced back to Grand Rapids, Michigan, where he grew up. His own attitudes mirror the special interests of that place, though his usually dormant zealotry has another origin. Among some of the bills he has voted against in past years are Medicare, the minimum wage, OEO, public housing, food stamps, aid to education, and war powers legislation. He has voted for weakening of unemployment measures, no prior court approval of wiretaps, and the nominations of G. Harrold Carswell and Clement Haynesworth to the Supreme Court. He claims that his anti-busing attitude stems from the tedious commute he had to make every day by trolley from fashionable East Grand Rapids to South High forty-five minutes away. But given the vehement segregation of his hometown it's hard to imagine that he would have been pro-busing if he had *enjoyed* the ride.

Joseph Rauh of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights said recently, "The worst thing about Gerald Ford is his record on civil rights. He is the perfect modern example of a 'doughface'—the word used before the civil war to describe a Northerner with Southern sympathies. Here he is—a man who didn't have to fight blacks but fought them. What is a white man from Grand Rapids, Michigan, doing when he tries to stop a black man in Mississippi from voting?" Well, he is answering the peculiar racial demands of his insular constituency. It's unlikely that Ford's blood gets very heated up on the subject of race. Invariably, whenever money he voted against was appropriated anyway, he managed to lay both hands on the goodies. "The blacks here think he's neat," says Jean McKee, a local lawyer who ran as a Democrat in Ford's last congressional election. "He remembers their names, and when a busload of elderly black women went to Washington recently he paid for their dinner." He's kept the ghetto happy back home, and it's doubtful you'll hear the Urban League making big noises about Ford. Most significantly, though, Ford has represented the *fear* of his community before the nation.

"I don't think he'd recognize it as such," says the Reverend Duncan Littlefair of Grand Rapids, "but he's scared and they're all scared here." Reverend Littlefair is the rector of the Fountain Street Church, once a Baptist church, now simply referred to as "the liberal church." Reverend Littlefair is a vigorous, blue-eyed Michigander in his sixties who has struggled for years against Grand Rapids' obstinacy to change. Though he's been called a devil—a pamphlet depicting him with sprouting horns was circulated for a time—and he's often alone in his outspokenness, he has the exuberance of a young man. "Ford isn't a bad man, but he's dumb, dumb," he says leaning forward intensely, bracing his strong red hands on his green-tweed knees. "He shouldn't be dumb, either. He went to school just like everybody else. Michigan . . . Yale. But, you see, he lacks depth. He has a righteousness that gets him into fringe stuff, like the Douglas impeachment thing. It's just fear."

Fear of what? Jean McKee, who once said you could only defeat Ford in a local election if you caught him raping a nun, maintains that it's the simple fear of outsiders again. "It's like this here," she says, making a circle with her thumbs and forefingers. "He's inside with his community, and he can't relate to the people outside it. He can barely perceive that they have needs that may differ from the mainstream in these parts."

The fear that characterizes Grand Rapids to the liberals who live there is projected onto the nation by Gerald Ford when he votes for greater defense spending, when he says, as he did in 1965, "If we give up in South Vietnam, it would give up Southeast Asia . . . and our own defense lines would be driven back to the Hawaiian Islands." "Ford is adamant about the military," Rev. Littlefair says. "It's one thing he isn't rational about at all. More spending, more guns, keep the Communists out—why he's even against détente now."

People move to Grand Rapids from Flint and Pontiac because in Michigan's second largest city they have vigilante cadres riding crime off the streets. "You can't trust people in those other cities," the Ford dealer out on Alpine said. He pressed his lips together and raised his eyebrows, an expression of reluctant finality. "You mean businessmen, people like that?" he was asked. "You can't trust your neighbors," he replied. Crime does exist in Grand Rapids, though it's mainly black against black, ghetto-contained crime, and so it technically doesn't count as such, because it doesn't touch the people who count here. Neither the workers nor the black people have ever had the power before now to create changes in their lives or in the awareness of the community. According to a local black lawyer, changes can only occur if black professionals come into Grand Rapids, and it's hard to induce them to make the effort. Blue-collar workers, on the other hand, have finally gotten together with the unions, with the arrival of big industry—Fisher, G.M. Until recently, Grand Rapids was strictly small-family business, anti-corporation, anti-union. Better-than-union wages prevented worker organization from getting started and accruing the power that permits the luxury of politics. Changes are slow, though, and Grand Rapids is about midway through the 1950's.

They don't care a terrible lot about Jerry Ford here. He did a good job for them. He was their official, and sensible as they are here, they sent him back regularly, but not with any passion. Mediocre is a word people in Grand Rapids often use to describe him, as though that would be the best kind of official to have. They don't know him that well. His coffee-colored two-story suburban chalet in East Grand Rapids has been rented out, and neither he nor his wife, the former Betty Bloomer of Grand Rapids, have lived here regularly for twenty-five years. But he's conscientious. He'd come back often and take a house trailer out to the onion fields, and listen to complaints all day from the farmers. He always acted on people's requests very methodically. He changed nothing. In a part of the country where keeping the outer world at bay is what matters most, Jerry Ford has served admirably.

His congressional colleagues don't know him much better. Every Republican congressman has at least one Jerry Ford story which he will relate with genuine affection to demonstrate what kind of a guy Ford is. Tom Railsback of Illinois tells of the time he had a falling out with Ford over the makeup of the Executive Committee of the Committee on Committees at a Republican Conference meeting. "I was insisting that small states should be represented and Ford was mad at me because I was taking issue with the facts. Jerry was offended by the position I took, and he had a right to be. Well, a whole year passed, and we didn't speak to each other. Then, the next winter, we were vacationing at the same time at Montego. Jerry found out I was there, took the trouble to call me and invite me over to his hotel for a day of golf, because he knew I liked that. He went out of his way to patch things up." He's famous among his colleagues for recalling birthdays and the names of their children. He has no enemies among them because one time or another he's gone out on the stump for them regardless of their particular brand of Republicanism. He's the equivalent of the *gemütlich* G.M. executive who reserves his rage for the outsider—the Nader. He stays sentimental to the team; a servant to his constituents, he's the friendly Igor to other pols, looming behind them on the speaker's dais, all set to say a good word and flash a tooth. To have asked any one of these good men whether Ford would make a serviceable president would have been a little laughable and probably unfair last August. Certainly he had never considered it for himself, and even now, one old friend of his says he doesn't think Ford will run in 1976. "His retirement pay will keep him nicely in the years ahead, and I've heard that Betty is too ill anyhow," the friend suggests.

Mrs. Ford herself has said she would be shocked and disappointed if Ford runs. But they come to his side now, as he went out to theirs. Here's Donald Riegle, a onetime Republican from Michigan and now a Democratic congressman who switched parties last year, on the subject of Ford: "Jerry's a tall, good-looking, former all-American football player from Michigan. He's stubborn and very partisan, so much so that Lyndon Johnson once lashed out at him bitterly, claiming that Jerry's trouble was that he's played too much football with his helmet off. Jerry and I don't always agree on the issues, but I respect him and we've maintained a direct, friendly relationship."

One of the important things to remember about Jerry Ford, though, and people are apt to miss this in the general blur, is that he was never all-American. He was All Conference, and he played behind Al Bernard, one year his junior, who was all-American, but he himself was never all-American and he wasn't a halfback either, which is another mistake people make when you talk to them about Ford. He was a lineman. He played center. He was voted most valuable player in 1934—a Wolverine disaster year when the team won one and lost seven. The little errors matter because they are employed to bolster the impression that Ford is a leader. Not so. Leadership does not fit into Ford's history. The salient fact about Gerald Ford seems to be that he was a lineman. Ford was team-trained: National Honor Society, Student Council, Inter-Hi Council, Glee Club, Varsity Club, track, photo committee. Then he was an assistant. He was assistant coach at Yale. In the navy he was assistant navigator on the small carrier *Monterey*.

If our image of Ford slips and slides, if he's hard to focus, this may be because he's not an original to the team, strictly speaking. The leader of any group or community usually has striking oddities in his personality, even if these oddities caricature his group identity and set him apart from others. Though secure enough of his origins to make personal risks, Ford still has to supercede them. His whole effort has been to merge himself with a greater identity.

"Ford isn't Dutch," a former editorial editor on the *Grand Rapids Press* explains, "but he's one of their kind." He's not a Ford of Grand Rapids, exactly, either. He was born Leslie King in Omaha, Nebraska. Later, when he was still an infant, his mother moved to Grand Rapids where she married Gerald Ford, Sr.

Until he was six or so, Gerald, or Leslie, was always called Junior, as if he had no name. Ford senior eventually adopted his stepson and made him Junior for real, and ever after Ford junior had an utterly characteristic community upbringing. He worked summers for his dad in the family paint company, mixing paint with his three brothers, Tom, Dick, and Bob Ford, who were all younger and none of whom have achieved Ford's degree of success. Gerald Ford senior had a very profound effect on Ford's life (to the extent that later, when it came time for him to marry, Ford, like his stepfather, chose a divorced woman, an unusual and one must believe extremely grave act for a young politician from a town so crisply moral), and was influential later in getting Ford started in Republican politics, since Ford senior was head of the Republican party in the Fifth Congressional District in Michigan. Ford senior was the kind of a guy people always start off talking about by saying, "He was the kind of a guy . . ." rather as they do about Gerald junior. "He was the kind of a guy who would tell you if you didn't need a paint job in your garage, even if it meant losing a little business."

Ford has occasionally been reminded of the split reality just under the placid surface of his fate. "One day," he told a reporter, "when I was working at Bill Skougi's restaurant across from South High School, this man walked in. He stood and stood, looking at me. Finally, he walked up to me and said, 'I'm your father.' " The man from Wyoming. He was on his way to Detroit to buy a Cadillac. He showed up again, when Ford was at Yale. "It was interesting, but not emotional," Ford said.

As he described it recently on the Dick Cavett Show, however, the first confrontation was profoundly disturbing, with the father advancing upon the young son repeating over and over, "Your name is not Ford," and then finally revealing his own identity. But psychohistory must have its moment. What dull pain did the man from Wyoming prod? The one maverick obsession Ford has shown in his twenty-five years in Congress is the repeatedly defeated "Runaway Pappy Bill," that would make it a federal crime for dads in flight from their families to cross state lines. It's always shot down on the grounds that extradition would cost too much, since there are so many of these men from Wyoming.

"It's hard to take potshots at his kind of goodness," Jean McKee, who ran against Ford in 1972, says. "You can't knock it, even though it's just one part of the picture. After he was appointed vice president I must have talked to at least thirty reporters and they all wanted me to say derogatory things about him. Well, I thought why should I go on record and say that this bum shouldn't be president. Of course he shouldn't be president. I don't think he'd go out into a park and have a lot of kids shot. But take the trucker's strike. I could imagine him calling in the National Guard to take over. He'd do it reluctantly for the good of the country."

It's in the profession of politics, which Ford is said to practice so amiably, that some of the clichés wear thin and the bone of Ford's malice shows. It pushes through here and there with Nixonian determination. It could be plain public anger over a vote, or it may show itself bulling a pro-war rider down the throat of a weary Congress. The attack on Justice Douglas was another show of outright meanness in the eyes of many, and one Ford has always taken credit for, in spite of the Haynesworth-Carswell rejections that succeeded it and caused the speculation that Ford was water-carrying for Nixon. In 1970 Ford called for the impeachment of Justice Douglas, on the grounds that, while he may not have been guilty of criminal activity, he was guilty of behavior unsuited to a justice of the Supreme Court. Among other charges, Ford accused Douglas of publishing an article in a magazine that had been bought subsequently by Ralph Ginsburg, who had a case pending before the court. He made a very thorough

"So that's why the Jolly Green Giant is so jolly!"

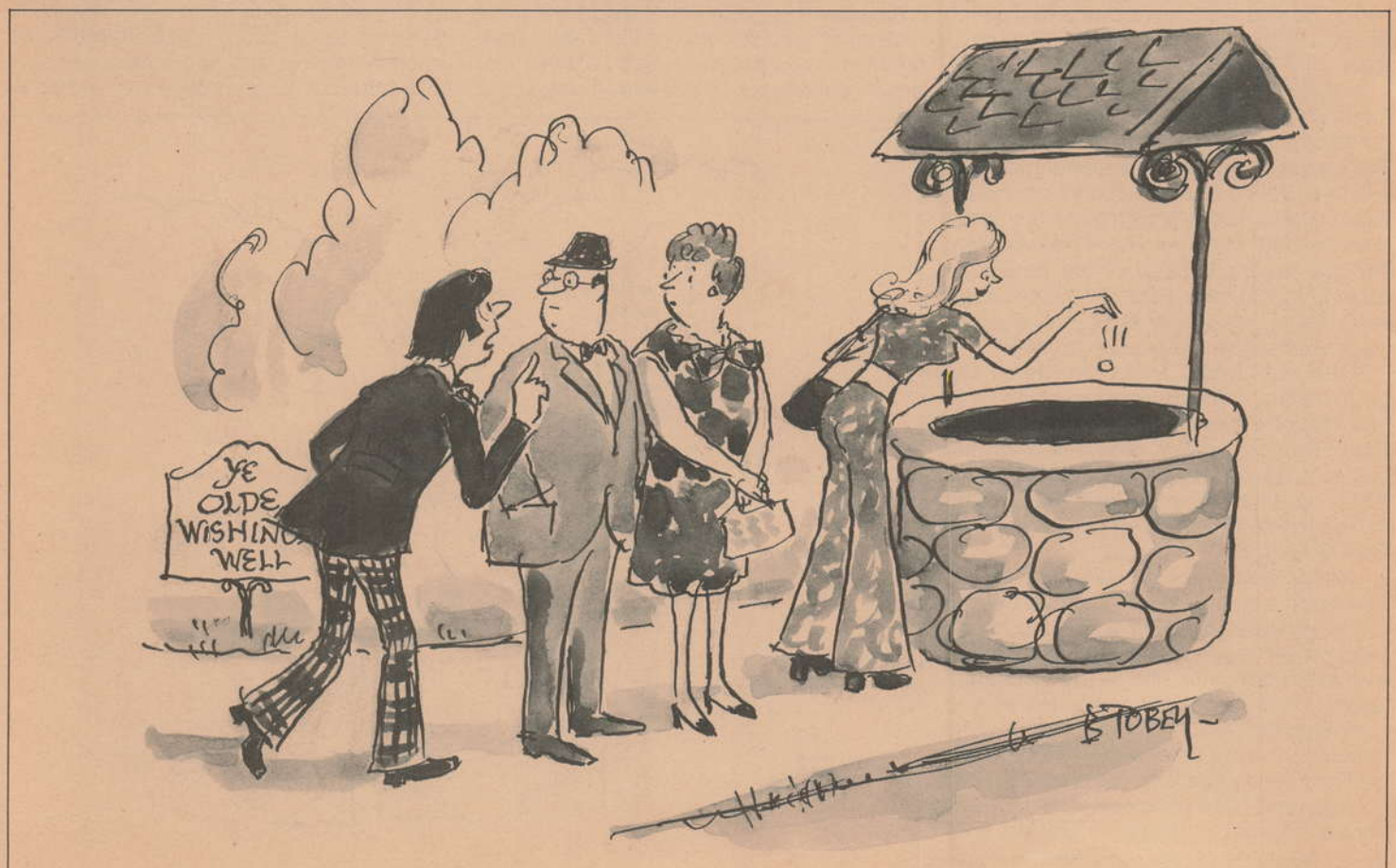
investigation of every detail of Douglas's past and present, sent the FBI snooping around what he called the "left" Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, exhumed nothing even faintly scandalous, and then in a detailed presentation to Congress tried to link Douglas with suspected attempts by a friend of his to buy a gambling franchise from Juan Bosch in Santo Domingo. Then he imputed that the justice had a dirty mind for having published in the *Evergreen Review*. The old familiar Nixon smear techniques are there for all to see in the *Congressional Record* (the effort got nowhere), but it's quite clear that the righteous origins of the attack are in Ford himself. The same kind of exasperated innuendo appeared in the speech that Ford gave to the American Farm Bureau Federation convention in Atlantic City, when he accused the ADA and the AFL–CIO of conducting a propaganda campaign against Nixon. The speech was written by the White House doctors, with the inflammatory sections marked in case Ford wanted to excise them. He not only kept them in, but he also told Maury deJonge that he'd rewritten the speech three times. There was nothing in the speech out of keeping with Ford's expressed attitudes and feelings.

In the end, the issue of Ford's honesty seems somewhat beside the point in the same way. Of course Ford is, as his friend Jack Stiles puts it, "the most moral and proper of men." Yet to say that he's honest isn't any more revealing than to say that he's nice. It doesn't tell you much more than that he doesn't cheat at his taxes, and doesn't cheat period. Essentially he's law-abiding, and this is where his political virtue has always resided, untested. Party loyalty and morality are one and the same in an Eisenhower Republican, and these virtues are totalitarian ones—i.e., the team values of a man who has always been on the right side of authority. The assumption has always been and must be that authority is right. "He was strictly partisan as minority leader under Johnson," a Republican lobbyist says, "which was great as far as the party was concerned, though it probably wasn't too good for it. Under Nixon he's followed the leadership 100 percent, which has been very bad for it, because instead of healing splits he tried to force people into voting Nixon's way, and this time it didn't work." Back to the terrible dilemma: when the captain and the team start to go their separate ways, which way should the center go? It depends on the center.

The evidence is that the former minority leader chose to go with the captain, and that he chose to do so long ago. When an interviewer asked Ford last summer, "To some extent, isn't there a lack of fairness in the fact that members of the Republican minority in the House of Representatives were making speeches, talking with voters, making decisions on the floor of the House on the assumption that we were not bombing Cambodia, when you knew we were?" Ford replied, irritably, "That information should not have been published because I'm more interested in U.S. lives and peace than in being a blabbermouth. We should not discuss certain aspects of military operations." The imperious sense of knowing what's best for the party, as if his colleagues were mere children, the absence of logic, is Nixonian, and the episode shows who Ford finally chose.

It's not surprising: Ford and Nixon are party elders who started out together in Congress, helped to found the elitist Chowder and Marching Club together, and even lived near each other in Alexandria, Virginia. Ford shares Nixon's narrow view of the party as a business party, not a party of the middle class, as Barber Conable the New York congressman, for example, defines it. Even his staff resembles Nixon's staff (so appalled was Nelson Rockefeller by Ford's staff that he offered him his own), in its rigid conservatism and tendency to act like German shepherds or Doberman pinschers, with the same urge to isolate their boss that Haldeman and Ehrlichman displayed. "His people are on the level of a state legislator's staff," the lobbyist told me.

Ultimately Jerry Ford may not only be honest, he may be smart in ways nobody ever thought he was. As the aging lineman breaks from the team and heads for home, we shouldn't be too surprised if home happens to be Dick Nixon's house. Certainly when he gets there we should give him credit for making it after all these years entirely on his own.



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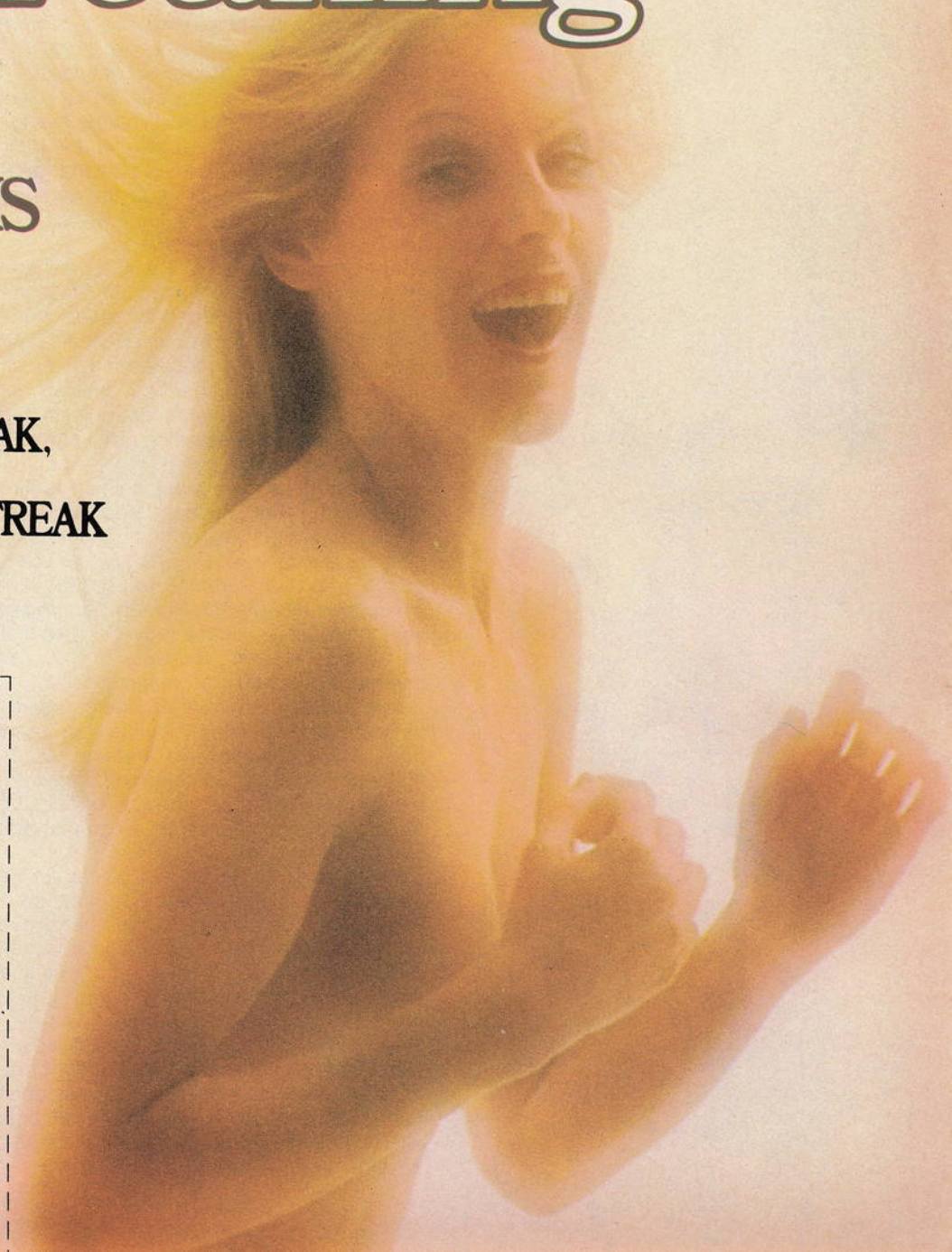

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UP YOURS

I would like to try some new ways of having sex with my wife. Because of her moral upbringing, she only approves of the missionary position. Can you suggest some other positions and sex acts? Anal intercourse interests me, but my wife feels that it is dirty and can spread germs. Is it true that anal intercourse spreads germs to the vagina? Would an enema before anal intercourse help?—Fellow With Problems

Anal intercourse is sexual intercourse with the penis inserted into the rectum. Since the rectum is one of the erogenous zones, many people enjoy anal intercourse. Others may vehemently reject it, considering it to be disgusting or dirty. In the final analysis, its appropriateness depends entirely on the judgment and understanding of the partners involved. Anal intercourse is not a perversion; nevertheless, in most states it is illegal, even between husband and wife.

With regard to your problem, I would suggest that you take your wife to see *Last Tango in Paris*. I am sure she will get the hint when she sees Marlon Brando performing anal intercourse with his lady. Discuss that particular scene with your wife, or show her this magazine with your question in it.

It is advisable to take an enema shortly before anal intercourse. This is a practice quite a few homosexuals practice, as do many women. It can be compared to a woman taking a douche, though excessive douching or enemas are not recommended by doctors.

When you begin anal intercourse, make sure that she is really prepared—it can be a very painful procedure. Caress her entire body first, get her in the right mood, and then perform anilingus on her—that is, kiss and suck her ass to make it wet with your saliva. If needed, apply some lubricant and then carefully insert your cock bit by bit. If you are well-hung, it might be a very painful operation for your wife. Since your wife has been rather conventional in bed, I think that anal intercourse should really be one of the last novelties to try on her.

LIKE BEING A VIRGIN AGAIN

Could you tell me if there are any serious medical side-effects from having anal intercourse? My husband and I had a little session the other night, and since then my body has been doing abnormal things: painful cramps, passing gas every time I move, and not being able to pass any bowels. Is this normal? We both enjoyed it very much, but it was a little like being a virgin again.—K.B.

Very similar things happened to me when I first had anal intercourse. In my case, however, I had to move my bowels immediately after having had sex. For about two days my bowel system was rather shaken, and I did not know whether I really liked the entire experience. It is all a matter of adjusting. As you say, it's a little like having your hymen broken. Most girls bleed that first day and then they are all right.

The next time you have anal intercourse I suggest that you take an enema beforehand to make sure that your intestines are empty and nothing gets in the way. Take your time and let him go easy.

MORE ON ANAL INTERCOURSE

My boyfriend and I have been making it for nearly six months now. Very recently we began performing anal intercourse, and it has proven to be gratifying for both of us. But immediately following anal intercourse, he has been insisting that I give him a blowjob without cleaning his cock. I have enjoyed giving him a blowjob in the past, but only after he has cleaned himself. I have told him that I don't relish the thought of licking a dirty cock, but he insists. Xaviera, am I being naive? Is he abnormal? What have you done when faced with this situation?—B.J.

If you have read the foregoing advice, I guess you know what to do by now. Take an enema and wash thoroughly. Soap your anus area with a good foamy soap and insert a finger inside the anus while cleaning up. You should also take a bath with your boyfriend someday and do the same to his ass. Men are also very sensitive and are quickly aroused if you perform anilingus on them.

THE ONLY SCOTCH NAMED AFTER A SCOUNDREL.

Jamie's earthy indifference to the rules of conventional behavior didn't exactly earn him the applause of his elders. And so, on many an occasion they could be found following his activities with great fervor. But not all looked with displeasure on his free-form life style.
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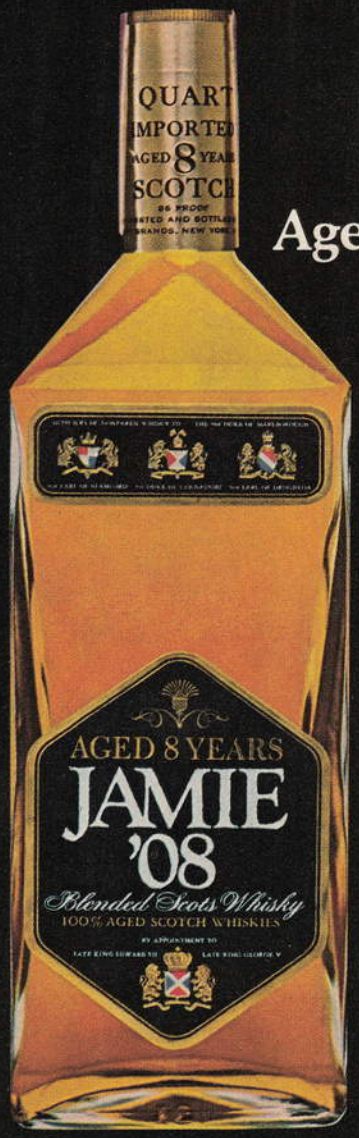

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Your boyfriend should not be so selfish as to force you into giving him a blowjob before he cleans himself. It could be that he doesn't quite feel like having to get up to wash himself. In order to avoid a long interruption, have a warm, wet cloth ready next to the bed. As soon as he pulls his penis out of your anus, quickly grab the warm cloth and wipe him off.

The anus is loaded with germs, and it is medically inadvisable to perform oral sex with a dirty cock. It is also unhealthy to insert the penis into the vagina after performing anal intercourse, unless the penis is cleaned between acts. The reverse, however, is quite all right. It is okay for a man to start in the vagina and then move backwards to insert anally.

A DOUCHING DILEMMA

A technical question: How do you use a diaphragm and still manage to douche regularly? I understand that after having sex you must wait six hours before douching. What's your method?—C.M.

Diaphragms and cervical caps are contraceptives that are inserted into the vagina, where they mechanically block the sperm from reaching the egg. They are fairly safe when used with a spermicidal jelly. In general it is suggested that you keep the diaphragm in for between four to six hours after coitus.

I seldom use a diaphragm; but if I do, I usually take it out immediately after coitus and then I douche thoroughly. Most of the time I don't use any precautions at all, other than douching thoroughly during my so-called fertile days. However, don't use my method of birth control. For all I know, my tubes might be blocked and therefore it's impossible for me to get pregnant.

MORE ON CONTRACEPTIVES

I would like to know what methods you use to prevent pregnancy. My wife had been on the Pill for three years but stopped after a doctor told her that it would be difficult to have children in the future if she continued to use the Pill. The doctor then fitted her for a diaphragm, but this method gives us an uneasy feeling. We are not enjoying sex the way we used to, and don't want to have any children right now. What other methods of birth control are available?—Troubled

There are several contraceptive methods besides the Pill and the diaphragm:

(1) The rhythm method is periodical sexual abstinence during a woman's fertile period. This period is determined either by mathematical calculation based upon the length of menstrual cycles or by a careful observation of the body's temperature. This method is complicated, unreliable, and the only form of birth control approved by the Roman Catholic Church.

(2) *Coitus interruptus* (in which the man pulls out before he comes) is the simplest form of birth control, as it requires neither preparation nor supporting devices. It is also the most unreliable method of birth control and likely to put a physical and emotional strain on the sexual partners.

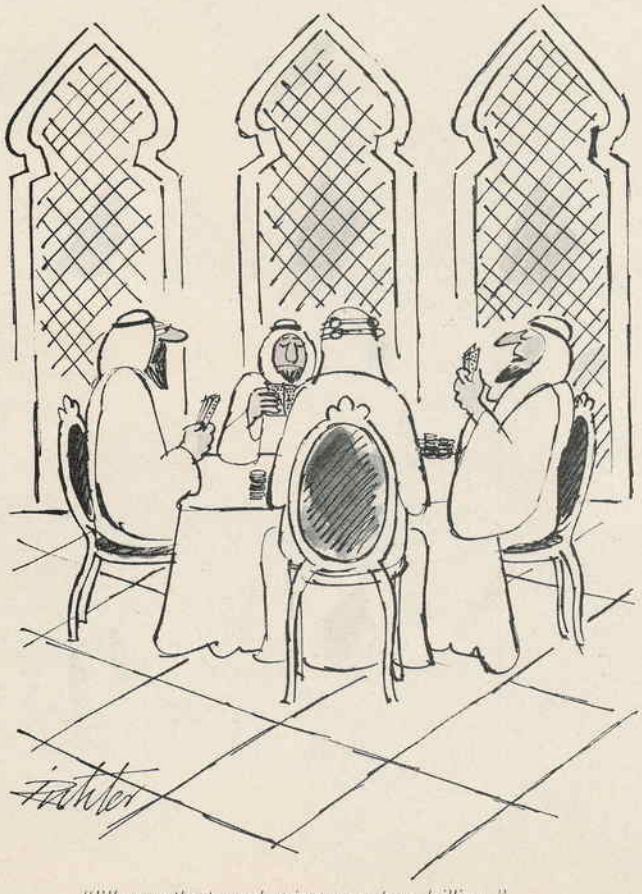
(3) The condom is a contraceptive device for the male. The condom fits tightly over the erect penis and prevents the sperm from entering the vagina. Some condoms come with lubrication.

(4) Spermicides are chemicals that are introduced into the vagina, where they kill the sperm. Spermicides are often used together with either a diaphragm or a condom. They usually come in jellies or foam substances.

(5) IUDs (intrauterine devices) are small, mechanical birth-control devices that are inserted in the uterus. There is still no satisfying explanation as to how they work, and many are very unreliable.

(6) Sterilization—vasectomy for men and tubal ligation for women—is the most effective method of birth control. But since its results are irreversible, this method is appropriate in only a limited number of cases.

At present there are several research developments that could produce new chemical and hormonal contraceptives for future use. These include the "morning-after" pill, which could be taken up to several days after intercourse. It would prevent any fertilized egg from being implanted in the uterus. A "contraceptive vaccination" could produce antibodies which would destroy the sperm's fertility quality. Small "contraceptive capsules" could be deposited under the skin where they would gradually release their contraceptive substance into the bloodstream. But these methods are not yet available for general use. Ask your doctor about them.



"I'll see that and raise you two billion."

STOP CHARGING: GET RECHARGED

I lost my virginity at thirteen; I am now twenty-three years old. I have had many lovers, and for seven years I've worked as a prostitute. With all of these sexual encounters, I have never once climaxed. I went to a gynecologist and he said there is nothing wrong with me. What would you suggest?—Tina

It appears that you probably have never really cared for anybody in particular. I think that you should give that pussy of yours a rest. Perhaps if you did not charge money, you might enjoy sex more. You started very young in the business and have not given yourself a chance to settle down both physically and emotionally with just one special individual. Take a vacation away from home and relax. I am sure that you will eventually find a man who will be able to turn you on.

A HAPLESS HOOKER

I am seventeen and very much in love with a black man who feels the same about me. We live in a small town, and my parents have deserted me. He is going to be a pimp—he is very independent—and is sending me to Florida where we plan to start in "the life" together. I want to please him very much and would appreciate any advice on how to be a good prostitute.—M.F.

In case you have already started working as a prostitute for this so-called boyfriend of yours, you might still change your mind. I have not only seen thousands of male customers go through my house, but have also given hundreds of girls advice or work concerning prostitution. I have been in jail several times and seen many black hookers, all of whom were controlled by pimps.

In general, any hooker who is owned by a pimp eventually will be beaten up, go broke, and very probably resort to drugs. For the first few years, the arrangement with a pimp seems very glamorous—just as long as your old man is getting the money he requires. When you get busted, he will probably bail you out. He will pay your rent, buy you some clothes and something to eat. If you are lucky, he will occasionally take you and his other girls out on the town in order to show you all off to the other pimps. I am sure that by now he has gotten himself the flashiest car and the tackiest clothes to impress you and others. And I can guarantee you that he never works a day while you work your ass off to deliver him the required quota.

No wonder he is independent—he has the perfect pimp instinct. He does not want to be tied down, and if you are lucky, you might have sex with him every week or so. Once he gets some other "women-in-law" working for him, you girls will soon be in competition with each other to make the most money for him, to be his favorite woman.

You mention in your letter that your parents deserted you. I am sure that they warned you against this individual, and when you did not agree with them, they told you to do as you wished.

If you want to be a hooker, I suggest that you move to some location where this guy can't find you. And please, don't fall for any more pimps who attempt to impress you. By the time you read this answer, I would appreciate it if you'd write to me and tell me how you're doing. I would like to know how much money you have saved—and don't tell me that some pimp is saving it for you. If you are giving your money to a pimp, you will never see ten cents of it.

I have never understood the masochism of most street hookers, and why they fall for all the bullshit stories those pimps lay on them. The price they pay for that crap is awfully high.

NOT SINCE PORTNOY

I have two problems, both of which relate to my being in jail. First, I have a very close friend who has been with me in prison many times. We've been in this particular prison for two years now. He sometimes masturbates four times a day. I think this must be bad for him, and since we both read your column every month, please let us know if you share my opinion. My second problem is that I am interested in a lady who works here and I think I know by her actions that she returns my feelings. But I don't know how to let her know the way I really feel without getting both of us into trouble. Do you have any suggestions?—R.S.

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Are you in jail for killing someone with kindness? Your friend, the masturbator, is at least taking his frustration in hand. You, alas, seem to be very indecisive. (By the way, I did not know there were women allowed in a men's house of detention. Are you telling the truth?)

Getting back to masturbation—I thought that old myths regarding masturbation had died a welcome death, but apparently not. Tell me, what else has your friend got to do that is so important while he is in jail? Some day it might occur to the authorities that men and women in prison are subject to the same innate emotional drives as those on the outside. Your friend should be allowed to have sexual release regularly, and he is coping with an active libido in the best way he can.

ANAL RAPE AT THIRTEEN

Since I was thirteen, I've been living with a horrible feeling of guilt and haven't been able to talk to anyone about sex. When I was thirteen, I was a newspaper boy and one night I went to an apartment building to collect money from the customers. Suddenly I was dragged into an empty laundry room by a man who robbed me of all the money I had. Then he held a knife to me and made me lower my pants. After he committed sodomy on me, he said that if I went to the police they wouldn't believe me and he would return to punish me. Since that night I have been masturbating with guilt feelings about sex. I have thought about playing with my little stepbrother (I am an adopted child), but have never done anything about this. I have been seeing prostitutes and having sex with them, but I have never had an orgasm in all my twenty-one years. I am afraid I am homosexual, even though I fantasize about getting it on with chicks. I tried to discuss this with my pastor, but lost my nerve. What do you think? Should I go to a psychiatrist? What will help me?—H.T.

Such a traumatic experience at a tender age would be reason enough for anybody to see a psychiatrist. You seem to have tried overcoming this problem by yourself. Perhaps you should now consider seeking professional help. You might remember that there is less reason now than ever before to "be afraid" of homosexual impulses. In fact, a great many people now confess to being bisexual without any old-fashioned guilt feelings.

Playing with your little stepbrother could not only be dangerous for you but equally traumatic for him. I'd suggest that you stop thinking along those lines and find someone else to play with.

If you want a theological viewpoint, why not consult a pastor from a gay church in your city? But the immediate problem is how to go about having orgasms, no matter what you may be. After what you have been through, you at least deserve that.

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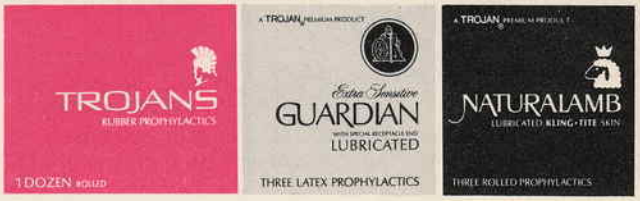

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LUCIANO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

wanted to get out and put my feet down on the street in Manhattan. But them guys said they couldn't allow it."

On the morning of February 9, 1946, the S.S. *Laura Keene* was docked at Pier 7 off the Bush Terminal in Brooklyn. Reporters had gone to the dock to attend a shipboard press conference promised them by the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service—the agency in charge of Luciano's deportation. But when the reporters tried to get to the ship, they were met by a solid mass of longshoremen, armed with sharpened baling hooks. The Anastasia brothers had sent them to guard the pier and insure privacy. The reporters appealed to officials from District Attorney Frank Hogan's office. The appeal was denied. The reporters could only stand, freeze, and watch in frustration as the longshoremen opened ranks to permit the passage of one long black limousine after another, the passengers hidden behind curtained windows. At precisely noon, the *Laura Keene* began her slow passage through the channel and out toward the open sea.

What happened on the *Laura Keene* that morning remained a secret until fifteen years later when Luciano finally decided to talk about it.

"A couple days before the sailin', my lawyer Moe Polakoff brought Lansky and Costello over to see me at Ellis Island. They said they was gonna throw a big farewell party for me on board the ship and that friends of mine was comin' from all over the country.

"Then I told 'em to make sure there was some dough because I was gonna need plenty of that when I got to Italy." The fortune Luciano had amassed during his years in power had been, to a great extent, dissipated during his years in prison.

"The story went around that I was carryin' from a million to forty million dollars in a trunk. That was all horseshit, but I never did nothin' to deny the reports. I knew my Italians pretty good and I figured that I would get more respect as a millionaire."

As it turned out, each of Lucky's friends brought an envelope for the chief. When he opened them later he found $160,000—but the amount was unimportant. His friends would see to it that a steady stream of cash flowed from the investments he left behind and which Costello, Lansky, and Adonis would administer.

They had also arranged for three girls to keep Lucky company on ship. They were supplied by Adonis "on account of he was in charge of the Copacabana where they had the most beautiful broads in the world."

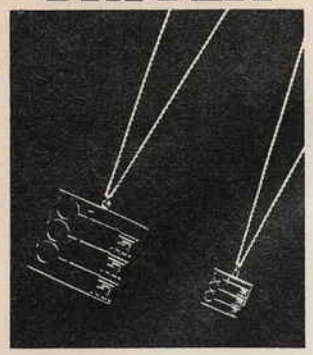
"The last day on Ellis Island, Lansky and me had a meet, just the two of us. I told him somethin' that none of the other guys knew —that I had already made connections in Italy to get visas under my real name, Salvatore Lucanía, that would be good for Cuba and Mexico and a whole lotta countries in South America. I figured it would take me about six months of layin' low, gettin' adjusted in Italy, and makin' personal contacts instead of havin' guys front for me. I said that if there was gonna be any problem for me to get back into the United States, I'd even be willin' to become a Cuban citizen and take back control from there. I also told Lansky I wanted him to make a meet that would be attended by the head of every family and all the people on the Unione council. I'd try to arrange things so that the meet could take place in Havana around Christmas.

"I had another reason for pickin' Havana. The war bein' over, people was beginnin' to flock there, what with the place bein' wide open, the gamblin' good, and the broads beautiful. With a combination like that, Lansky and his friend Batista was rakin the dough in, and I had no intention of bein' left out of that. Batista wasn't president no more, but he had his own guy in there, a doctor named Ramón Grau San Martín; Lansky and Batista had him strictly in their pockets.

"By lettin' Lansky know all the details of my plan, that was really a test of his loyalty. It meant I was gonna be able to cut the four thousand miles Dewey was puttin' between me and New York to just ninety miles between Miami and Havana. Lansky knew I was countin' on his muscle with Batista to work out all the things I wanted to do."

On the boat there were to be only festivities. There his underworld friends would

UNISEX



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take leave of him. With his family, though, the farewells were reserved for the final hours on Ellis Island. "My mother and father was gone by then and not able to see me set free. I didn't wanna do nothin' to make my brothers and sisters uncomfortable. That's why I wouldn't let 'em come to that madhouse on the boat. It wasn't easy to say good-bye to 'em, because they was my family and I loved 'em. Besides, with Sicilians, no matter what you do with your own personal life, it don't never change the feelin' you have in your guts where your family is concerned. We all said good-bye and everybody cried, even me."

By the time Luciano boarded the *Laura Keene* on the morning of February 9, everything was ready for him. His new wardrobe had been delivered; the three girls were in adjoining cabins; hampers of delicatessen foods—turkey, roast beef, pasta, and other Italian delicacies—and magnums of the finest French champagne, wines, and the best liquors were spread out on tables. Luciano's closest friends, of course, were there—Lansky, Costello, Siegel, Tommy Lucchese, Joe Adonis, Albert Anastasia, Joe Bonanno, and the rest.

But the underworld was not the only world to send its representatives. "We had some of the country's top political leaders there, too. I helped elect over eighty important politicians in my time, so the least they could do was to drink a glass of champagne and wish me a good sailin'."

Then, abruptly, the farewells were over and the *Laura Keene* was on her way. "I felt like all of a sudden I was alone. Well, I don't mean exactly alone, because there was these three beautiful girls down below somewhere, havin' their own party, and there was about fifteen other deportees on board—I only knew a couple of 'em. Then the ship suddenly stopped movin' because a fireboat pulled up alongside. I see some guy in a fancy overcoat scramble up the boardin' ladder. It was the honorable mayor himself, Bill O'Dwyer.

"O'Dwyer said, 'Charlie, this is Murray Weinstein, one of my personal men. He's on Captain Bals's staff downtown, and he'll see that nobody bothers you. I made a personal guarantee that you wouldn't pull anything, so the Immigration man is getting off with me. Please don't let me down, Charlie.'

"I said, 'Don't worry about nothin', Bill. I want you to know I appreciate the fact you come out to do this personally.' He said, 'Charlie, I owe you everything I have, along with lots of apologies we don't have to talk about anymore.' I almost blubbered. Then he gimme a whack on the back and said, '*Arivederci*,' and I started to laugh at the way he said it with his half-assed Irish brogue."

"So, the first night out, I was green from my head to my toes. All I wanted to do was lay on my bunk and groan. But, in the morning the sun was out and we was sailin' on a sea that was as smooth as glass. I took a quick shower, and then I stood in the middle of my cabin, surrounded by four wardrobe trunks

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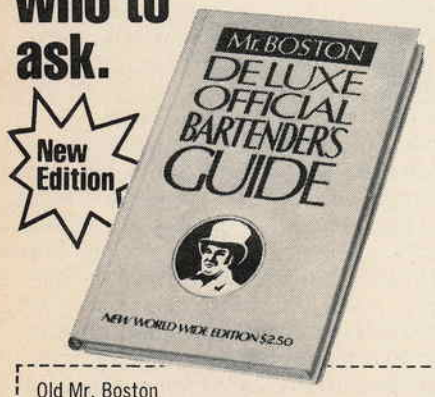

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full of clothes. I spent the next three hours tryin' on every single suit, and pants, and shirts, and underwear in all of them four fuckin' trunks.

"Finally, there's a knock on the door, and in comes this guy Murray Weinstein. He says, 'Charlie, what the hell are you doin'?' I says, 'Murray, what the fuck does it look like? I'm tryin' on my clothes.'

"Weinstein shakes his head and says, 'You're not in here trying on clothes; you're just afraid to come out and face those beautiful babes who've been waiting for you since nine o'clock this morning.'

"Of course, he was right, and he broke the ice for me. The first one was this girl Billie. She was a blond, very tall, and with a build that just couldn't be believed. I followed her to her cabin. There was a whole layout of Nova Scotia salmon and warm bagels, cream cheese, and scrambled eggs. She sat me down and started to serve me from the buffet.

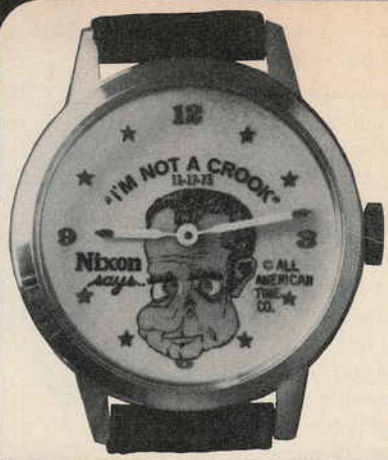
"She smiles and says, 'If you're gonna be with a Jewish girl, Charlie, then learn how to eat a real Jewish breakfast.' I didn't leave her cabin until three o'clock the next mornin'. I wasn't green no more—just tired. I was pushin' fifty and no rabbit."

Luciano paid little mind to the other deportees sailing with him. "They was under guard on the deck below mine. A couple of 'em was from my outfit and one time I seen 'em. The first thing they said was that they expected me to take 'em under my wing when we got to Italy. I let 'em know right away not to expect no favors. After all, who knew what one of them crazy guys might pull and then screw me up in Italy from one end of the country to the other. I couldn't afford to take that chance."

On the eve of the docking in Genoa, Luciano threw his first party in more than ten years. "I told 'em that I wanted to arrive in Italy in style, like I was the captain of the boat, and that the party was on me. We was lucky to arrive in one piece, because after that party there wasn't nobody on that whole fuckin' boat that was sober, from the guy who was steerin' it to the fellows workin' down in the hold. We docked at Genoa in the mornin' with one complete hangover from stem to stern.

"The next thing I knew, the deck was swarmin' with Italian policemen and all kinds of officials. You could hardly tell anybody without a scorecard; there was the *carabinieri* guys with their fancy uniforms and them shiny patent-leather hats, lookin' like a bunch of Napoleons, and there was the plainclothes detectives and customs officials in uniforms. Then I spotted a half a dozen guys from what they call the Mobile Squadrone and other guys from the Guardia di Finanza [the Italian military treasury department]—and to me that meant narcotics. So the nice trip was over and I could smell in a minute that my troubles was all startin' up again." ○+

(This is the second part of a three-part article)



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Pet of the Year

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

If *Penthouse* has been good to Avril, then Avril—with her indomitable 40-24-36½ configuration—has been good to *Penthouse*. Her March 1973 layout brought in the highest percentage sale of any issue that year, and her subsequent personal appearance tour attracted record crowds everywhere. As Pet of the Year, her travel and other personal appearance commitments will multiply substantially. Her responsibilities will include meeting and addressing students, women's organizations, and the press; appearpearing on radio and television both locally and nationally; and representing *Penthouse* and/or many of its advertising clients at business conferences, sales meetings, and trade shows throughout the world.

Perhaps more than any other Pet of the Year before her, Avril's background as a former Sunday-school teacher, psychiatric nurse, and itinerant folksinger has made it possible for her to communicate with people on a variety of different levels. "It would be foolish of me to say that I was really happy as a nurse. I enjoyed the work intellectually, but I guess I wasn't cut out for the intense emotional strain that goes with taking care of handicapped people. You're not supposed to become involved with psychiatric patients, because it impairs your objectivity. I found it impossible to ignore either them or the remarkably private and tragic little worlds in which they lived. Teaching Sunday school was something else. I liked working with children, which later convinced me that psychiatric nursing might be equally, if not even more, gratifying. Folksinging, like teaching or nursing, was another way of communicating and even *stressing* fundamental human values in a kind of naive but direct context. I still sing and accompany myself on the guitar, but I do it strictly for fun and strictly for friends."

For Avril, who had never won a contest in her life—and who had strayed only once from her native Britain for a brief tour of Europe—her association with *Penthouse* has been a dramatically rewarding experience. It is our pleasure to note, herewith, that the experience is entirely mutual.

Photographs by Dan Baliotti

Avril's Pet of the Year Award—the largest ever granted for beauty—totals over $40,000 in cash and gifts. Along with her Excalibur SS Phaeton, they include (clockwise, at left) a backgammon set by Reiss Games, Inc.; Panasonic 19" Quintrix Color Television; Epicure speakers; Nimbus Water Bed from Bon Bazar/Aquarius; Fuji ten-speed bicycle; Music Treasuries from Longines Symphonette; one case of Wyborowa vodka; Dokorder tape cassette deck; BSR 810x turntable; Rotel of America stereo receiver; Pioneer headphones; Ultra-Braun 500 hairstyling set; Bell and Howell instant movie projector; Columbia blank cassettes; all-expense-paid trip for two to Rome via Alitalia airline from the Penthouse/Viva Leisure Club. Above left, opera-length pearls with platinum and diamond clip from Cultured Pearl Associates of America and Japan; hand-sculpted, 14-carat yellow gold and sterling silver tiger's eye ring by Jerry Grant. Above, a Minolta XL-400 movie camera; gold and lapis watch from Omega; one case of Moët et Chandon champagne; walking coat of mink sections and leather from Fur Fantastic; Yashica TL Electro X 35 camera; one case of Mouton-Cadet red; S.T. DuPont of Paris lighter in Chinese lacquer and 18-carat gold; 14-carat gold ring with Brazilian tourmaline, from Feurer and Wolf. Above right and center, Avril poses with her Fuji racer, Sunfish sailboat, and Harley-Davidson SX 125 motorcycle, which comes with a helmet and two-piece blue suede riding outfit. At right, set of Caribbean-luggage from Samsonite; silver bracelet watch by Universal-Geneve; shoe collection and roller skates from Famolare; JVC ball television; one year's supply of Charlie's fragrance and cosmetics from Revlon. Other goodies include a Catalina swimsuit wardrobe; one year's membership at Embassy Privé; driving lessons from Automobile Club of America, Inc.; one year's hair care at Paul Mitchell's Superhair; and a special $5,000 cash award from Penthouse.

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COUPLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

down for a few seconds longer, then came herself, collapsing beside me in an exhausted heap.

"Although I was totally infatuated by Penny, I always maintained this very cool image with her, never letting her know just how much I liked her. I was trying to make her think that I was a sophisticated guy. I never actually lied to her about my virginity, but I hinted that I'd been out with quite a lot of other girls and she assumed I must have slept with them. Even when she left at the end of our second term to spend three months in France, I didn't let on how much I'd miss her. I played it very casual, just saying something like, 'Have fun, and drop me a line if you've got a spare moment or two.'

"She did write several times—bright breezy noncommittal letters—and I replied in the same vein, though I really wanted to tell her how desperately I wished she was back screwing with me. I didn't pay much attention to other girls that summer; all I had on my mind was the date on which Penny would return, the first day of the autumn term. When the day came, I looked all over the campus for her without success. She'd mentioned in one of her letters that she would be sharing an apartment for the year with some of her friends from her old dorm. She hadn't given me the address, but by chance I met one of her roommates early that evening who told me where the place was, and that Penny was probably there.

"When I got there Penny herself opened the door and said, casual as you please, 'Oh, it's you. Did you have a nice summer?' I stood there stupidly, not really knowing what to say. She asked me in and started telling me about her French adventures. The name of this guy Alain kept cropping up, and when I asked who he was, Penny replied: 'I lived with him most of the time I was in Paris.' I knew she'd slept with two other men before she met me, but somehow that was different. Knowing she'd been screwing with some guy *after* me broke me up. I started ranting and raving, calling her a whore and a bitch. She got angry and said that I didn't own her and she could do what she liked.

"Anyway, we finally made it up and slept together again that same night. We've been together ever since and lived together for the last two years, but I can't get her unfaithfulness out of my mind. Every time she tries something new in bed, I wonder whether Alain taught it to her, and it affects my performance. Penny says she loves me and wants to get married. I think I love her too, but I can't get over the feeling that she let me down."

PENNY'S STORY:

"Ian and I do have a bit of a problem, as I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

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VW'S DASHER:
IT'S WHAT'S UP FRONT THAT COUNTS

VW's Beetle is a hard act to follow but Wolfsburg's wizards may have turned the trick with the Dasher. It features fresh styling, room to spare, easy servicing, and excellent gas mileage. Owners will also enjoy its brisk performance, advanced safety features, and handling equal to cars costing more than twice as much. ***By Joe Kelleher***

According to some sources, the beautiful princess picked up the ugly Beetle, kissed it, and with a blinding flash a handsome prince of a car named Dasher appeared. The folks at Volks wish it was that simple—but, of course, it wasn't. Actually Volkswagen's engineers started to design a totally new car for American drivers years ago. The happy end result is the Dasher, which comes closer to meeting the needs of today's driver than any car you can afford.

If you think the Dasher bears little resemblance to the good old Beetle, try driving one. You'll find the ride and handling even more radically changed than the appearance. With either the four-speed stick shift or automatic transmission, the Dasher lives up to its name. The new water-cooled engine is lively, responsive to the slightest touch, and you can hit 80 mph and pick up a speeding ticket in amazingly quick order. Despite rapid acceleration, the little four-banger is flexible and smooth. You can pop the clutch in fourth gear at 20 mph, hit the gas, and accelerate smoothly without bucking. With the four-speed manual trans, downshifts tend to bring out the Formula I driver lurking in all of us. Double clutching down a gear when approaching a turn allows you to keep engine rpm up and use the front-wheel drive to full advantage. With a little practice you can pull through tight turns smoothly without slowing. Dasher's nimbleness really pays off in traffic—where it slides through a pack of slower cars with deceptive ease. After an hour behind the wheel, the general impression is that the Dasher is a finely tuned machine, light, responsive, and an absolute joy to drive.

After successfully building air-cooled engines for more than twenty-five years, VW switched to water-cooling because it's quieter and easier to adjust to meet U.S. pollution-control requirements. The new up-front engine is an overhead cam, four-cylinder inline with a displacement of slightly under ninety cubic inches, producing seventy-five horsepower at 5800 rpm. Stick-shift models of the Dasher go from a dead stop to 50 mph in about 8.5 seconds. Mounted ahead of the transmission/differential, the engine weight improves traction for the front-wheel drive and leaves more space where it's needed—inside. With a little care, the average driver can easily get over twenty-five miles per gallon with regular gas. The crisply styled bodies—two-door, four-door, and wag-

Klaus Lucka

on—by Italian designer Giorgetto Giugiado, are built around the passenger-packaging concept meant to protect the occupants in case of an accident. Beneath the smooth exterior is a rugged steel cage enclosure, so that the sheet metal at the ends will collapse progressively, cushioning the crunch. By careful calculation, VW's engineers pared the dead weight from the car without sacrificing rigidity. One result is an excellent power-to-weight ratio for the two-door sedan, which only weighs 2,108 pounds, ready to go.

The superb handling of the Dasher will surprise most drivers used to the problems usually encountered with short wheelbase, lightweight cars. Starting with a clean sheet of paper, VW's engineers combined rack-and-pinion steering, negative kingpin offset, a torsion-crank rear axle, and progressively wound, tapered coil springs into a suspension system called the Skidbreaker. Whatever you call it, the system works. Braking on uneven ground or with a blown tire causes most cars to pull heavily toward the side with most resistance. Under the same conditions, the Dasher maintains a straight-line path for smooth, controlled stops. Major credit for the Skidbreaker goes to the negative kingpin offset built into the front wheels. This turns the wheel with most resistance—such as a blown tire—inward, to maintain a straight-ahead path during stops.

Contributing to the excellence of Dasher's suspension is the torsion-crank rear axle located by trailing arms plus an antisway bar. The rear axle—a lightweight, U-shaped channel—encloses an anti-roll bar for added stability.

To complement the innovative engineering of Dasher, VW has maintained its high standards for trim and finish. Everything fits and works well—and the paint job is superior to anything coming out of Detroit. Ease of maintenance has received major attention in the Dasher's design. The engine is canted twenty degrees so you can reach routine service components—plugs, points, filters—easily. And a socket for VW's Computer Analysis is up front, next to the centralized electric circuit/fuse box.

I never did believe the Beetle-kissing princess bit. But I'm sure VW's engines must have gotten some help from a couple of damn smart elves from the Black Forest.

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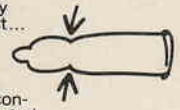

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COUPLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

expect he's told you. I love him very much and I love his looks—just the right combination of thinness and muscle and a super-dark column of hair up his front—but in bed he doesn't turn me on all that much. I mean I can have orgasms and everything (I'm lucky in that respect, I've never had the slightest difficulty coming), but he never makes me feel, you know, *wild*. I always feel that I'm the one in control of things, and he never tries out anything new unless I suggest it to him. I say, 'What about going down on me?' and I tell him how to do it, and then he does it. But it's rather disappointing—like a trained dog or something. And he always asks me, 'What would you like? How shall we do it tonight?' when what I'd really like sometimes would be to have him just batter me down on the floor and tear into me. Of course, that's silly—I know I'd get fed up even sooner if he did that—but just once in a while it would be nice to *really* get fucked.

"Part of the trouble, of course, is that I'm more experienced than Ian—a *lot* more experienced—and so I've always been in the teacher role. I suspected he was a virgin almost as soon as I started talking to him, and although he says he wasn't, I think he probably was. Not that that matters in the slightest, except that somehow it's always gone on that way—me taking the lead, I mean. The other thing is he always asks me if I want to make love, when I'd really like him just to come over and rape me sometimes. Besides, it means that we don't really do it as often as I'd like because sometimes he says, 'Do you want to?' and I say, 'No' when really I mean, 'Hmmm—not sure.'

"When I refuse, he rolls over and goes to sleep and I'm left all frustrated. I'm afraid I masturbate sometimes when he does that. In fact, I do quite often. I seem to need an awful lot of sex, at least once a day, and especially during my periods when, of course, he won't touch me. That's one of his inhibitions and I suppose I can't really blame him—it is rather messy—but that's when I'm really screaming to get fucked. Some nights I have to sneak off and do myself in the bathroom before I can go to sleep.I never tell him I do it, though—he'd be really shocked. Besides, it would hurt his feelings, so why should I? Actually, I think I would still masturbate even if he made love to me every time I wanted.

"Ian's looks turn me on and his penis—did he tell you he has a whopper? It's not long so much as *fat*, which is what I like, and I can feel every single inch of it ramming up inside of me. If he played around more, sort of teased me with it, whammed it in, and then drew it out just so very slowly . . . gosh, I'm getting turned on thinking about it!

"You see, if I tell him to do that, he'll do it. But then it won't be a surprise. It's like

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

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PEEL IT FIRST!
I'M SIGNING NOTHING, INFIDEL, TILL I'VE ROAD-TESTED THIS NYMPH WITH THE SECRET OF INEXPRESSIBLE-PLEASURE-INDEFINITELY -PROLONGED!
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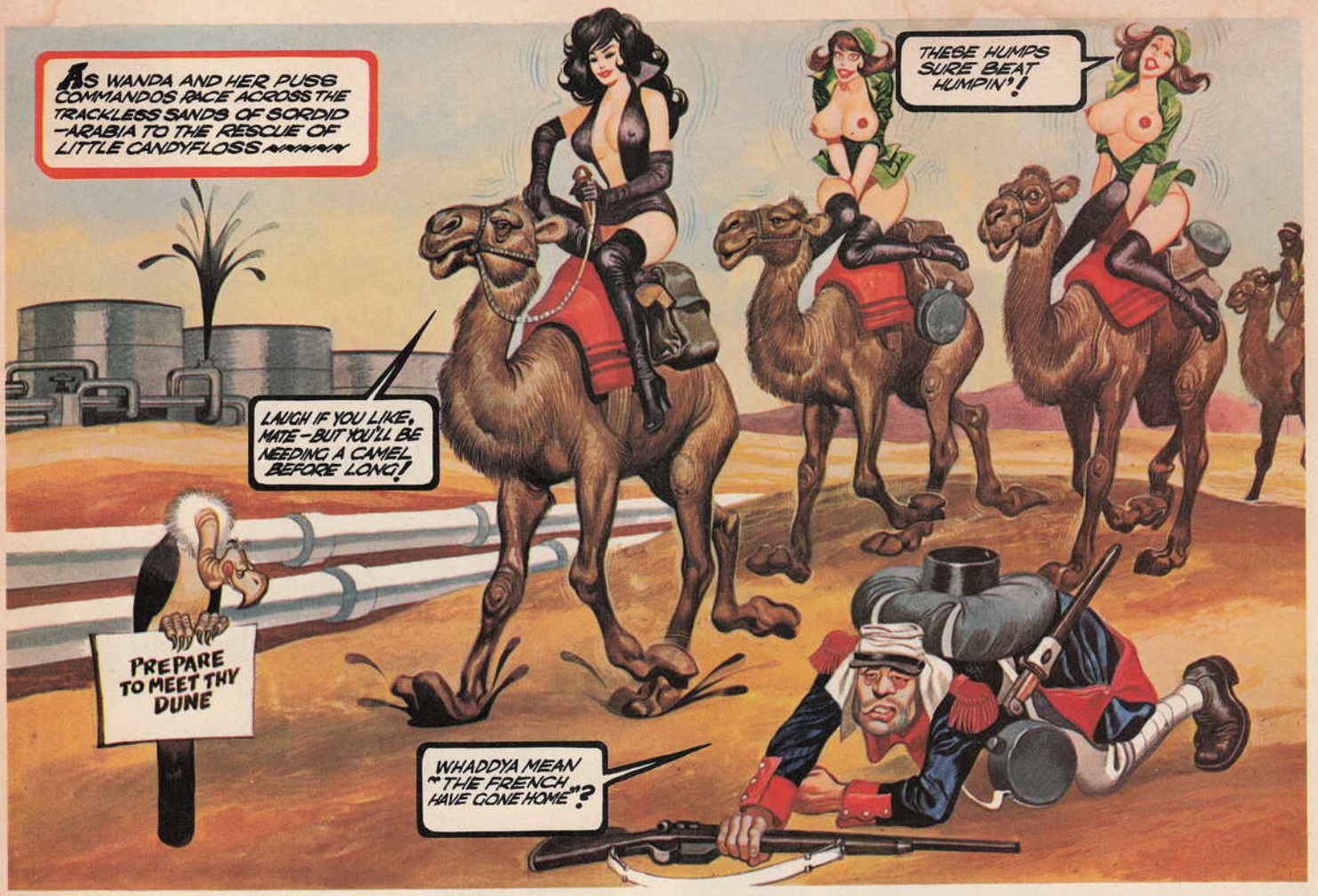
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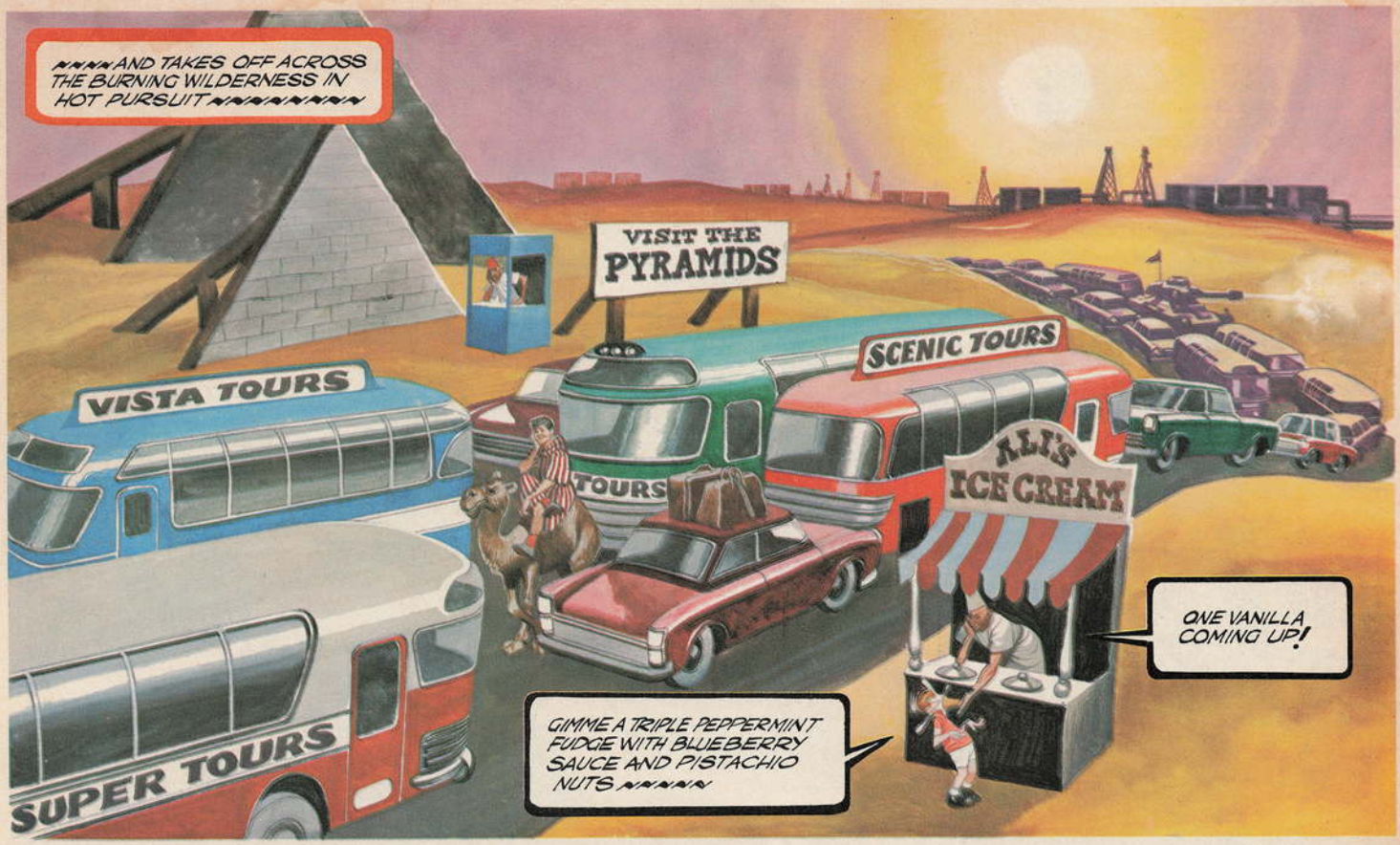
PREPARE TO MEET THY DUNE
WHADDYA MEAN "THE FRENCH HAVE GONE HOME"?

LITTLE TONIO, BACK AT THE CAPITOL, GETS HIS ORDERS FROM COSA NASTI GODFATHER, BOSSOTUTTI
FUNNY — HE DOESN'T LOOK ARABIC!
PAY FONE
PROBABLY ANOTHER DESERTER FROM THE PEACE CORPS!
GET AFTER DAT BROAD! TRY TO HOLD HER UP WHILE I FIGURE THIS OUT!
IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE PRICE YOU CAN ALWAYS WALK!
KISSINGER WAS HERE! OFTEN!
I WISH WE'D GONE TO CONEY ISLAND!
I PROMISED THIS LOT TO B.P!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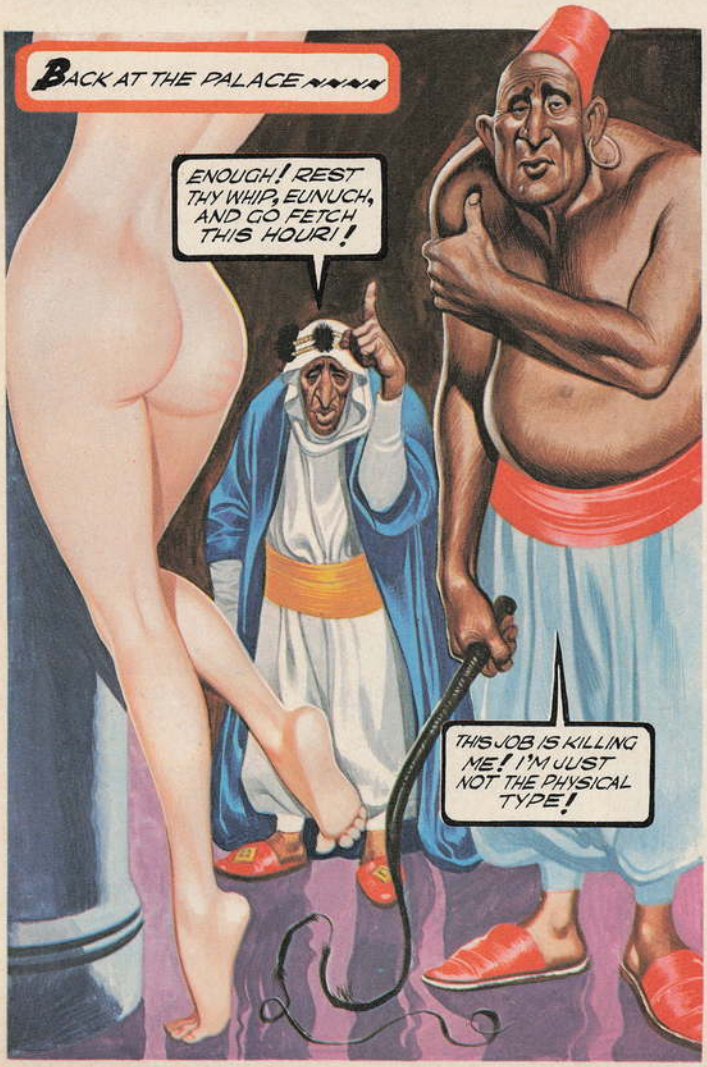
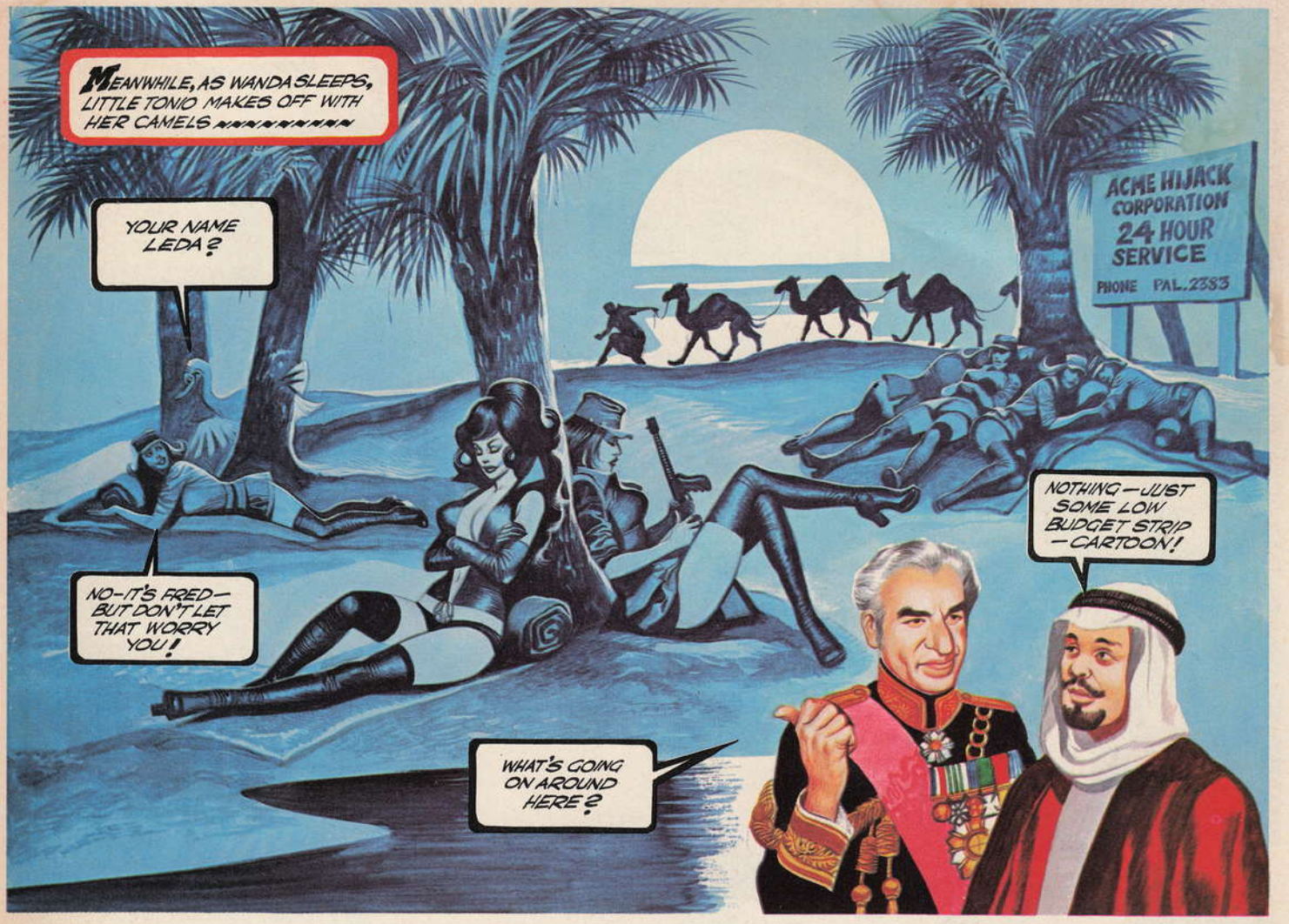

BACK AT THE PALACE
ENOUGH! REST THY WHIP, EUNUCH, AND GO FETCH THIS HOUR!
THIS JOB IS KILLING ME! I'M JUST NOT THE PHYSICAL TYPE!

ONE HOUR LATER
IN THE NAME OF ALLAH WHAT IS HE DOING? I'LL HAVE THAT EUNUCH'S ! WELL ANYWAY, I'LL CUT OFF HIS DEPENDANTS!
OIL CONCESSION

COMPLIMENTS OF THE FAIR HOURI, O SHEIKH. SHE SUGGESTS WE MAKE ANOTHER CHECK OF HIS TESTIMONIALS!
IS NOTHING SACRED TO THAT AWFUL CHILD?
NEW STOCK
USED STOCK
I'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH!
AND SIGN THE LETTER 'RASCHID BEN VESCO'
HOW DOES IT GO? ♪ FROM THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI ♪
AND ONE DAY I'LL HAVE THEM IN CHINA AND RUSSIA AND OUTER MONGOLIA
MAIL ORDER CAT.
LADY, YOU ARE SICK!

GET 'EM UP! THIS IS A HIJ-NNNNNN
YOU'RE TOO LATE! WE'RE ALREADY BEIN' HIJACKED!
YOU KNOW WHAT GETS ME? A HUNDRED YEARS AGO I COULD'VE SENT A GUNBOAT UP THE NILE AND TAKEN THE LOT!
WHAT ABOUT MY INEXPRESSIBLE PLEASURE INDEFINITELY PROLONGED?
SORRY, SHEIKIE -BABY. FRESH OUT OF IPIP! HOWEVER, IF YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT THAT OIL CONCESSION YOU'RE OFFERING THAT SLOB IACHIMO WEIN-NNN
CAPTAIN—TELL YOUR CREW TO PUT UP THEIR HANDS. THIS IS A HIJACK!
76
IT REMINDS ME OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS!
IT REMINDS ME OF A BUTCHER'S SHOP WINDOW ON CHRISTMAS EVE!


MEANWHILE, AS WANDA SLEEPS, LITTLE TONIO MAKES OFF WITH HER CAMELS
YOUR NAME LEDA?
NO-IT'S FRED-BUT DON'T LET THAT WORRY YOU!
WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?
ACME HIJACK CORPORATION 24 HOUR SERVICE PHONE PAL.2383
NOTHING-JUST SOME LOW BUDGET STRIP-CARTOON!

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WHY MINI?

TURN OVER!

HE'S MEAN! HE'S MOODY! HE'S
MAGNIFICENT!
I HATE SEEING HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES!
FANCY A QUICK FULL FRONTAL BEFORE TEA?
HA! MY DEAR FRIEND, BURPO! "SEND LAUNCH TO MEET ME, MIDDAY TOMORROW. ZURICH HEIRESS WANDA VON KREESUS HEADING FOR RAM-RAM WITH FRESH CRUMPET FOR SHEIKH MUSTAPHA!"
HEAD UP-SHOULDERS BACK AHHH MUCH BETTER, MISS SNAPHAUNCE!
PIE'S GIN
TRY THAT WITH ME, MATE-AND YOU'LL GET THIS STRAIGHT IN THE MOOSH!
THAT'TH NOT A WEEF KNOT!
DO YOU GO FOR ALL THIS SEX STUFF?
NO-GIMME A GOOD BONE ANYDAY!
AUNTIE! SPEAK TO ME!
BEAT IT, KID-YOU DON'T GET BADGES FOR WHAT'S GOIN' ON AROUND HERE!
AT LAST AHHH! I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!
FRESH AIR
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MENS SNEAKERS SIZE 14

GASP!
COUGH!
ERK!
I WISH I'D TAKEN THAT JOB AT THE PENTHOUSE CLUB!
KREESUS
VON KREESUS ...NOW THERE'S A NAME TO CONJURE WITH! MONTE CARLO, 1949. ME—CLEANED OUT AT BACCARAT BY THE KING—GNOME OF ZURICH, THE LATE WALTER VON KREESUS!
SUN OIL
BLOODY
MURDER
IT'S GOTTA BE HIS DAUGHTER! I WANT HER! BOY, DO I WANT THAT BITCH~ SPAWN OF A SONOVA BITCH!!!
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COUPLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

children peeping inside their Christmas presents—they're always disappointed because then there are no more presents to look forward to. And how can you say to a man, 'I want you to dominate me, make me your slave'? If he obediently agrees, then he's *your* slave for complying. That's what I really want: a man who is utterly selfish, who just uses me for his own pleasure, who cracks the whip and I come running for a good fuck.

"Alain, the French guy I lived with in Paris, was a bit like that. He'd just come into the kitchen when I was cooking a meal, tear my cut-offs down, and ram it in. He'd make love anywhere he felt like it—in the kitchen, in the car, once standing up in a doorway in the street. One time we went to a party and I was talking to a guy I quite fancied. Alain came over, caught me by the wrist, and dragged me into the bathroom, locking the door. I'm sure everyone knew what we were up to and I almost died of embarrassment when we came out. There were all these people waiting to go for a pee. But I liked it really. Also, when Alain wanted a blow job, he'd just open his fly and force my head down and hold it down till I'd almost swallowed the whole damned thing. He made me blow him all the time, watching television, driving in the car, *anywhere*.

"Once a friend of his came around and we were all watching TV. I saw Alain undoing his fly and I thought, 'God, not in front of Robert. What's he thinking of? He must be crazy!' But he just went ahead and made me do it. Robert sort of applauded when I finally came up and said in French something like: 'You've got her well-trained.' Alain said to him: 'Do you want one too?' Robert nodded. I was so shocked I just rushed out of the room. But that really made Alain mad—I think he'd just been joking before—so he came into the bedroom, grabbed me by the hair, and made me give Robert a blow job.

"There was another similar occasion. We'd been to see some horror film where the girl was tied to a stake and the man cut her clothes off her very slowly with a knife. Alain said he wanted to tie me up so, to start with, he used my stockings to tie me down on the kitchen table. He also played around pouring apricot jam on me, then licking it off for a while. Then he got my hairdryer and started blowing it on my ass, which I rather liked actually. But then he got one of those mechanical eggbeater things from the kitchen shelf and said he was going to whisk me inside. Suddenly I was really frightened because he had a sort of glint in his eye. I knew that screaming or asking him not to would make it worse, so luckily I spotted a pestle and mortar on the shelf and said: 'Anything, so long as you don't use the pestle.' So, of course, he used the pestle. It hurt like hell

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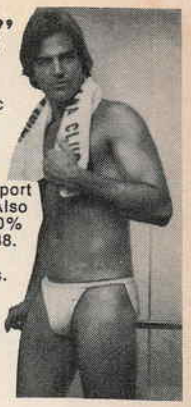

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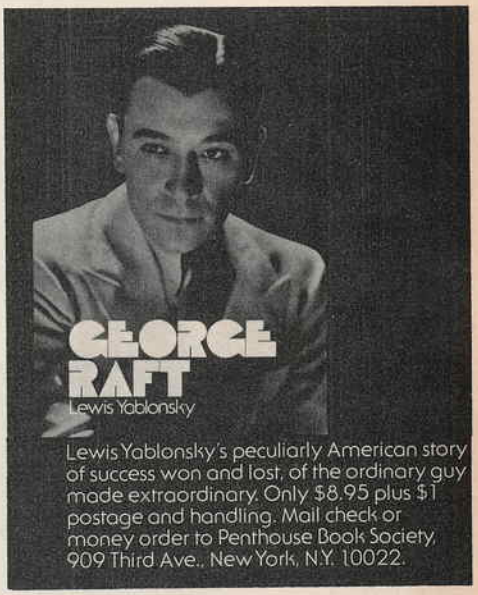

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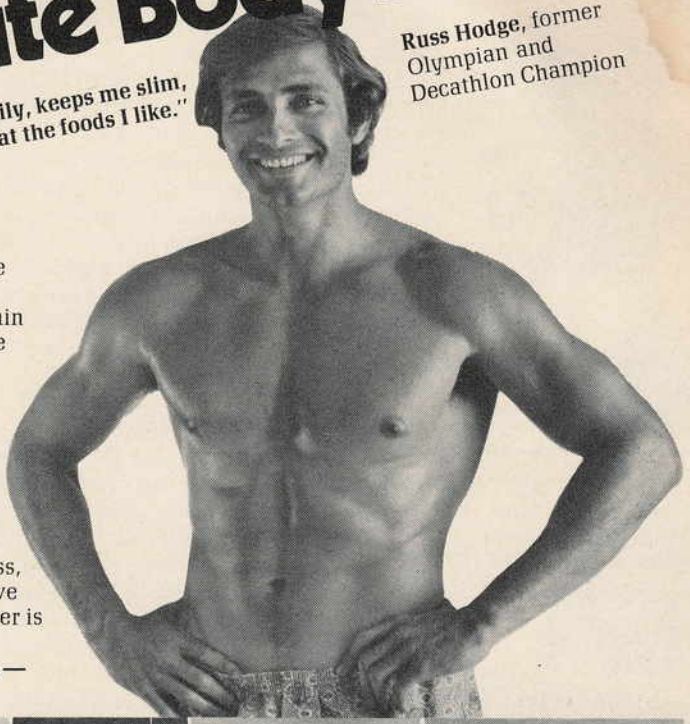

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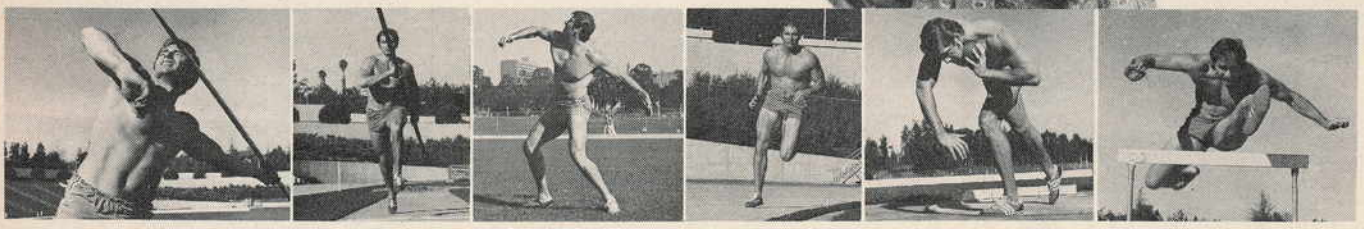

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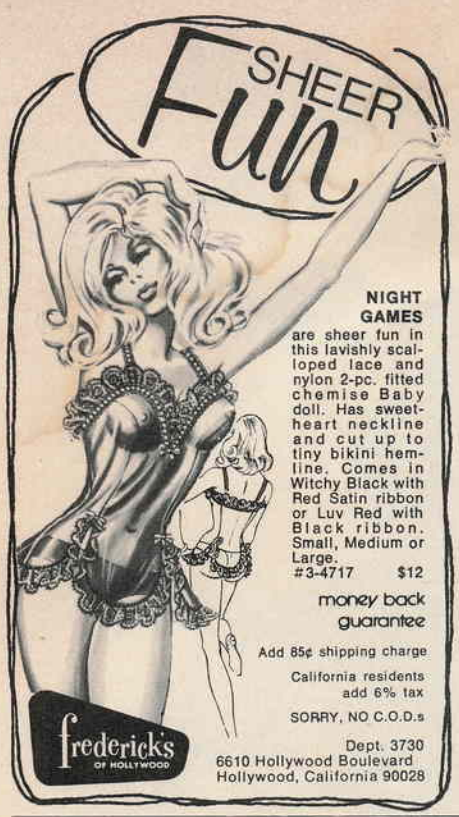
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but it wasn't as frightening as the egg-beater idea.

"Actually, I suppose it was this scene that made me decide to finish with Alain. I realized things were getting out of control and I couldn't stand it all the time. I told Ian about it—not about the blow job and things, but about living with Alain—because at that stage I still wasn't sure whether he was interested in me or not, and I wanted to get a reaction from him. I'm afraid he was hurt and now looking back I wish I hadn't. I think the fact that he knows I'm more experienced than he makes it more difficult for both of us. I told him I'd slept with two men before; in fact, it's more like two dozen but there's no point in telling him that. I think I'll stay with Ian because I like him a lot and I've never found anyone I could stay with so long before. I'll just have to put my sex drive in neutral for a while, or maybe have a little fling with someone else now and again. I can always masturbate after all. Sex isn't all that important if you really love someone, is it? Is it?"

ANALYSIS:

Let's take Penny's first. At the beginning of her narrative, she says, "I love him very much . . . but in bed he doesn't turn me on all that much." And in her final sentence she says, "Sex isn't all that important if you really love someone, is it?" She reveals her uncertainty by repeating, "Is it?"

It is practically impossible to define love. I think the closest one can get is "emotional attraction," which arises from a mixture of varying elements: understanding and appreciation of character, a certain coincidence of likes and dislikes, tolerance for each other's moods, etc.

But since we are sexual creatures, we cannot live together on a long-term basis without physical sex also playing a role in the relationship. Purely physical sex is ephemeral in its effects. At the time, it can produce a satisfying relief from physical tensions. But the physical satisfaction is quickly forgotten and is only recalled when the tensions recur.

On the other hand, physical sex can be used as an expression of the emotional love which the partners have for one another. It is difficult to reveal our love to the partner in ways that are readily appreciated, but in physical sex we have a tangible and visible means of doing so. It makes our love at once apparent, provided that we take care to make such sessions not only physically but psychologically satisfying. It is the psychological element which we thereby introduce into our physical lovemaking that gives the relationship the special significance that a promiscuous contact cannot have. It is this special significance that really creates the relationship.

Ergo, sex *is* important, especially when you claim to love someone. If you have read both narratives carefully, you will have noted that neither Penny nor Ian has

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made even the slightest reference to their emotional attachment. Indeed, the whole of both accounts is devoted to their sexual relationship. Even when Penny claims to be in love with Ian, she refers only to his physical attributes, "I love him very much, and I love his looks—just the right combination of thinness and muscle and a super-dark column of hair up his front"; all of which may be sexually arousing, but does not contribute to psychological satisfaction.

There is another reason which leads me to believe that their relationship could never really be a satisfying or lasting one. It seems that they are really sexually incompatible, and I am surprised that they have stayed together for four years.

Penny is the type of woman who wants to be dominated. If she ever fantasizes, her fantasies probably center on rape and bondage. There is a strong masochistic element in her sexual makeup. She needs a strong, dominating partner to give her full satisfaction.

Despite his four years with Penny, Ian is still sexually immature, and he has not taken the trouble to improve his sexual techniques. Were it not for Penny taking him by the hand, he would still be content with the missionary position.

I find that young people's first intercourse usually proves to be a disappointment. For Ian I think it would have helped had his first intercourse not been the success it was. He was really quite pleased with his performance and this has made him complacent about his lovemaking. Until he meets someone who makes him work for his own and his partner's sexual satisfaction, I don't think he will ever set about improving his techniques.

This is as much Penny's fault as his. Both narratives reveal a very classic example of non-communication. Penny is the more experienced partner sexually, and it is a pity that she does not have the initiative to have a serious talk with Ian and tell him exactly what she would like him to do. She could stress certain things and, having made her point, Ian could be persuaded to take his role as a partner in sex more seriously.

In his final paragraph Ian says, "I can't get her *unfaithfulness* out of my mind," and "I *think* I love her too, but I *can't* get over the feeling that *she has let me down*."

How can anyone be unfaithful to a relationship which has no real foundation? And since such a relationship does not exist, how can Penny let him down? In any real sexual relationship, there must be a complete commitment on both sides. If there were such a complete commitment, Ian would be justified in complaining about "unfaithfulness." On the other hand, if he were really in love with Penny, he would probably be able to forgive her. The fact that it seriously irritates him shows that he is sexually arrogant, and sexual arrogance is as much an enemy of happiness as sexual boredom. ○—

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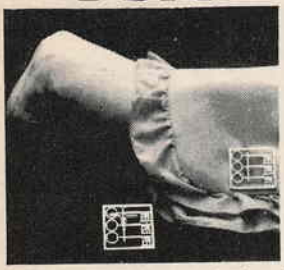

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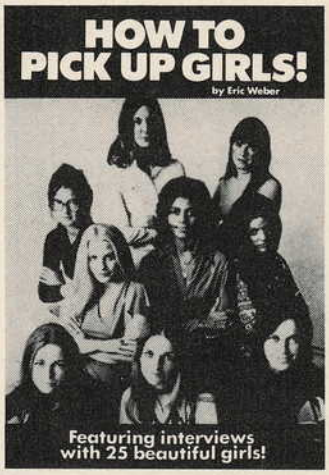

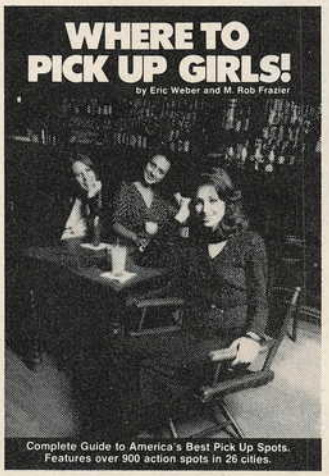
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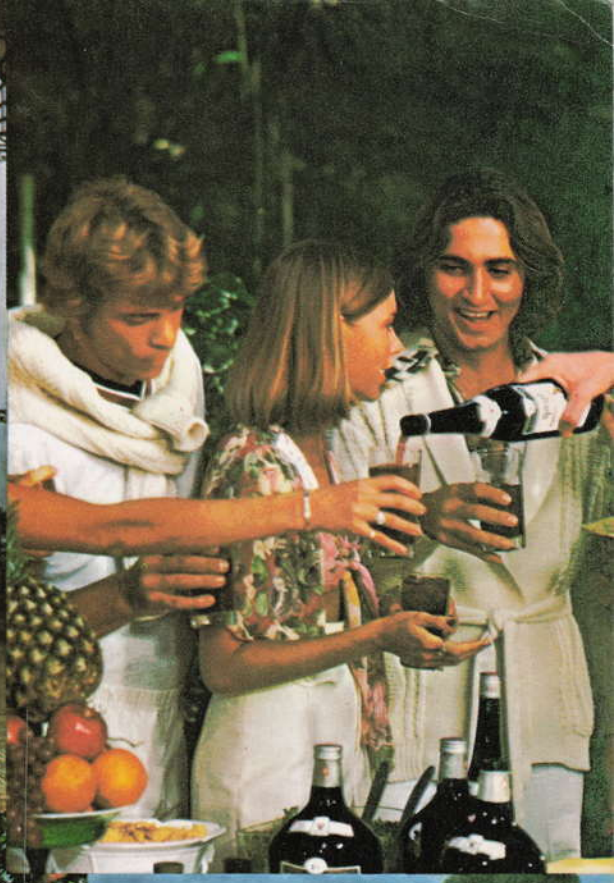

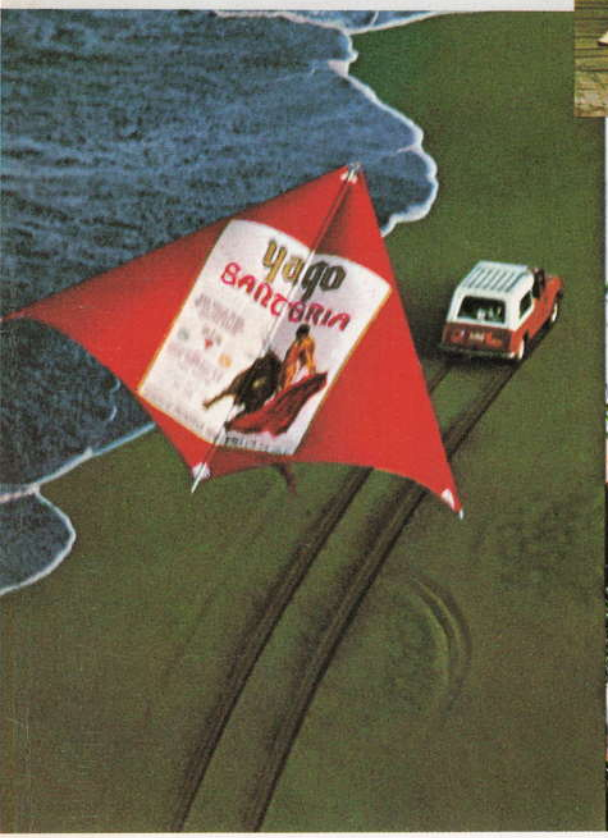

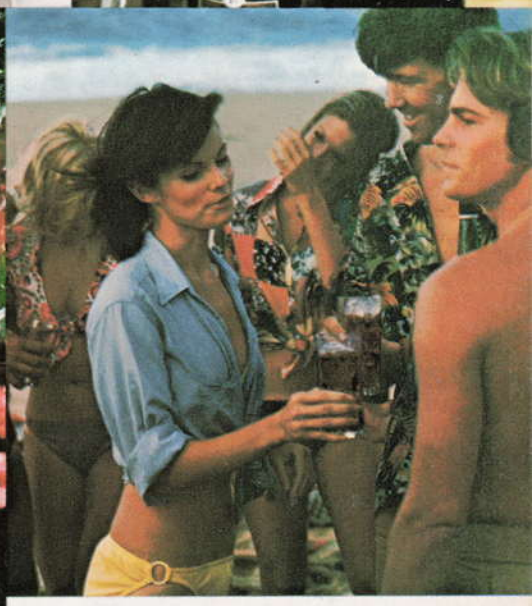

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Yago Sant'Gria
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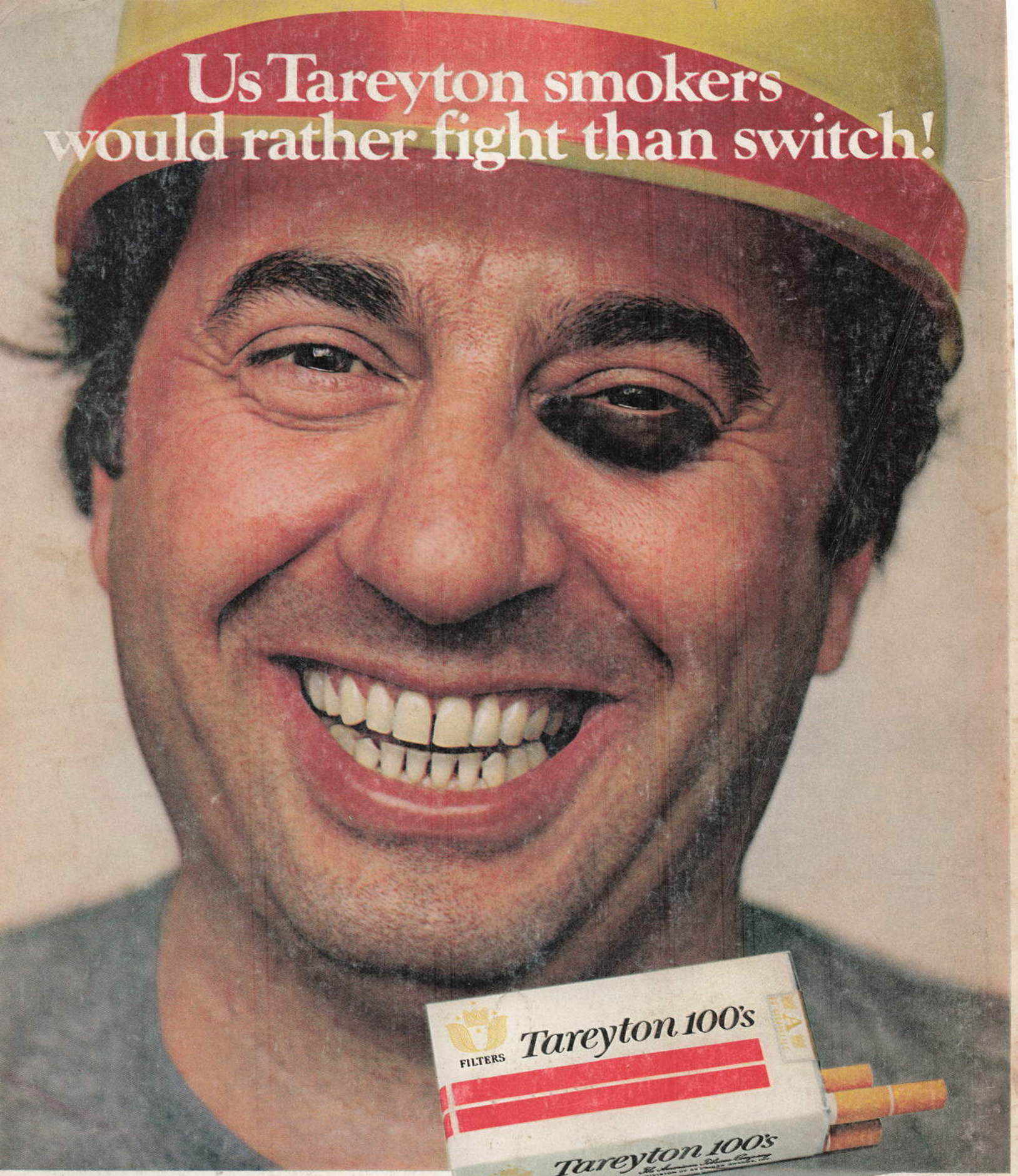
Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!



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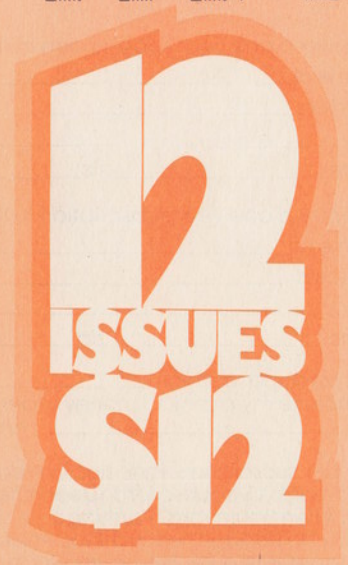

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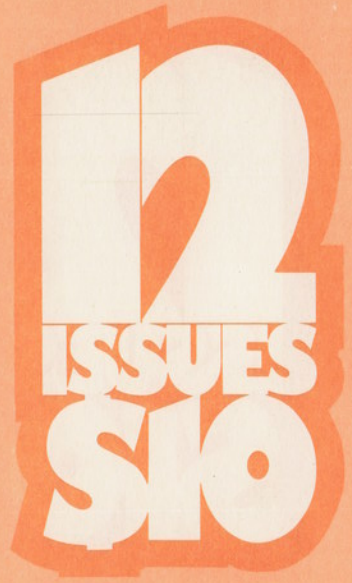

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